

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA



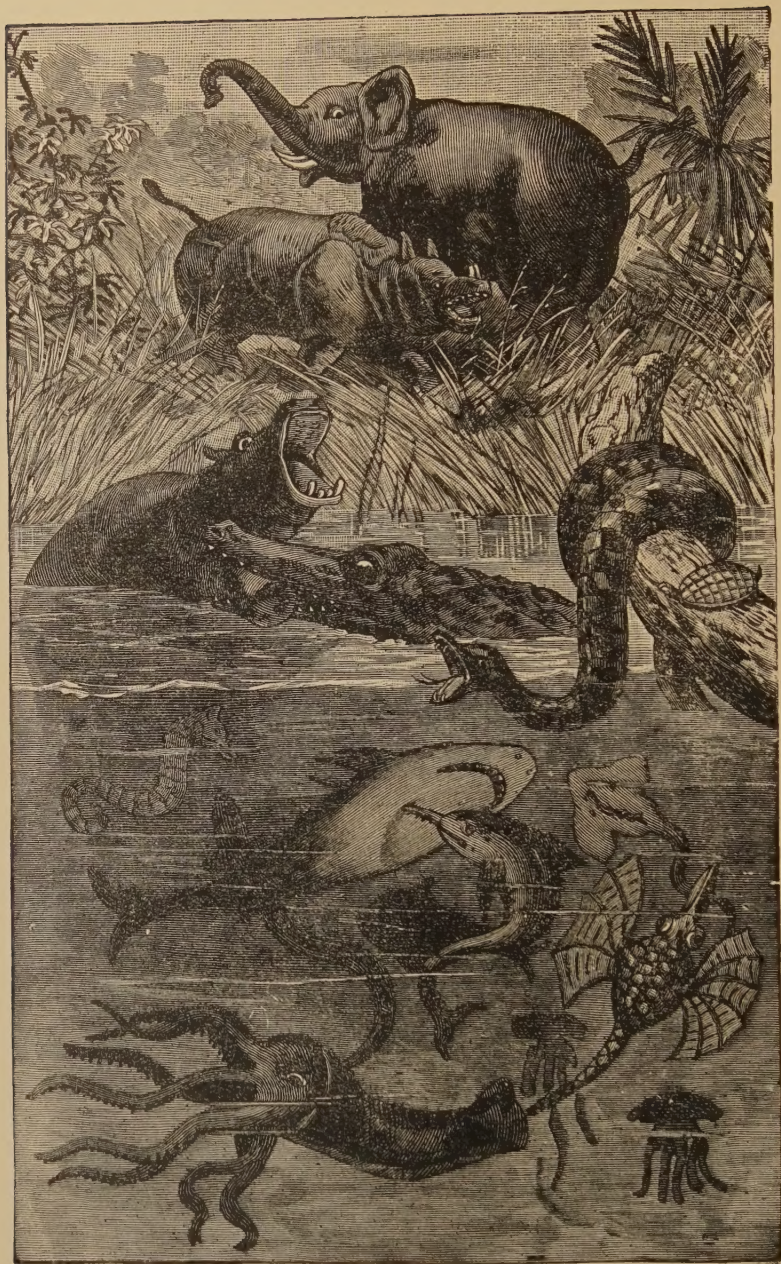
THRILLING STORIES
BY RENOWNED TRAVELERS

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ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS



ANIMALS OF THE JUNGLE

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES
IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA

CONTAINING

**Graphic Stories of Marvellous Discoveries
by World-Renowned Travelers**

INCLUDING

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES FROM FEROCIOUS ANIMALS OF
THE JUNGLE AND PLAIN, CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF
THE SAVAGE RACES, DARING DEEDS AND
AMAZING TRIUMPHS, JOURNEYS IN
UNKNOWN LANDS, Etc., Etc.

TOGETHER WITH

THRILLING DESCRIPTIONS OF SUPERB SCENERY, FERTLE
VALLEYS, VAST FORESTS, MIGHTY RIVERS AND
CATARACTS, INLAND SEAS, MINES OF
UNTOLD WEALTH, Etc., Etc.

THE WHOLE COMPRISING A

**Vast Treasury of all that is Marvellous and Wonderful
in the Dark Continent**

By JAMES RUSSELL WILSON,
The Celebrated Author, Traveler and Lecturer

*EMBELLISHED WITH A GREAT NUMBER OF STRIKING
ENGRAVINGS OF SCENES IN THE TROPICS*

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PREFACE

Few subjects command more attention at the present day than this very one of Explorations and Adventures in the Wilds of Africa. It may be said, on the other hand, that "of making many books there is no end," and since there are many in the libraries, published upon this subject, another is not necessary. But there is this point to be considered: Such libraries are not accessible, except in the large cities, and even there no one has so complete a collection on this special subject as the sources to which the author has had access. Again, some of the books are rare, and would be "cheaply purchased at their weight in gold," although some portions of their pages would rather cause the average reader to value them at their weight in lead, for heavy reading.

In this great work the reader is made a fellow-explorer. He traverses vast and fertile plains, luxuriant valleys and desert wastes. He sees savage tribes in their curious costumes, their strange marriage customs, their ludicrous superstitions, their reckless deeds of violence and their monstrous social and religious rites, involving the frightful sacrifice of human life. He witnesses grotesque war-dances, singular freaks of medicine men and rain makers, and strange antics of wizards. He beholds the majestic lion, the gigantic hippopotamus and fierce crocodile, monkey tribes, gorillas and venomous boa-constrictors, the fleet-footed ostrich, giraffe and zebra, the huge rhinoceros and bounding gazelle, and the ponderous elephant jarring the earth with his heavy tread. He witnesses the adventures of the chase, and deeds of daring surpassing the most startling tales of romance. He is captivated with tropical birds, arrayed in plumage of unrivalled beauty, and with brilliant forms of insect life, wonderful as the gigantic beasts of the plain and jungle.

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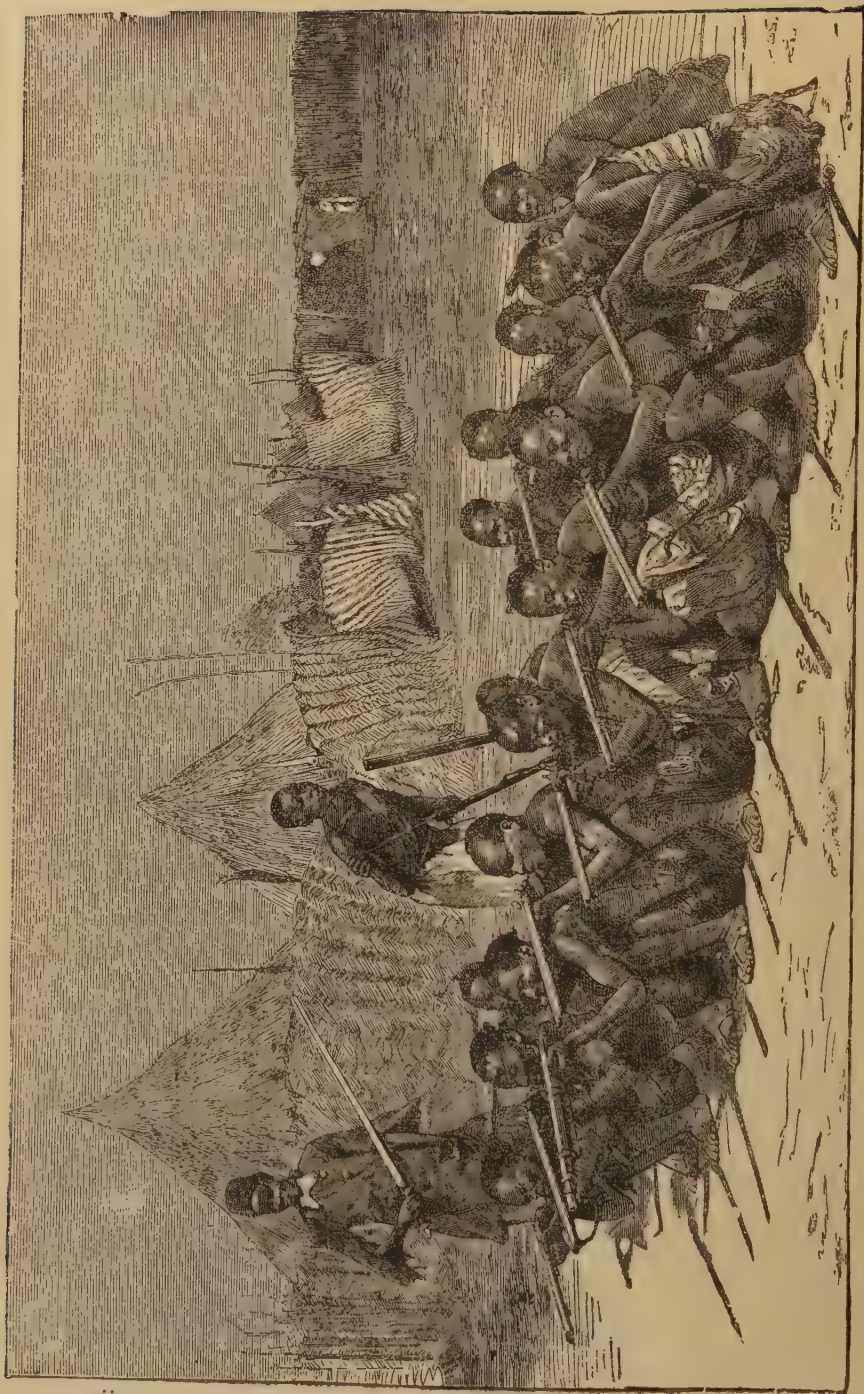
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ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS



SOME OF GENERAL GORDON'S IRREGULARS



BIRDS OF THE TROPICS--SHOWING BRIGHT PLUMAGE.

Thrilling Adventures IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I.

Famous African Travellers—Achievements Almost Superhuman—Fascination of Tropical Explorations—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker—Discomforts of Travelling in Africa—The Travellers Pitch Their Tents in a Garden—Fine Looking Slaves From the White Nile—Description of a Beautiful Slave Girl—Sudden Rise of the Nile—A Clew to One Part of the Nile Mystery—Interview With a Great Sheik—Venerable Arab on a Beautiful Snow-white Dromedary—Perfect Picture of a Desert Patriarch—Cordial Welcome to Baker and His Party—A Performance to Show the Sheik's Hospitality—The Travellers Living in Huts—A German in the Wilds of Africa—Man Killed by a Lion—Baker's Adventure With a River-horse—Savage Old Hippopotamus—Famous Arab Hunters—Wonderful Weapons—Story of the Old Arab and His Trap for the Hippopotamus—Capture of an Enormous Beast—Aggageers Hunting the Elephant—Thrilling Adventure of a Renowned Arab Hunter—An Elephant Dashing Upon His Foes Like an Avalanche—Fatal Blow of the Sharp Sword—Baker's Heroic Wife—Reason Why the Nile Overflows—An Ivory Trader—Baker Arrives at Khartoum.



THE following pages of this great work give a full and thrilling account of the marvelous discoveries of world-renowned travellers in the Tropics. The reader is made a fellow-explorer with Sir Samuel Baker, Speke, and Grant, whose daring expeditions in Central Africa place them in the front rank of heroes, with Livingstone, Stanley, DuChaillu, Baldwin and others, whose undaunted bravery in the face of danger, and victories over bloodthirsty savages and wild beasts, have a realistic fascination.

Sir Samuel, when he was simply called Mr. Baker, was already an experienced traveler and a practiced sportsman, having resolved to devote his energies to the discovery of one of the sources of the Nile, he set forth from England to proceed up the mysterious river from its



mouth, inwardly determined to accomplish the difficult task or to die in the attempt. He had, however, shortly before married a young wife. She, with a devoted love and heroism seldom surpassed, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties she knew she must encounter, entreated to accompany her husband.

Leaving Cairo on the 15th of April, they sailed up the Nile. Soon the discomforts of travel became almost unbearable, as will be seen from the following entry, early in May, in Baker's journal :

"No air. The thermometer 104 degrees; a stifling heat. Becalmed, we have been lying the entire day below the ruins of Philæ. These are the most imposing monuments of the Nile, owing to their peculiar situation upon a rocky island that commands the passage of the river above the cataract. The banks of the stream are here hemmed in by ranges of hills from 100 to 250 feet high; these are entirely destitute of soil, being composed of enormous masses of red granite, piled block upon block, the rude masonry of Nature that has walled in the river.

Barren Rocks and Sandy Wastes.

"The hollows between the hills are choked with a yellow sand, which, drifted by the wind, has, in many instances, completely filled the narrow valleys. Upon either side of the Nile are vestiges of ancient forts. The land appears as though it bore the curse of Heaven; misery, barrenness, and the heat of a furnace, are its features. The glowing rocks, devoid of a trace of vegetation, reflect the sun with an intensity that must be felt to be understood. The miserable people who dwell in villages upon the river's banks snatch every sandbank from the retiring stream, and immediately plant their scanty garden with melons, gourds, and lentils, this being their only resource for cultivation. Not an inch of available soil is lost; but day by day, as the river decreases, fresh rows of vegetables are sown upon the newly-acquired land. At Assouan, the sandbanks are purely sand brought down by the cataracts, therefore soil must be added to enable the people to cultivate. They dig earth from the ruins of the ancient town; this they boat across the river and spread upon the sandbank, by which excessive labor they secure sufficient mold to support their crops.

"In the vicinity of Philæ the very barrenness of the scenery possesses a charm. The iron-like sterility of the granite rocks, naked except in spots where the wind has sheeted them with sand; the groves of palms springing unexpectedly into view in this desert wilderness, as a sudden bend of the river discovers a village; the ever blue and never clouded sky above, and, the only blessing of this blighted land, the Nile, silently

flowing between its stern walls of rocks towards the distant land of Lower Egypt, form a total that produces a scene to be met with nowhere but upon the Nile. In this miserable spot the unfortunate inhabitants are taxed equally with those of the richer districts—about ten cents annually for each date palm."

When the party had been twenty-six days on the river they reached Korosko. At this wretched spot the Nile is dreary beyond description, as a vast desert, unenlivened by cultivation, forms its borders, through which the melancholy river rolls towards Lower Egypt in the cloudless glare of a Tropical sun. Whence came this extraordinary stream that could flow through these burning sandy deserts, unaided by tributary channels? That was the mysterious question as they stepped upon the shore now, to commence a land journey in search of the distant sources. They climbed the steep sandy bank, and sat down beneath a solitary sycamore.

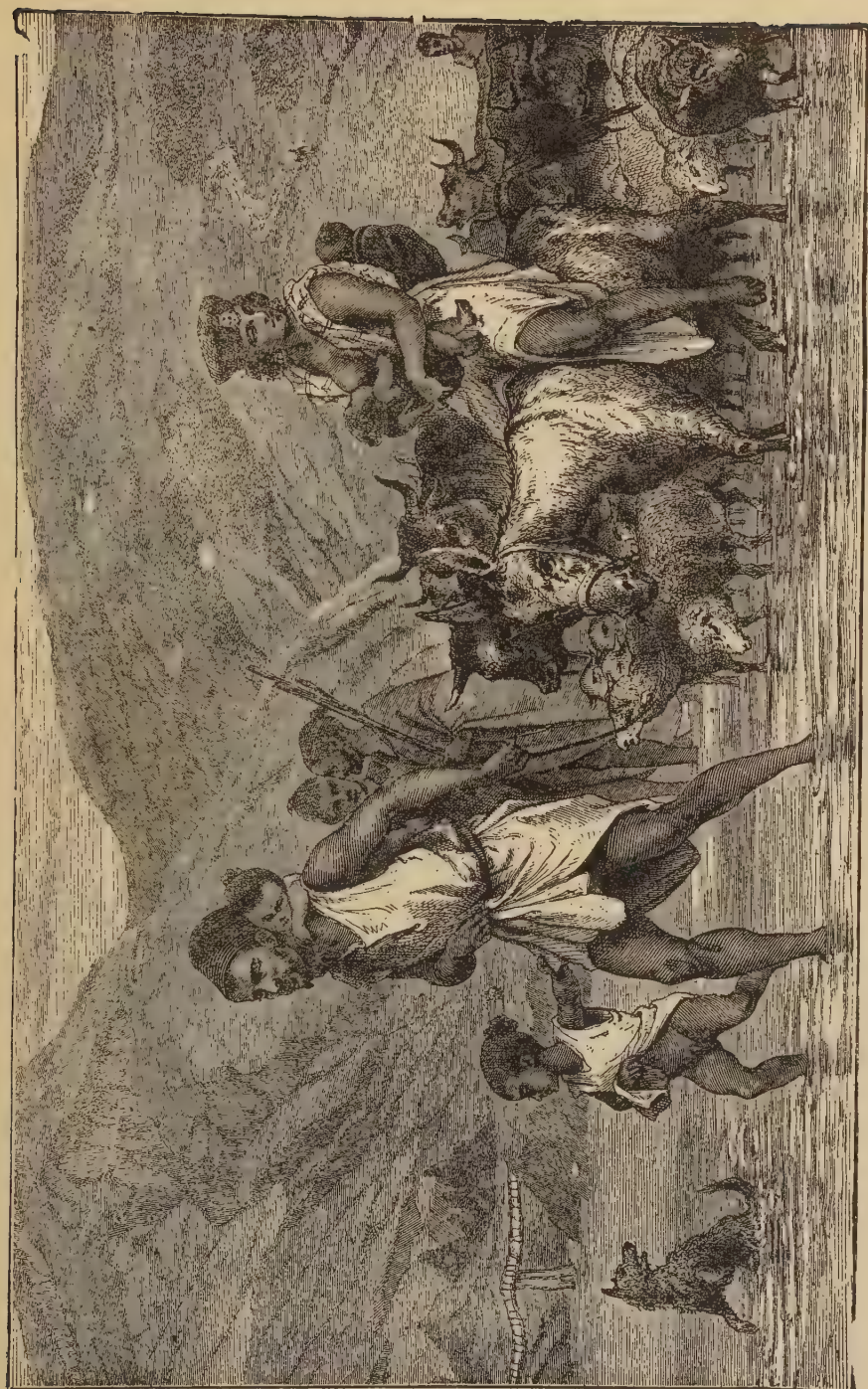
A Wretched Place.

Korosko is not rich in supplies. A few miserable Arab huts, with the usual fringe of dusty date palms, compose the village; the muddy river is the frontier on the west, the burning desert on the east. Thus hemmed in, Korosko is a narrow strip of a few yards width on the margin of the Nile, with only one redeeming feature in its wretchedness—the green shade of the old sycamore beneath which they sat.

Baker says: "I had a firman from the Viceroy, a cook, and a dragoon. Thus, my outfit was small. The firman was an order to all Egyptian officials for assistance; the cook was dirty and incapable; and the interpreter was nearly ignorant of English, although a professed polyglot. With this small beginning, Africa was before me, and thus I commenced the search for one of the sources of the Nile."

From Korosko the travellers crossed the Nubian Desert on camels, with the simoon in full force and the heat intense, to Berber. Here Mr. Baker, finding his want of Arabic a great drawback, resolved to devote a year to the study of that language, and to spend the time in the comparatively known regions to the north of Abyssinia, while he explored the various confluences of the Blue Nile.

Berber is a large town, and in appearance is similar to the Nile towns of Lower Egypt, consisting of the usual dusty, unpaved streets, and flat-roofed houses of sun-baked bricks. It is the seat of a Governor or Mudir, and is generally the quarters for about 1,500 troops. Says Baker: "We were very kindly received by Halleem Effendi, the ex-Governor, who at once gave us permission to pitch the tents in his garden, close to



A BERBER FAMILY, WITH DOMESTIC ANIMALS, CROSSING A FORD.

the Nile, on the southern outskirt of the town. After fifteen days of desert marching, the sight of a well-cultivated garden was an Eden in our eyes. About eight acres of land, on the margin of the river, were thickly planted with lofty date groves, and shaded citron and lemon trees, beneath which we reveled in luxury on our Persian rugs, and enjoyed complete rest after the fatigue of our long journey.

Beautiful Garden.

"Countless birds were chirping and singing in the trees above us; innumerable ring-doves were cooing in the shady palms; and the sudden change from the deadly sterility of the desert to the scene of verdure and of life produced an extraordinary effect upon the spirits. What caused this curious transition? Why should this charming oasis, teeming with vegetation and with life, be found in the yellow, sandy desert? Water had worked this change; the spirit of the Nile, more potent than any genii of the Arabian fables, had transformed the desert into a fruitful garden. Halleem Effendi, the former Governor, had, many years ago, planted this garden, irrigated by numerous water-wheels; and we now enjoyed the fruits, and thanked Heaven for its greatest blessings in that burning land, shade and cool water."

The garden of Halleem Effendi was attended by a number of fine, powerful slaves from the White Nile, whose stout frames and glossy skins were undeniable witness of their master's care. Here Baker and his party received visits from their host and the governor, as well as from other officers, who expressed their astonishment when they announced their intention of proceeding to the head of the Nile.

"Do not go on such an absurd errand," exclaimed Halleem Effendi. "Nobody knows anything about the Nile. We do not even know the source of the Atbara. While you remain within the territory of the Pacha of Egypt you will be safe; but the moment you cross the frontier you will be in the hands of savages."

Their host sent them daily presents of fruit by a charmingly pretty slave girl, whose numerous mistresses requested permission to pay the travellers a visit.

In the cool hour of evening a bevy of ladies approached through the dark groves of citron trees, so gaily dressed in silks of the brightest dyes of yellow, blue and scarlet, that no bouquet of flowers could have been more gaudy. They were attended by numerous slaves, and the head servant politely requested Baker to withdraw during the interview. Some of these ladies were very young and pretty, and of course exercised a certain influence over their husbands: thus, on the following morning



THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRL, AT BERBER

the travellers were inundated with visitors, as the male members of the family came to thank them for the manner in which their ladies had been received; and fruit, flowers, and the general produce of the garden were presented them in profusion. However pleasant, there were drawbacks to their Garden of Eden; there was dust in their Paradise—sudden clouds raised by whirlwinds in the desert, which fairly choked the ears and nostrils when thus attacked. June is the season when these phenomena are most prevalent. At that time the rains have commenced in the south, and are extending toward the north; the cold and heavier air of the southern rain-clouds sweeps down upon the overheated atmosphere of the desert, and produces sudden, violent squalls and whirlwinds when least expected, as at that time the sky is cloudless.

Guard of Turkish Soldiers.

After a week spent at this pleasant spot, they commenced their journey, attended by a guard of Turkish soldiers, who were to act in the double capacity of escort and servants. Their dragoman was called Mahomet, and the principal guide Achmet. The former, though almost black, declared that his color was of a light brown. As already stated, he spoke very bad English, was excessively conceited, and irascible to a degree. Accustomed to the easy-going expeditions on the Nile, he had no taste for the rough sort of work his new master had undertaken. The journey across the desert tract was performed on donkeys, the luggage as well as some of the travellers, being carried on camels or dromedaries.

In two days they reached the junction of the Atbara river with the Nile. Here, crossing a broad surface of white sand, which at that season formed the dry bed of the river, they encamped near a plantation of water-melons, with which they refreshed themselves and their tired donkeys. The river was here never less than four hundred yards in width, with banks nearly thirty feet deep. Not only was it partially dry, but so clear was the sand-bed that the reflection of the sun was almost unbearable.

Fine River and Forest Game.

They traveled along the banks of the river for some days, stopping by the side of the pools which still remained. Many of these pools were full of crocodiles and hippopotami. One of these river-horses had lately killed the proprietor of a melon-garden, who had attempted to drive the creature from his plantation. Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of killing one of the monsters in shallow water. It was quickly surrounded by Arabs, who hauled it on shore, and, on receiving his permission to take the meat, in an instant a hundred knives were at work, the men fighting

to obtain the most delicate morsels. He and his wife breakfasted that morning on hippopotamus flesh, which was destined to be their general food during their journey among the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile. Game abounded, and he shot gazelles and hippopotami sufficient to keep the whole camp well supplied with meat.

One day in June they were nearly suffocated by a whirlwind that buried everything in the tents several inches in dust. The heat was intense; the night, however, was cool and pleasant. About half-past eight, as Mr. Baker lay asleep, he fancied that he heard a rumbling like distant thunder. The low uninterrupted roll increasing in volume, presently a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, his men shouting as they rushed through the darkness: "The river! the river!"

Mahomet exclaimed that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant roar was the approach of water. Many of the people, who had been sleeping on the clean sand of the river's bed, were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of two hippopotami which were exposed to dry.

Sudden Rise of the Nile.

The sound of the torrent, as it rushed by amid the darkness, and the men, dripping with wet, dragging their heavy burdens up the bank, told that the great event had occurred. The river had arrived like a thief in the night. The next morning, instead of the barren sheet of clear white sand with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, cutting the yellow expanse of desert, a magnificent stream, the noble Atbara river flowed by, some five hundred yards in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Not a drop of rain, however, had fallen; but the current gave the traveller a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery. The rains were pouring down in Abyssinia—these were the sources of the Nile.

The rainy season, however, at length began, during which it was impossible to travel. The Arabs during that period migrate to the drier regions in the north. On their way they arrived in the neighborhood of the camp of the great Sheikh Achmet Abou Sinn, to whom Mr. Baker had a letter of introduction. Having sent it forward by Mahomet, in a short time the sheikh appeared, attended by several of his principal people. He was mounted on a beautiful snow-white dromedary, his appearance being remarkably dignified and venerable. Although upwards of eighty years old, he was as erect as a lance, and of herculean stature; a remarkably arched nose, eyes like an eagle's, beneath large, shaggy, but perfectly white eyebrows, while a snow-white beard of great

thickness descended below the middle of his breast. He wore a large white turban, and a white cashmere robe reaching from the throat to the ankles. He was indeed the perfect picture of a desert patriarch. He insisted on the travellers accompanying him to his camp, and would hear of no excuses. Ordering Mahomet to have their baggage repacked, he requested them to mount two superb dromedaries with saddle-cloths of blue and purple sheep-skins, and they set out with their venerable host followed by his wild and splendidly-mounted attendants.

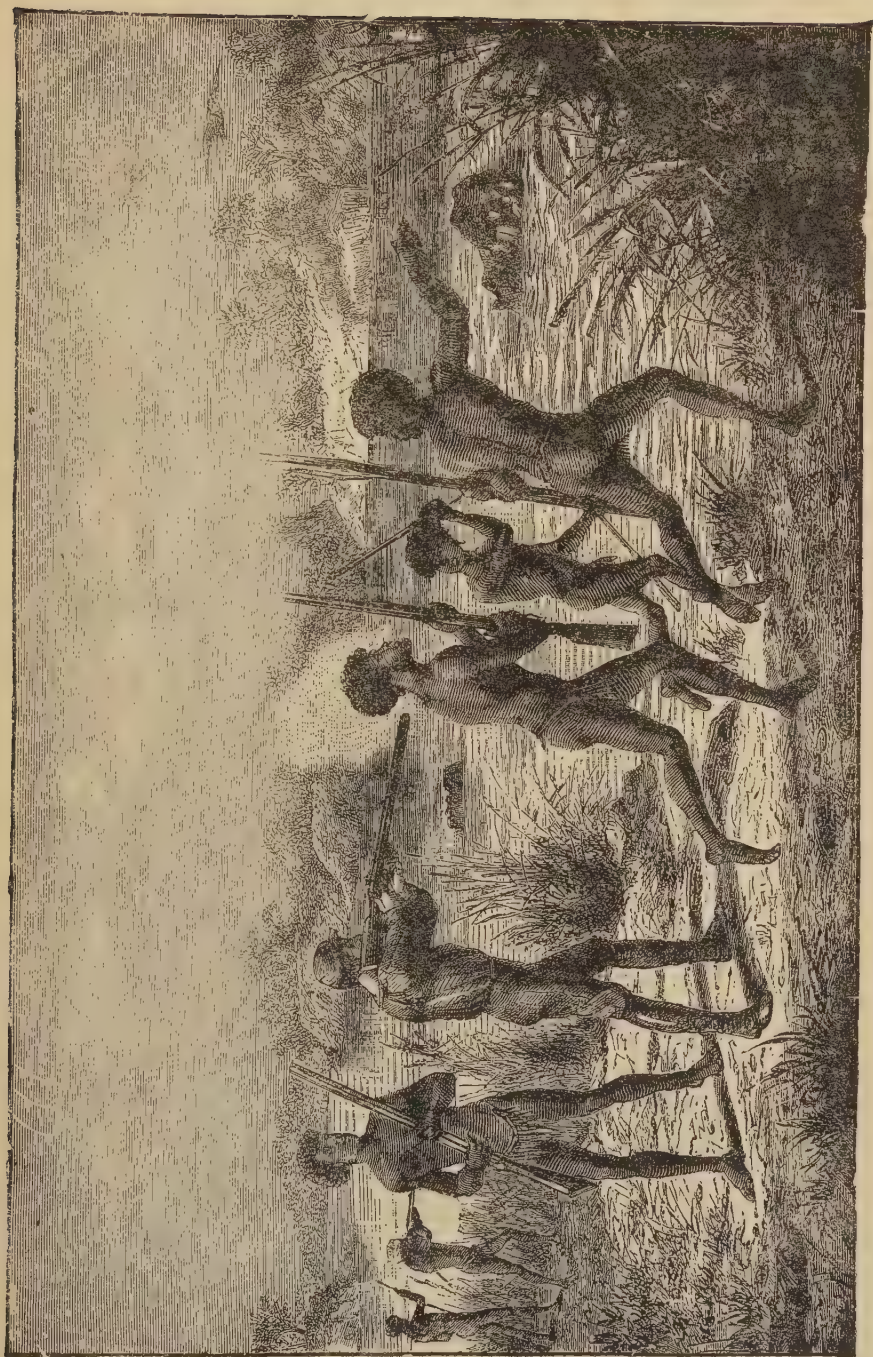
Cordial Welcome of a Great Sheikh.

As they approached the camp they were suddenly met by a crowd of mounted men, armed with swords and shields, some on horses, others on dromedaries. These were Abou Sinn's people, who had assembled to do honor to their chief's guests. Having formed in lines parallel with the approach of their guests, they galloped singly at full speed across the line of march, flourishing their swords over their heads, and reining in their horses so as to bring them on their haunches by the sudden halt. This performance being concluded, they fell into line behind the party.

Declining the sheikh's invitation to spend two or three months at his camp, Mr. and Mrs. Baker travelled on to the village of Sofi, where they proposed remaining during the rainy season. It was situated near the banks of the Atbara, on a plateau of about twenty acres, bordered on either side by two deep ravines, while below the steep cliff in front of the village flowed the river Atbara. Their tents were pitched on a level piece of ground just outside the village, where the grass, closely nibbled by the goats, formed a natural lawn. Here huts were built and some weeks were pleasantly spent. Mr. Baker found an abundance of sport, sometimes catching enormous fish, at others shooting birds to supply his larder, but more frequently hunting elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes, and other large game.

He here found a German named Florian, a stone-mason by trade, who had come out attached to the Austrian mission at Khartoum, but preferring a freer life than that city afforded, had become a great hunter. Mr. Baker, thinking that he would prove useful, engaged him as a hunter, and he afterwards took into his service Florian's black servant Richarn, who became his faithful attendant. A former companion of Florian's, Johann Schmidt, soon afterwards arrived, and was also engaged by Mr. Baker to act as his lieutenant in his proposed White Nile expedition. Poor Florian, however, was killed by a lion, and Schmidt and Richarn alone accompanied him.

Mr. Baker's skill as a sportsman was frequently called into play by the



EXCITING COMBAT WITH THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE ATBARA

natives, to drive off the elephants and hippopotami which infested their plantations. One afternoon he was requested to shoot a savage old bull hippopotamus which had given chase to several people. He rode to the spot, about two miles off, where the hippopotamus lived in a deep and broad portion of the river. The old hippopotamus was at home.

The river, about two hundred and fifty yards wide, had formed by an acute bend a deep hole. In the centre of this was a sandbank just below the surface. Upon this shallow bed the hippotamus was reposing. On perceiving the party he began to snort and behave himself in a most absurd manner, by shaking his head and leaping half way out of the water. Mr. Baker had given Bacheet and other attendants rifles, and had ordered them to follow on the bank. He now directed one to fire several shots at the hippopotamus, in order if possible, to drive the animal towards him. The hippo, a wicked, solitary, old bull, returned the insult by charging towards Bacheet with a tremendous snorting, which sent him scrambling up the steep bank in a panic. This gave the brute confidence; and the sportsman, who had hitherto remained concealed, called out according to Arabic custom: "*Hasinth! hasinth!*" the Arabic for hippopotamus. The brute, thinking no doubt that he might as well drive the intruder away, gave a loud snort, sank, and quickly reappeared about a hundred yards from him. On this Mr. Baker ordered Bacheet to shoot to attract the animal's attention. As the hippopotamus turned his head, Mr. Baker took a steady shot, aiming behind the ear, and immediately the saucy old hippo turned upon his back and rolled about dashing the still pool into waves, until at length he disappeared.

Famous Arab Hunters.

His intention of engaging a party of the Hamran Arabs, celebrated as hunters, to accompany him in his explorations of the Abyssinian rivers having become known, several of these men made their appearance at Sofi. They are distinguished from the other tribes of Arabs by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre and arranged in long curls. They are armed with swords and shields, the former having long, straight, two-edged blades, with a small cross for the handle, similar to the long, straight, cross-handled blades of the crusaders. Their shields, formed of rhinoceros, giraffe, or elephant-hide, are either round or oval. Their swords, which they prize highly, are kept as sharp as razors. The length of the blade is about three feet, and the handle six inches long. It is secured to the wrist by a leathern strap, so that the hunter cannot by any accident be disarmed.

These men go in chase of all wild animals of the desert; some are noted as expert hippopotamus slayers, but the most celebrated are the Aggageers, or elephant hunters. The latter attack the huge animal either on horseback, or on foot when they cannot afford to purchase steeds. In the latter case, two men alone hunt together. They follow the tracks of an elephant which they contrive to overtake about noon, when the animal is either asleep or extremely listless and easy to approach. Should the elephant be asleep, one of the hunters will creep towards its head, and with a single blow sever the trunk stretched on the ground, the result being its death within an hour from bleeding. Should the animal be awake, they will creep up from behind, and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind leg, immediately disabling the monster. It is followed up by a second cut on the remaining leg, when the creature becomes their easy prey.

When hunting on horseback, generally four men form a party, and they often follow the tracks of a herd from their drinking-place for upwards of twenty miles. Mr. Baker accompanied them on numerous hunting expeditions, and witnessed the wonderful courage and dexterity they displayed.

After spending three months at Sofi, he set out for the Settite River, and his wife crossing the Atbara River on a raft formed of his large circular sponging bath supported by eight inflated skins secured to his bedstead.

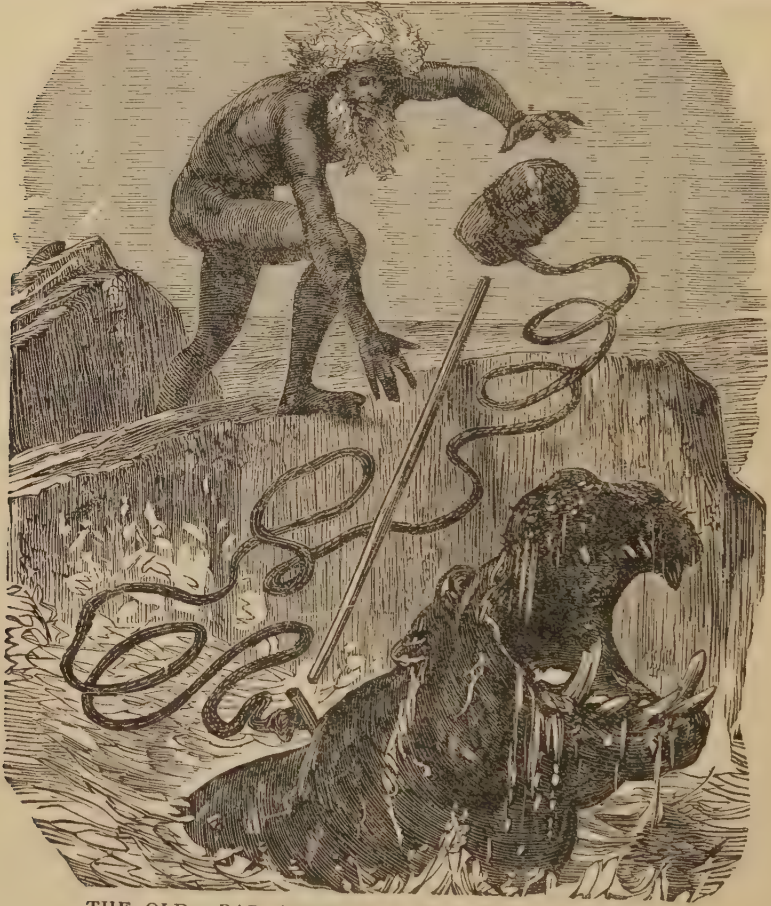
An Old Arab's Trap for the River-horse.

A party of the Aggageers now joined him. Among them was Abou Do, a celebrated old hippopotamus hunter, who, with his spear of trident shape in hand, might have served as a representative of Neptune. The old Arab was equally great at elephant hunting, and had on the previous day exhibited his skill, having assisted to kill several elephants. He now divested himself of all his clothing, and set out, taking his harpoon in hand, in search of hippopotami.

This weapon consisted of a steel blade about eleven inches long and three-quarters of an inch in width, with a single barb. To it was attached a strong rope twenty feet long, with a float as large as a child's head at the extremity. Into the harpoon was fixed a piece of bamboo ten feet long, around which the rope was twisted, while the buoy was carried on the hunter's left hand.

After proceeding a couple of miles, a herd of hippopotami were seen in a pool below a rapid surrounded by rocks. He, however, remarking that they were too wide-awake to be attacked, continued his course down the

stream till a smaller pool was reached. Here the immense head of a hippopotamus was seen, close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river. The old hunter, motioning the travellers to remain quiet, immediately plunged into the stream and crossed to the opposite bank, whence, keeping himself under shelter, he made his way directly towards the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. Stealthily



THE OLD . YAB ATTACKING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

he approached, his long thin arm raised, with the harpoon ready to strike.

The hippopotamus, however, had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the veteran hunter remaining standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could be more rigid than that of the old river king, as he thus stood, his left foot advanced, his right

hand grasping the harpoon above his head, and his left the loose coil of rope attached to the buoy.

Three minutes thus passed, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of a furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam as he charged straight up the violent rapids. With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream, gaining a footing in the rapids where they were about five feet deep, thus making his way, till, landing from the river, he started at a full gallop along the shingly bed, and disappeared in the thorny jungle. No one would have supposed that so unwieldy an animal could have exhibited such speed, and it was fortunate for old Neptune that he was secure on the high ledge of rock, for had he been on the path of the infuriated beast, there would have been an end of Abou Do.

Tremendous Snorting and Roaring.

The old man rejoined his companions, when Mr. Baker proposed going in search of the animal. The hunter, however, explained that the hippopotamus would certainly return after a short time to the water. In a few minutes the animal emerged from the jungle and descended at full trot into the pool where the other hippopotami had been seen, about half a mile off. Upon reaching it, the party were immediately greeted by the hippopotamus, who snorted and roared and quickly dived, and the float was seen running along the surface, showing his course as the cork of a trimmer does that of a pike when hooked.

Several times the hippo appeared, but invariably faced them, and, as Mr. Baker could not obtain a favorable shot, he sent the old hunter across the stream to attract the animal's attention. The hippo, turning towards the hunter, afforded Mr. Baker a good chance, and he fired a steady shot behind the ear. The crack of the ball, in the absence of any splash from the bullet, showed him that the hippopotamus was hit, while the float remained stationary upon the surface, marking the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath. The hunter obtaining assistance from the camp, the hippopotamus, as well as another which had been shot, were hauled on shore. The old bull measured fourteen feet two inches, and the head was three feet one inch from the front of the ear to the edge of the lip in a straight line.

Though hippopotami are generally harmless, solitary old bulls are

sometimes extremely vicious, and frequently attack canoes without provocation.

Many of the elephant hunts in which Mr. Baker engaged were exciting in the highest degree, and fraught with great danger.

Among the Aggageers was a hunter, Rodur Sherrif, who, though his arm had been withered in consequence of an accident, was as daring as any of his companions.

Furious Combat.

The banks of the Royan had been reached, where, a camp having been formed, Mr. Baker and his companions set out in search of elephants. A large bull elephant was discovered drinking. The country around was partly woody, and the ground strewn with fragments of rocks, ill adapted for riding. The elephant had made a desperate charge, scattering the hunters in all directions, and very nearly overtaking Mr. Baker. He then retreated into a stronghold composed of rocks and uneven ground, with a few small leafless trees growing in it. The scene must be described in the traveller's own words :

"Here the elephant stood facing the party like a statue, not moving a muscle beyond the quick and restless action of the eyes, which were watching on all sides. Two of the Aggageers getting into its rear by a wide circuit, two others, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sherrif, mounted on a thoroughly-trained bay mare, rode slowly toward the animal. Coolly the mare advanced towards her wary antagonist until within about nine yards of its head. The elephant never moved. Not a word was spoken. The perfect stillness was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack. Rodur coolly sat with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant.

"With a shrill scream the enormous creature then suddenly dashed on him like an avalanche. Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of Rodur Sherrif leaning forward and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him. For a moment it appeared as if the mare must be caught. Had she stumbled, all would have been lost, but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance, so close, however, to the creature, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

"The two Aggageers who had kept in the rear now dashed forward close to the hind quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with



AN ELEPHANT'S FURIOUS CHARGE UPON HIS FEES.

the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare. When close to the tail of the elephant, the sword of one of the Aggageers flashed from its sheath as, grasping his trusty blade, he leaped nimbly to the ground, while his companion caught the reins of his horse. Two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck on the descending steel. This was followed by a dull crack, the sword cutting through skin and sinew, and sinking deep into the bone about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride the elephant halted dead short in the midst of his tremendous charge. The Aggageer who had struck the blow vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment Rodur turned sharp round and, again facing the elephant, stooped quickly from the saddle to pick up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant the other Aggageer leaped to the ground, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg."

Nothing could be more perfect than the way in which these darir hunters attack their prey. "It is difficult to decide which to admire more—whether the coolness and courage of him who led the elephant, or the extraordinary skill and activity of the Aggageer who dealt the fatal blow."

Thus, hunting and exploring, Mr. Baker, accompanied by his heroic wife, visited the numerous river-beds which carry the rains of the mountainous regions of Abyssinia into the Blue Nile, and are the cause of the periodical overflowing of the mighty stream, while its ordinary current is fed from other far-distant sources, towards one of which the traveller now prepared to direct his steps.

Speke and Grant were at this time making their way from Zanzibar, across untrodden ground, towards Gondokoro. An expedition under Petherick, the ivory-trader, sent to assist them, had met with misfortune and been greatly delayed, and Mr. Baker therefore hoped to reach the equator, and perhaps to meet the Zanzibar explorers somewhere about the sources of the Nile.

Proceeding along the banks of the Blue Nile, Mr. and Mrs. Baker reached Khartoum on the 11th of June, 1862, which they found to be a filthy and miserable town.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMOUS VALLEY OF THE NILE.

Immense Region of the Soudan—Remarkable Character of “Chinese” Gordon—A Man Made of Damascus Steel—A Warrior and Not an Explorer—Mr. and Mrs. Baker Crossing the Nubian Desert—Hardships of a Long Camel Journey—The Romance of a Desert Journey Destroyed—Travelling Through a Furnace—A Nubian Thunder Storm—Baker’s Description of a Camel Ride—A Humorous Experience—“Warranted to Ride Easy”—Extraordinary Freak of Nature—Thorns Like Fish-hooks—Camel Plunging Into the Thorn Bushes—An African Scorpion—Water Six Inches Deep in the Tents—The Explorers Pressing Forward—The Party That Left Khartoum—The Carpenter Johann—Sickness and Death of Poor Johann—Celebrated Tribe of Blacks—Very Cheap Style of Dress—Traits of the Neuhr Tribe—Ludicrous Attempt to Get Into Shoes—Mode of Salutation—Mosquitoes in Africa—Visit from a Chief and His Daughter—Leopard Skin and Skull Cap of White Beads—Men Tall and Slender—Puny Children—An Indolent and Starving People—Herds of Cattle—Sacred Bull With Ornamented Horns—How a Prussian Baron Lost His Life—Termination of the Voyage—Appearance of the Country—The Explorers Looked Upon With Suspicion—Native Dwellings—The Perfection of Cleanliness—Huts With Projecting Roofs and Low Entrances—The Famous Bari Tribe—Warlike and Dangerous Savages—Story of an Umbrella—Systematic Extortion—Stories of Two Brave Boys.



R. AND MRS. BAKER were now in the eastern part of that large desert region in Northern Africa which goes by the name of the Soudan. This immense tract has lately been brought into prominence by the wonderful exploits and extraordinary heroism of General Gordon—“Chinese” Gordon, as he was called by reason of achievements in China, which have given him remarkable fame. He was a bold, strong character, a man of uncommon nerve and endurance, one who took a high moral view of the work in which he was engaged, whose conscientiousness could not be doubted, whose tact and perseverance were conspicuous—a man who was a kind of religious hero, raised up for a certain great work, and who fell before it was fully accomplished. His name will go down to all generations. He was a silent man, very much wrapped up within himself, somewhat stern in his disposition, whose nature was apparently made of Damascus steel, and who, although possessed of gentle qualities and much beloved by those who knew him best, was yet a man to be dreaded when not obeyed.

“Chinese” Gordon was not an explorer. He did not partake of the

character of Stanley, Baker, Livingstone, and others. Yet he succeeded in gaining a very strong hold upon the sympathies and the admiration of not only the English people, but of all civilized nations. He was a man to awaken enthusiasm and admiration, and the heroic sacrifice which he finally made of himself places a fitting climax upon his marvellous career. It is true that geographical discovery has had its great heroes; it is also true that the attempts of European nations to carry their commerce, their arms, their modes of government, into the benighted Continent of Africa have had heroes none the less brilliant.

It will be interesting to the reader to continue the journey through the wilds of Abyssinia which lie upon the borders of the Soudan; in fact, the Soudan may be said to include this vast region, which in itself is a Tropical wonder.

We have already seen that Mr. and Mrs. Baker crossed the Nubian desert. This in itself was a formidable undertaking, for the dreary desert is the greatest obstacle to exploration southward into the region of Central Africa.

This dreary tract we must cross, otherwise we can have no adequate idea of the hardships of the explorer's life, the difficulties and discouragements he meets with at the very outset, and the surprising contrast between his experiences in the earlier and in the later stages of his progress. His voyage up the Nile, under the ever clear and brilliant sky of Egypt, past the silent shapes of the temples, the sphinxes, the pyramids, and other gigantic monuments of a great past, and surrounded by the sights and sounds of Oriental life, has been a holiday trip to the traveller bound lakewards.

Hardships of a Long Camel Ride.

When he places his foot on the desert sand, and transfers his guns, his tent, and other appurtenances of travel from the river-boat to the back of the "ship of the desert" which is to convey him across the Great Bend of the Nile from Korosko to Abu Hammed, the stern reality of his task begins. The first day's sun, reflected with overpowering force from the fantastic cliffs and flinty sand of the Korosko Desert, probably burns out of him any romance that he may have entertained in connection with Nubian travel; before the nearest halting-place is reached, the early delightful sense of the novelty of riding on camel-back has given place to a hearty detestation of the uneasy motion, the slow progress, and the abominable temper of that overlauded brute.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of a some-

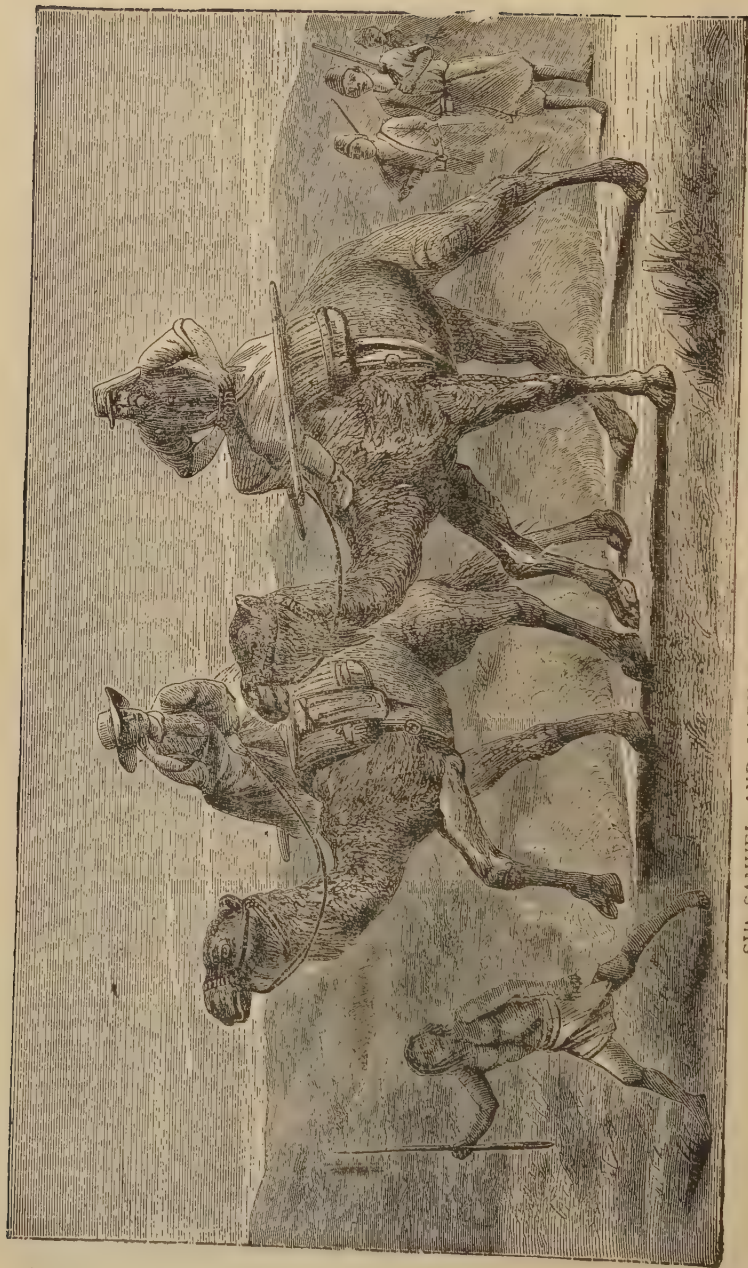
what sentimental temperament, said, among other things, that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetic indeed. "My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it in a wagon without any springs, then seat yourself on the stool, and have it drawn over rocky and uneven ground, during the hottest weather of July or August, after you have not had anything to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

Travelling Through a Furnace.

Soon you are glad to abandon travel in the full blaze of day, with its blistering glare from rock and sand, the pitiless sun overhead, and the furnace-like breath of the desert air, and you march at night, when the earth is growing cool again, under the great stars. Here and there, as you descend into the bed of a "wady," or dry-water course, the eye is relieved for an instant by a patch of green verdure, a frightened gazelle dashes away to the shelter of the nearest sand-hills, or a glimpse is caught of a naked Arab youth tending his flock of goats; for even the desert is not entirely void of plant and animal life, though every living thing seems to partake of the arid nature and to bear the dusty colors of the surrounding waste. Even rain is not altogether unknown, and it is looked for at least once every winter season, although sometimes four years will pass without a fall.

At these times the clouds that have drifted up from the distant Indian Ocean may be seen pitching their black tents about the summits of the mountain ridges that divide the Nile Valley from the Red Sea. The nomad Arab tribes, the only inhabitants of these thirsty hills, watch them with breathless hope. A north wind may blow during the night and drift them back whence they came. More likely they burst in thunder-storm—the whole of the storms of a season compressed into one furious onslaught of lightning and rain. The dry water-courses of yesterday are roaring torrents by morning, bearing down to the Nile a tribute of water for one day in the year at least.

For one day also, or perhaps for some weeks, the earth and air are swept of their impurities, and the face of the desert begins to look fresh and verdant, as grass and plants spring up rapidly on every hand; but then again the drought and the heat return, and nature withers more rapidly than it sprang to life. There are spots, however, well known to



SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER CROSSING THE DESERT.

the Arab shepherd and camel-driver, where there are running water and green turf all the year round, or where, sheltered perhaps by the naked rocks of some deep ravine, a little oasis of palm and tamarisk trees is to be found. These are the halting-places on the march—the stepping-stones by means of which alone this howling wilderness may be crossed. Sometimes the wells fail, or are poisoned, or a predatory band occupies the springs; and then the unfortunate traveller has to face the peril of death from thirst or exhaustion as the fainting caravan is hurried forward to the next halting-place. In any case he is fervently thankful when the shining waters of the Nile come again into sight at Abu Hammed, and this doleful stage of his desert wandering is at a close.

Baker's Description of a Camel Ride.

Our hero gives an interesting and withal humorous account of the experiences of himself and wife voyaging on the "ships of the desert." He says: When a sharp cut from the stick of the guide induces the camel to break into a trot, the torture of the rack is a pleasant tickling compared to the sensation of having your spine driven by a sledge-hammer from below, half a foot deeper into the skull. The human frame may be inured to almost anything; thus the Arabs, who have always been accustomed to this kind of exercise, hardly feel the motion, and the portion of the body most subject to pain in riding a rough camel upon two bare pieces of wood for a saddle, becomes naturally adapted for such rough service, as monkeys become hardened from constantly sitting upon rough surfaces.

The children commence almost as soon as they are born, as they must accompany their mothers in their annual migrations; and no sooner can the young Arab sit astride and hold on, than he is placed behind his father's saddle, to which he clings, while he bumps upon the bare back of the jolting camel. Nature quickly arranges a horny protection to the nerves by the thickening of the skin; therefore an Arab's opinion of the action of a riding camel should never be accepted without a personal trial. What appears delightful to him may be torture to you, as a strong breeze and a rough sea may be charming to a sailor, but worse than death to a landsman.

"Warranted to Ride Easy."

I was determined not to accept the camels now offered until I had seen them tried; I accordingly ordered our black soldier, El Baggar, to saddle the most easy-actioned animal for my wife; but I wished to see him put it through a variety of paces before she should accept it. The delighted El Baggar, who from long practice was as hard as the heel of a boot,

disdained a saddle ; the animal knelt, was mounted, and off he started at full trot, performing a circle of about fifty yards diameter, as though in a circus. I never saw such an exhibition ! "Warranted quiet to ride, of easy action, and fit for a lady !" This had been the character received with the rampant brute, which now, with head and tail erect, went tearing round the circle, screaming and roaring like a wild beast, throwing his forelegs forward, and stepping at least three feet high in his trot. Where was El Baggar ?

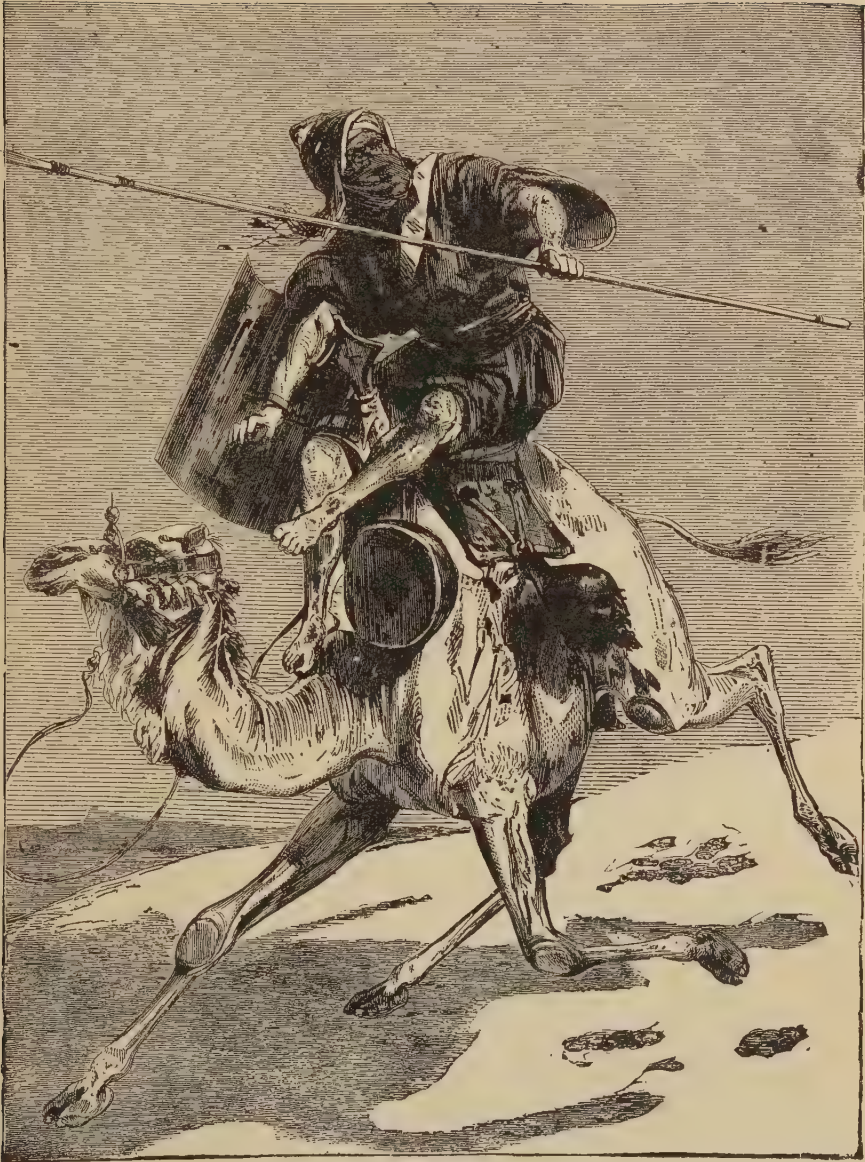
A disjointed-looking black figure was sometimes on the back of this easy-going camel, sometimes a foot high in the air : arms, head, legs, hands appeared like a confused mass of dislocations ; the woolly hair of this unearthly individual, that had been carefully trained in long, stiff, narrow curls, precisely similar to the tobacco known as "negro-head," alternately started upright *en masse* as though under the influence of electricity, and then fell as suddenly upon his shoulders ; had the dark individual been a "black dose," he or it could not have been more thoroughly shaken.

This object, so thoroughly disguised by rapidity of movement, was El Baggar ; happy, delighted El Baggar ! As he came rapidly round towards us, flourishing his stick, I called to him, "Is that a nice dromedary for the Sit (lady), El Baggar ? Is it *very* easy ?" He was almost incapable of a reply. "V-e-r-y e-e-a-s-y," replied the trustworthy authority, "j-j-j-just the thin-n-n-n-g for the S-i-i-i-t-t-t." "All right, that will do," I answered, and the jockey pulled up his steed. "Are the other camels better or worse than that ?" I asked. "Much worse," replied El Baggar ; "the others are rather tough, but this is an easy-god and will suit the lady well."

An Extraordinary Freak of Nature.

It was impossible to hire a good dromedary ; an Arab prizes his riding animal too much, and invariably refuses to let it to a stranger, but generally imposes upon him by substituting some lightly-built camel, that he thinks will pass muster ; I accordingly chose for my wife a steady-going animal from among the baggage-camels, trusting to be able to obtain a better one from the great sheikh, Abou Sinn, who was encamped upon the road we were about to take along the valley of the Atbara.

Upon arriving at the highest point of the valley, we found ourselves upon the vast table-land that stretches from the Atbara to the Nile. At this season the entire surface had a faint tint of green, as the young shoots of grass had replied to the late showers of rain ; so perfect a level was this great tract of fertile country, that within a mile of the valley of the



WILD ARAB'S SWIFT RIDE.

Atbara there was neither furrow nor water-course, but the escape of the rainfall was by simple soakage. As usual, the land was dotted with mimosas, all of which were now bursting into leaf.

The thorns of the different varieties of these trees are an extraordinary freak of Nature, as she appears to have exhausted all her art in producing an apparently useless arrangement of defence. The mimosas that are most common in the Souda provinces are mere bushes, seldom exceeding sixteen feet in height; these spread out toward the top like mushrooms, but the branches commence within two feet of the ground; they are armed with thorns in the shape of fish-hooks, which they resemble in sharpness and strength. A thick jungle composed of such bushes is perfectly impenetrable to any animals but elephants, rhinoceroses and buffaloes, and should the clothes of a man become entangled in such thorns, either they must give way or he must remain a prisoner. The mimosa that is known among the Arabs as the kittar, is one of the worst species, and is probably similar to that which caught Absalom by the hair; this differs from the well-known "wait-a-bit" of South Africa, as no milder nickname could be applied than "dead-stop." Were the clothes of strong material, it would be impossible to break through a kittar-bush.

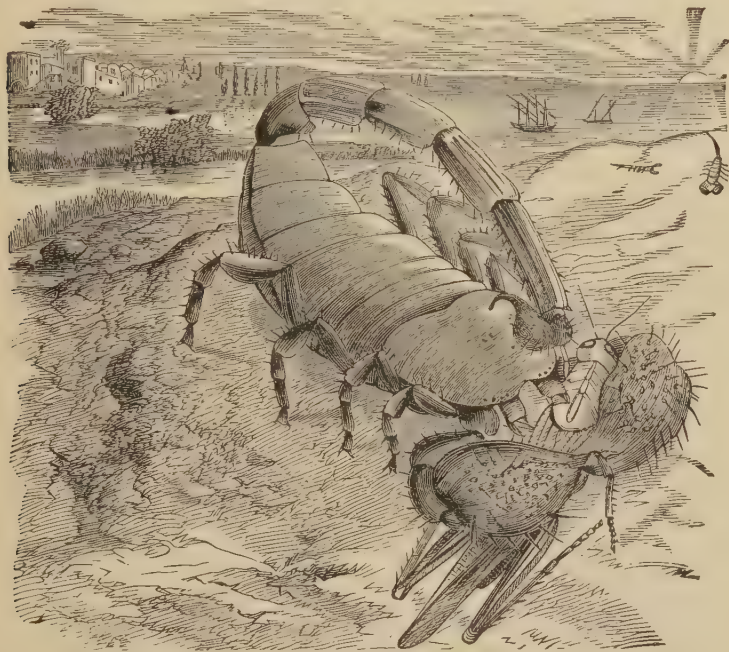
Camel Plunging Into Thorn Bushes.

A magnificent specimen of a kittar, with a wide-spreading head in the young glory of green leaf, tempted my hungry camel during our march, it was determined to procure a mouthful, and I was equally determined that it should keep to the straight path, and avoid the attraction of the green food. After some strong remonstrance upon my part, the perverse beast shook its ugly head, gave a roar, and started off in full trot straight at the thorny bush. I had not the slightest control over the animal, and in a few seconds it charged the bush, with the mad intention of rushing either through or beneath it. To my disgust, I perceived that the wide-spreading branches were only just sufficiently high to permit the back of the camel to pass underneath.

There was no time for further consideration; we charged the bush; I held my head doubled up between my arms, and the next moment I was on my back, half stunned by the fall. The camel-saddle lay upon the ground, my rifle, that had been slung behind, my coffee-pot, the burst water-skin, and a host of other appurtenances, lay around me in all directions; worst of all, my beautiful gold repeater lay at some distance from me, rendered entirely useless. I was as nearly naked as I could be; a few rags held together, but my shirt was gone, with the exception of some shreds that adhered to my arms. I was, of course, streaming with

blood, and looked much more as though I had been clawed by a leopard than as having simply charged a bush. The camel had fallen down with the shock, after I had been swept off by the thorny branches. To this day I have the marks of the scratching.

Unless a riding-camel is perfectly trained, it is the most tiresome animal to ride, after the first green leaves appear; every bush tempts it from the path, and it is a perpetual fight between the rider and his beast throughout the journey. The Arab soldier who mounts his beast and darts away over the desert of sand does not encounter the obstacles that beset our path.



VENOMOUS SCORPION.

We shortly halted for the night, as I had noticed unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. We quickly pitched the tents, grubbed up the root and stem of a decayed mimosa, and lighted a fire, by the side of which our people sat in a circle. Hardly had the pile begun to blaze, when a cry from Mahomet's new relative, Achmet, informed us that he had been bitten by a scorpion. Mahomet appeared to think this highly entertaining, until suddenly he screamed out likewise, and springing from the ground, he began to stamp and wring his hands in great agony; he had himself been bitten, and we found that a whole nest of scorpions

were in the rotten wood lately thrown upon the fire : in their flight from the heat they stung all whom they met.

There was no time to prepare food ; the thunder already roared above us, and in a few minutes the sky, lately so clear, was as black as ink. I had already prepared for the storm, and the baggage was piled within the tent ; the ropes of the tents had been left slack to allow for the contraction, and we were ready for the rain. It was fortunate that we were in order ; a rain descended with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning, of a volume unknown to the inhabitants of cooler climates ; for several hours there was almost an uninterrupted roar of the most deafening peals, with lightning so vivid that our tent was completely lighted up in the darkness of the night, and its misery displayed. Not only was the rain pouring through the roof, so that we were wet through as we crouched upon our angareps (stretchers), but the legs of our bedstead stood in more than six inches of water.

Being as wet as I could be, I resolved to enjoy the scene outside the tent ; it was curious in the extreme. Flash after flash of sharp forked lightning played upon the surface of a boundless lake ; there was not a foot of land visible, but the numerous dark bushes, projecting from the surface of the water, destroyed the illusion of depth that the scene would otherwise have suggested. The rain ceased ; but the entire country was flooded several inches deep, and when the more distant lightning flashed, as the storm rolled away, I saw the camels lying like statues built into the lake. On the following morning the whole of this great mass of water had been absorbed by the soil, which had become so adhesive and slippery that it was impossible for the camels to move ; we therefore waited for some hours, until the intense heat of the sun had dried the surface sufficiently to allow the animals to proceed.

A Regiment of Scorpions.

Upon striking the tent, we found beneath the volance, between the crown and the walls, a regiment of scorpions ; the flood had doubtless destroyed great numbers within their holes, but these, having been disturbed by the deluge, had found an asylum by crawling up the tent walls : with great difficulty we lighted a fire, and committed them all to the flames. Mahomet made a great fuss about his hand, which was certainly much swollen, but not worse than that of Achmet, who did not complain, although during the night he had been again bitten on the leg by one of these venomous insects, that had crawled from the water upon his clothes.

Our last chapter left Mr. and Mrs. Baker at Khartoum. As the gov-

ernment of Soudan refused to supply Baker with properly-trained soldiers, the only men he could get for an escort were the barbarous ruffians of Khartoum, who had been accustomed all their lives to plunder in the White Nile trade; yet, such as they were, he was compelled to put up with them, though he would undoubtedly have done better had he gone without such an escort. The voyage alone to Gondokoro, the navigable limit of the Nile, was likely to occupy about fifty days, so that a large supply of provisions was necessary.

Says Baker: To organize an enterprise so difficult that it had hitherto defeated the whole world required a careful selection of attendants, and I looked with despair at the prospect before me. The only men procurable for escort were the miserable cut-throats of Khartoum, accustomed to murder and pillage in the White Nile trade, and excited not by the love of adventure but by the desire for plunder: to start with such men appeared mere insanity. An exploration to the Nile sources was a march through an enemy's country, and required a powerful force of well-armed men. For the traders there was no great difficulty, as they took the initiative in hostilities and had fixed camps as supply stations, but for an explorer there was no alternative but a direct forward march without any communications with the rear.

The preparations for such a voyage are no trifles. I required forty-five armed men as escort, forty men as sailors, which, with servants, etc., raised my party to ninety-six. In the hope of meeting Speke and Grant's party, I loaded the boats with an extra quantity of corn.

The Carpenter Johann.

In all the detail, I was much assisted by a most excellent man whom I had engaged to accompany me as my head-man, a German carpenter, Johann Schmidt. I had formerly met him hunting on the banks of the Settite river, in the Basé country, where he was purchasing living animals from the Arabs, for a contractor to a menagerie in Europe; he was an excellent sportsman, and an energetic and courageous fellow; perfectly sober and honest. Alas! "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," and a hollow cough, and emaciation, attended with hurried respiration, suggested disease of the lungs.

Day after day he faded gradually, and I endeavored to persuade him not to venture upon such a perilous journey as that before me: nothing would persuade him that he was in danger, and he had an idea that the climate of Khartoum was more injurious than the White Nile, and that the voyage would improve his health. Full of good feeling, and a wish to please, he persisted in working and perfecting the various arrange-

ments, when he should have been saving his strength for a severe trial.

Soon afterward the German carpenter breathed his last. Baker gives an affecting account of his last moments : Johann is in a dying state, but sensible ; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service and returning to Bavaria are past. I sat by his bed for some hours ; there was not a ray of hope ; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, "I am prepared to die ; I have neither parents nor relations ; but there is one—she—" he faltered. He could not finish his sentence, but his dying thoughts were with one he loved ; far, far away from this wild and miserable land, his spirit was transported to his native village, and to the object that made life dear to him. Did not a shudder pass over her, a chill warning at that sad moment when all was passing away ? I pressed his cold hand, and asked her name. Gathering his remaining strength he murmured, "Krombach." Krombach was merely the name of his native village in Bavaria.

"Es bleibt nur zu sterben." "Ich bin sehr dankbar." These were the last words he spoke, "I am very grateful." I gazed sorrowfully at his attenuated figure, and at the now powerless hand that had laid low many an elephant and lion, in its day of strength ; and the cold sweat of death lay thick upon his forehead. Although the pulse was not yet still, Johann was gone.

I made a huge cross with my own hands from the trunk of a tamarind tree, and by moonlight we laid him in his grave in this lonely spot.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a pilgrim taking his rest,
With his mantle drawn around him."

This is a mournful commencement of the voyage. Poor fellow, I did all I could for him although that was but little ; and hands far more tender than mine ministered to his last necessities.

Celebrated Tribe of Blacks.

Soon the expedition was sailing past the country inhabited by the Shillooks, the largest and most powerful black tribe on the banks of the White Nile. They are very wealthy, and possess immense herds of cattle ; are also agriculturists, fishermen, and warriors. Their huts are regularly built, looking at a distance like rows of button mushrooms. They embark boldly on the river in their raft-like canoes, formed of the

excessively light ambatch-wood. The tree is of no great thickness, and tapers gradually to a point. It is thus easily cut down, and, several trunks being lashed together, a canoe is quickly formed. A war party on several occasions, embarking in a fleet of these rafts, have descended the river, and made raids on other tribes, carrying off women and children as captives, and large herds of cattle.

Nothing can be more melancholy and uninteresting than the general



NATIVES OF THE NILE REGION.

appearance of the banks of the river. At times vast marshes alone could be seen, at others an immense expanse of sandy desert, with huge ant-hills ten feet high rising above them.

While stopping at a village on the right bank, Baker received a visit from the chief of the Nuehr tribe and a number of his followers.

Contrary to the usual custom, this tribe possesses land on both sides of the Nile, which in the midst of their territory spreads itself into a lake.

The Nuehr are a fine-looking race of savages, and very like savages they look. The men are tall, powerful, and well-formed, but their features approach the negro type, and are heavier and coarser than those of the tribes which have been previously mentioned. The women are not nearly so good-looking as the men, and are rather clumsily built.

Very Cheap Style of Dress.

Neither sex is much troubled with clothes. The males never wear any clothes at all; nor do the females, until they are married, when they tie a fringe of grass round their waists, some of the wealthier women being able to use a leathern fringe, of which they are very proud. Their ornaments really seem to serve no other purpose but to disfigure the wearers as much as possible. Beginning with the head, the men stain their woolly hair of a dusty red by a mixture of which ashes form the chief part. They then take a sort of pipe-clay, and plaster it thickly into the hair at the back part of the head, dressing it up and shaping it until it is formed into a cone, the shape of the ornament varying according to the caprice of the individual. By means of this clay head-dress the hair is thrown back from the face, the expression of which is not improved by the horizontal lines that are tattooed across it.

The natural glossy black of the skin, which has so pleasing an appearance, is utterly destroyed by a coating of wood ashes, which gives to the surface a kind of grayish look. On the upper arm they generally wear a large armband of ivory, and have heavy coils of beads round their necks. The wrists are adorned with rings of copper and other ornaments, and on the right wrist they carry an iron ring armed with projecting blades, very similar to that which is worn by the Latookas.

Joctian, the chief of the Nuehr tribe, was asked by Baker what was the use of this weapon, and by way of answer he simply pointed to his wife's arms and back, which were covered with scars produced by this primitive wife-tamer. He seemed quite proud of these marks, and evidently considered them merely as ocular proofs that his wife was properly subservient to her husband. In common with the rest of his tribe, he had a small bag slung round his neck by way of a pocket, which held bits of wood, beads, and all kinds of trifles. He asked for everything he saw, and, when anything of small size was given him, it straightway went into the bag.

Traits of the Nuehr Tribe.

Still, putting aside these two traits of cruelty and covetousness, Joctian seems to have been a tolerably agreeable savage, and went away delighted with the presents he had received, instead of grumbling that he could

not get more, as is the usual way among savage chiefs. It was rather strange that, although he was so charmed with beads and bracelets, he declined to accept a knife, saying that it was useless to him. He had in his hands a huge pipe, holding nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Every Nuehr man has one of these pipes, which he always carries with him, and, should his supply of tobacco be exhausted, he lights a piece of charcoal, puts it into his pipe, and inhales the vapor that it draws from the tobacco-saturated bowl.

The women are not so much adorned as the men, probably because the stronger sex prefer to use the ornaments themselves. At a little distance the women all look as if they were smoking cigarettes. This odd appearance is caused by a strange ornament which they wear in their upper lip. They take a piece of iron wire, about four inches in length, and cover it with small beads. A hole is then pierced in the upper lip, and the ornament inserted, so as to project forward and rather upward.

The Nuehr are very fond of beads, and are glad to exchange articles of food for them. One kind of bead, about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, is greatly valued by them; and, when Mr. Petherick was travelling through their country, he purchased an ox for eight such beads. The chief came on board the boat, and, as usual, asked for everything he saw.

Ludicrous Attempt to Get Into Shoes.

Among other odd things he set his affections on Mr. Petherick's shoes, which, as they were nearly worn out, were presented to him. Of course they were much too small for him, and the attempts which he made to put them on were very amusing. After many failures, he determined on taking them home, where he thought he might be able to get them on by greasing his feet well.

When the chief entered the cabin, and saw the wonders of civilized life, he was quite overcome with the novel grandeur, and proceeded to kneel on one knee, in order to give the salutation due to a great chief. "Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it, and then, looking into my face, he deliberately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but, his features expressing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed his conviction that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established." This strange salutation extends through many of the tribes that surround the Nuehr.

Sailing on day after day, with marshes and dead flats alone in sight, mosquitoes preventing rest even in the day, Baker and his party at length arrived at the station of a White Nile trader, where large herds of cattle were seen on the banks.

Visit From a Chief and His Daughter.

They were here visited by the chief of the Kytch tribe and his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, better looking than most of her race. The father wore a leopard-skin across his shoulder, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich feathers. But this mantle was the only garment he had on. His daughter's clothing consisted only of a piece of dressed hide hanging over one shoulder, more for ornament than use, as the rest of her body was entirely destitute of covering. The men, though tall, were wretchedly thin, and the children mere skeletons.

While the travellers remained here, they were beset by starving crowds, bringing small gourd shells to receive the expected corn. The natives, indeed, seem to trust entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence, and are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined their long thin legs and arms giving them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. They devour both the skin and bones of dead animals. The bones are pounded between stones, and, when reduced to powder, boiled to form a kind of porridge.

It is remarkable that in every herd they have a sacred bull, who is supposed to have an influence over the prosperity of the rest. His horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture.

A short visit was paid to the Austrian mission stationed at St. Croix, which has proved a perfect failure—indeed, that very morning it was sold to an Egyptian for \$150. It was here the unfortunate Baron Harnier, a Prussian nobleman, was killed by a buffalo which he had attacked in the hopes of saving the life of a native whom the buffalo had struck down.

Termination of the Voyage.

The voyage terminated at Gondokoro on the 2d of February. The country is a great improvement to the interminable marshes at the lower part of the river, being raised about twenty feet above the water, while distant mountains relieve the eye, and evergreen trees, scattered in all directions, shading the native villages, form an inviting landscape. A few miserable grass huts alone, however, form the town, if it deserves that name.

A large number of men belonging to the various traders were assembled here, who looked upon the travellers with anything but friendly

eyes. As Mr. Baker heard that a party were expected at Gondokoro from the interior with ivory in a few days, he determined to await their arrival, in hopes that their porters would be ready to carry his baggage. In the meantime he rode about the neighborhood, studying the place and people.

The native dwellings are the perfection of cleanliness. The domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of euphorbia, and the interior of the enclosure generally consists of a yard neatly plastered. Upon this cleanly-swept surface are one or more huts, surrounded by granaries of neat wicker-work, thatched, and resting upon raised platforms. The huts have projecting roofs, in order to afford a shade, and the entrance is usually about two feet high.

The natives are of the Bari tribe. They are a warlike and dangerous tribe, being well armed and capable of using their weapons, so that a traveller who wishes to pass safely through their land must be able to show an armed front. When Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, an umbrella was accidentally left behind, and some of the men sent to fetch it. The Bari, however, drew up in battle array, evidently knowing that without their leaders the men might be safely bullied, so that the umbrella was left to the mercies of the Bari chief.

Owing to their position on the Nile, they do a great business in the slave trade, for as far as Gondokoro, the capital of the Bari country, steamers have been able to ascend the river. Consequently, every party of strangers is supposed—and mostly with truth—to be a slaving expedition, and is dreaded by one part of the population, while it is courted by the other. The quarrelsome disposition of the Bari has often brought them into collision with the traders, and, as might be imagined, the superior arms and discipline of the latter have given them such a superiority, that the Bari are not as troublesome as they used to be. Still, they are always on the watch for an opportunity of extortion, and, if a traveller even sits under a tree, they will demand payment for its shade.

Unpleasant as these Bari are in their ordinary state, they can be trained into good and faithful attendants, and are excellent material for soldiers. On one occasion, when a large party had attacked a body of traders, killed the standard-bearer, and nearly carried off the standard itself, a young Bari boy came to the rescue, shot with his pistol the man who was carrying off the standard, snatched it from him, and took it safely to his master.

CHAPTER III.

IN A WILD COUNTRY.

Attempts to Shoot Baker—Desperate Mutiny in Camp—Notable Arrival—Meeting Grant and Speke—The Little Black Boy from Khartoum—Fresh Plot Among Baker's Men—Disarming the Conspirators—Heroism in the Face of Danger—Mutinous Turks Driven Over a Precipice—Horrible Fate of Deserters—Exciting Elephant Hunt—March Through Beautiful Hunting Grounds—Thrilling Encounter—The Huge Beast Turning on His Foes—Cowardly Followers—Elephant Nearly Caught—Wild Beasts Screaming Like a Steam Whistle—Tales of Narrow Escapes—African and Indian Elephants—Elephants in War—The Explorers at Obbo—Crafty Old Chief—Trouble to Get Rain—Spirited Dance of Obbos—Trying to Trade Wives—Satanic Escort—Grotesque Parade—Serious Illness of Mrs. Baker—Beautiful Landscape—Travelling in Canoes—Storm on the Lake—Tropical Hurricane—Dangers of the Lake Tour—The Explorers Advancing Under Difficulties—Continued Attacks of Fever—Life Endangered by Travelling in the Tropics.

OUR traveller was looked upon at Gondokoro with suspicion. Several attempts were made to shoot him, and a boy was killed by a shot from the shore, on board his vessel. His men were immediately tampered with by the traders, and signs of discontent soon appeared among them. They declared that they had not sufficient meat, and that they must be allowed to make a razzia upon the cattle of the natives to procure oxen. This demand being refused, they became more insolent, and accordingly Mr. Baker ordered the ringleader, an Arab, to be seized and to receive twenty-five lashes.

Upon approaching to capture the fellow, most of the men laid down their guns and, seizing sticks, rushed to his rescue. Mr. Baker, on this, sprang forward, sent their leader by a blow of his fist into their midst, and then, seizing him by the throat, called for a rope to bind him. The men, still intent on their object, surrounded Mr. Baker, when Mrs. Baker, landing from the vessel, made her way to the spot. Her sudden appearance caused the mutineers to hesitate, when Mr. Baker shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum, and then ordered the men to fall in. Two-thirds obeyed him, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with their ringleader.

At this critical moment Mrs. Baker implored her husband to forgive the mutineer, if he would kiss his hand and beg his pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who now called upon their ringleader

to apologize, and all would be right. This he did, and Mr. Baker made them rather a bitter speech and dismissed them. This, unhappily, was only the first exhibition of their mutinous disposition, which nearly ruined the expedition, and might have led to the destruction of the travellers.

Notable Arrival.

A few days afterwards guns were heard in the distance, and news came that two white men had arrived from "the sea"! They proved to be Grant and Speke, who had just come from the Victoria Nyanza. Both looked travel-worn. Speke, who had walked the whole distance from Zanzibar, was excessively lean, but in reality in good tough condition. Grant's garments were well-nigh worn out, but both of them had that fire in the eye which showed the spirit that had led them through many dangers.

They had heard of another lake to the westward of the Nyanza, known as the Luta Nzige, which Speke felt convinced was a second source of the Nile. Accordingly, he and Grant having generously furnished him with as perfect a map as they could produce, Baker determined to explore the lake, while his friends, embarking in his boats, sailed down the Nile on their voyage homeward.

His men, notwithstanding the lesson they had received, still exhibited a determined mutinous disposition, and in every way neglected their duties. Happily for him, he had among his attendants a little black boy, Saati, who, having been brought as a slave from the interior, had been for a time in the Austrian mission, from which, with many other slaves, he was turned out. Wandering about the streets of Khartoum, he heard of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and, making his way to their house, threw himself at the lady's feet, and implored to be allowed to follow them. Hearing at the mission that he was superior to his juvenile companions, they accepted his services, and, being thoroughly washed, and attired in trousers, blouse, and belt, he appeared a different creature. From that time he considered himself as belonging entirely to Mrs. Baker, and to serve her was his greatest pride. She in return endeavored to instruct him, and gave him anecdotes from the Bible, combined with the first principles of Christianity.

"Down With Your Guns This Moment!"

Through the means of young Saati, Mr. Baker heard of a plot among the Khartoum escort, to desert him with their arms and ammunition, and to fire at him should he attempt to disarm them. The locks of their guns had, by his orders, been covered with pieces of mackintosh. Directly

ing Mrs. Baker to stand behind him, he placed outside his tent, on his travelling bedstead, five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck-shot, a revolver, and a naked sabre. A sixth rifle he kept in his own hands, while Richarn and Saati stood behind him with double-barrelled guns.

He then ordered the drum to beat, and all the men to form in line of marching order while he requested Mrs. Baker to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his lock when he gave the order to lay down their arms. In the event of the attempt being made, he intended to shoot the man immediately. At the sound of the drum only fifteen assembled. He then ordered them to lay down their arms, This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do.

“Down with your guns this moment!” he shouted.

At the sharp click of the locks, as he quickly capped the rifle in his hand, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered; some retreated a few paces, others sat down and laid their guns on the ground, while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos or singly under the various trees about eighty paces distant. On advancing they capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition on receiving a written discharge. They were immediately disarmed. The discharge was made out, when upon each paper Mr. Baker wrote the word “mutineer” above his signature. Finally, nearly the whole of the escort deserted, taking service with the traders.

Heroism in the Face of Danger.

Not to be defeated, Baker obtained a Bari boy as interpreter, determined at all hazards to start from Gondokoro. A party of traders under one Koorshid, who had lately arrived from Latooka and were about to return, not only refused to allow the travellers to accompany them, but declared their intention of forcibly driving them back, should they attempt to advance by their route. This served as an excuse to the remainder of his escort for not proceeding. Saati discovered another plot, his men having been won over by Mahomet Her, another trader.

Notwithstanding the danger he was running, Mr. Baker compelled his men to march, and by a clever manœuvre got ahead of the party led by Ibrahim, Koorshid's guide. Finally, by wonderful tact, assisted by Mrs. Baker, he won over Ibrahim, and induced him to render him all the assistance in his power.

Aided by his new friend, he arrived at Tarrangolle, one of the principal places in the Latooka country, a hundred miles from Gondokoro, which, though out of his direct route, would, he hoped, enable him with great ease finally to reach Unyoro, the territory of Kamrasi. In

the meantime, however, several of his men had deserted and joined Mahomet Her. He had warned them that they would repent of their folly. His warnings were curiously fulfilled.

News soon arrived that Mahomet Her, with a party of a hundred and ten armed men, in addition to three hundred natives, had made a raid upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. Having succeeded in burning the village and capturing a number of slaves, as they were re-ascending the mountain to obtain a herd of cattle they had heard of, they were attacked by a large body of Latookas, lying in ambush among the rocks on the mountain side.

Driven Over a Precipice.

In vain the Turks fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, while rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above. Compelled to retreat, they were seized with a panic, and took to flight. Hemmed in by their foes, who showered lances and stones on their heads, they fled down the rocky and perpendicular ravines. Mistaking their road, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat.

The screaming and yelling savages closed round them. All was useless; not an enemy could they shoot, while the savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of a precipice five hundred feet high. Over it they were driven, hurled to destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward. A few fought to the last; but all were at length forced over the edge of the cliff, and met the just reward of their atrocities. No quarter had been given, and upwards of two hundred of the natives who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had fallen with them.

Mahomet Her had not accompanied his party, and escaped, though utterly ruined. The result of this catastrophe was highly beneficial to Mr. Baker.

"Where are the men who deserted me?" he asked of those who still remained with him.

Without speaking, they brought two of his guns covered with clotted blood mixed with sand. Their owners' names were known to him by the marks on the stocks. He mentioned them.

"Are they all dead?" he asked.

"All dead," the men replied.

"Food for the vultures," he observed. "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty." He had before told his men that the vultures would pick the bones of the deserters.

Notwithstanding the dangers of his position, Mr. Baker frequently went out shooting, and, among other animals, he killed an enormous elephant. He was among the well-known Latooka tribe, whose fantastic funeral dance has been described in a previous chapter.

Baker gives the following graphic account of his adventures in pursuit of the game in which this part of Africa abounds :

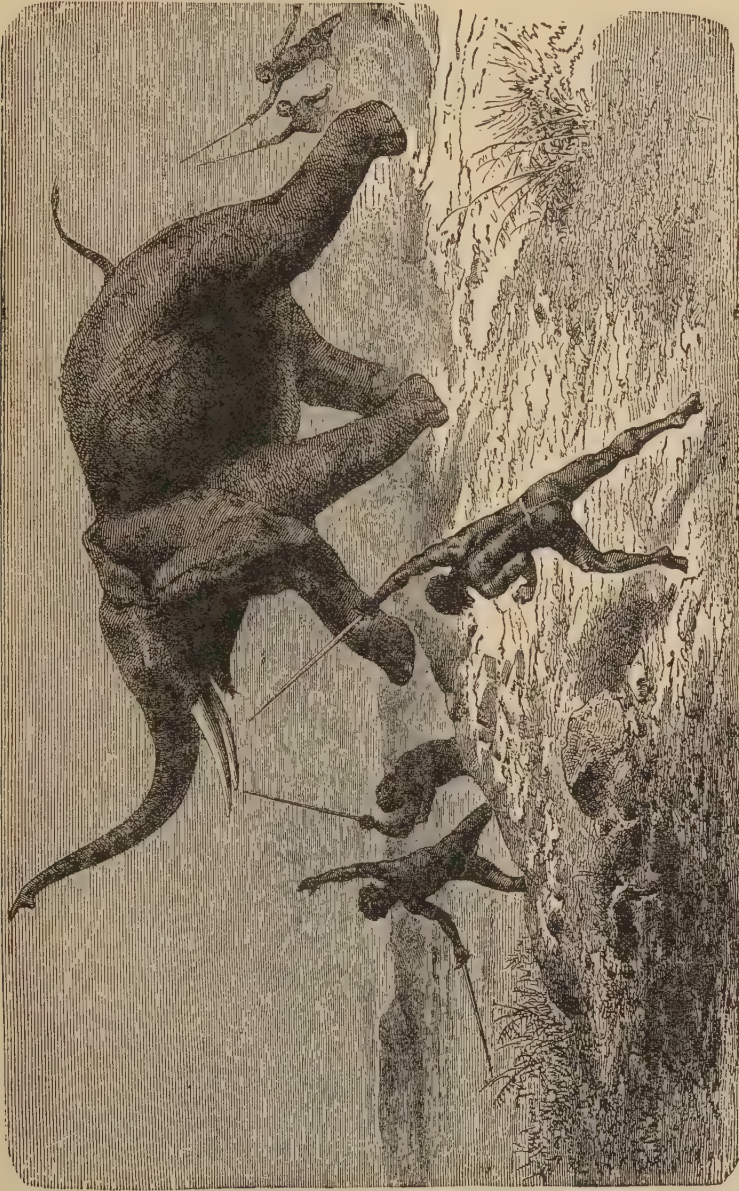
I started at 5 A. M. with my three horses and two camels, the latter carrying water and food. After a march of two or three hours through the beautiful hunting-grounds formed by the valley of Latooka, with its alternate prairies and jungles, I came upon the tracks of rhinoceros, giraffes, and elephants, and shortly moved a rhinoceros, but could get no shot, owing to the thick bush in which he started and disappeared quicker than I could dismount. After a short circuit in search of the rhinoceros, we came upon a large herd of buffaloes, but at the same moment we heard elephants trumpeting at the foot of the mountains. Not wishing to fire, lest the great game should be disturbed, I contented myself with riding after the buffaloes, wonderfully followed on foot by Adda, one of my men, who ran like a deer, and almost kept up to my horse, hurling his three lances successively at the buffaloes, but without success.

Thrilling Encounter.

I had left the camels in an open plain, and returning from the gallop after the buffaloes, I saw the men on the camels beckoning to me in great excitement. Cantering towards them, they explained that a herd of bull elephants had just crossed an open space, and had passed into the jungle beyond. There was evidently abundance of game; and calling my men together, I told them to keep close to me with the spare horses and rifles, while I sent the Latookas ahead to look out for the elephants: we followed at a short distance.

In about ten minutes we saw the Latookas hurrying towards us, and almost immediately after, I saw two enormous bull elephants with splendid tusks about a hundred yards from us, apparently the leaders of an approaching herd. The ground was exceedingly favorable, being tolerably open, and yet with sufficient bush to afford a slight cover. Presently, several elephants appeared and joined the two leaders—there was evidently a considerable number in the herd, and I was on the point of dismounting to take the first shot on foot, when the Latookas, too eager, approached the herd; their red and blue helmets at once attracted the attention of the elephants, and a tremendous rush took place, the whole herd closing together and tearing off at full speed. "Follow me!" I

halloosed to my men, and touching my horse with the spur, I intended to dash into the midst of the herd.



NATIVES OF AFRICA CAPTURING AN ELEPHANT

just at that instant, in his start, my horse slipped and fell suddenly upon his side, falling upon my right leg and thus pinning me to the

ground. He was not up to my weight, and releasing myself, I immediately mounted my old Abyssinian hunter, "Tetel," and followed the tracks of the elephants at full speed, accompanied by two of the Latookas, who ran like hounds. Galloping through the green but thornless bush, I soon came in sight of a grand bull elephant, steaming along like a locomotive engine straight before me. Digging in the spurs, I was soon within twenty yards of him; but the ground was so unfavorable, being full of buffalo holes, that I could not pass him. In about a quarter of an hour, after a careful chase over deep ruts and gullies concealed in high grass, I arrived at a level space, and shooting ahead, I gave him a shoulder shot. I saw the wound in a good place, but the bull rushed along all the quicker, and again we came into bad ground that made it unwise to close. However, on the first opportunity I made a dash by him, and fired my left-hand barrel at full gallop. He slackened his speed, but I could not halt to reload, lest I should lose sight of him in the high grass and bush.

The Huge Beast Faces His Foes.

Not a man was with me to hand a spare rifle. My cowardly fellows, although light-weights and well mounted, were nowhere; the natives were outrun, as of course was Richarn, who, not being a good rider, had preferred to hunt on foot. In vain I shouted for the men; and I followed the elephant with an empty rifle for about ten minutes, until he suddenly turned round, and stood facing me in an open spot in grass about nine or ten feet high. "Tetel" was a grand horse for elephants, not having the slightest fear, and standing fire like a rock, not even starting under the discharge of the heaviest charge of powder. I now commenced reloading, when presently one of my men, Yaseen, came up upon my horse "Filfil." Taking a spare gun from him, I rode rapidly past the elephant, and suddenly reining up, I made a good shot exactly behind the bladebone. With a shrill scream the elephant charged down upon me like a steam-engine. I went the spurs. "Tetel" knew his work, and away he went over the ruts and gullies, the high dry grass whistling in my ears as we shot along at full speed, closely followed by the enraged bull for about two hundred yards.

The elephant then halted; and turning the horse's head, I again faced him and reloaded. Just at this moment I heard the rush of elephants advancing through the green bush upon the rising ground above the hollow formed by the open space of high withered grass in which we were standing facing each other. My man Yaseen had bolted with his fleet horse at the first charge, and was not to be seen.

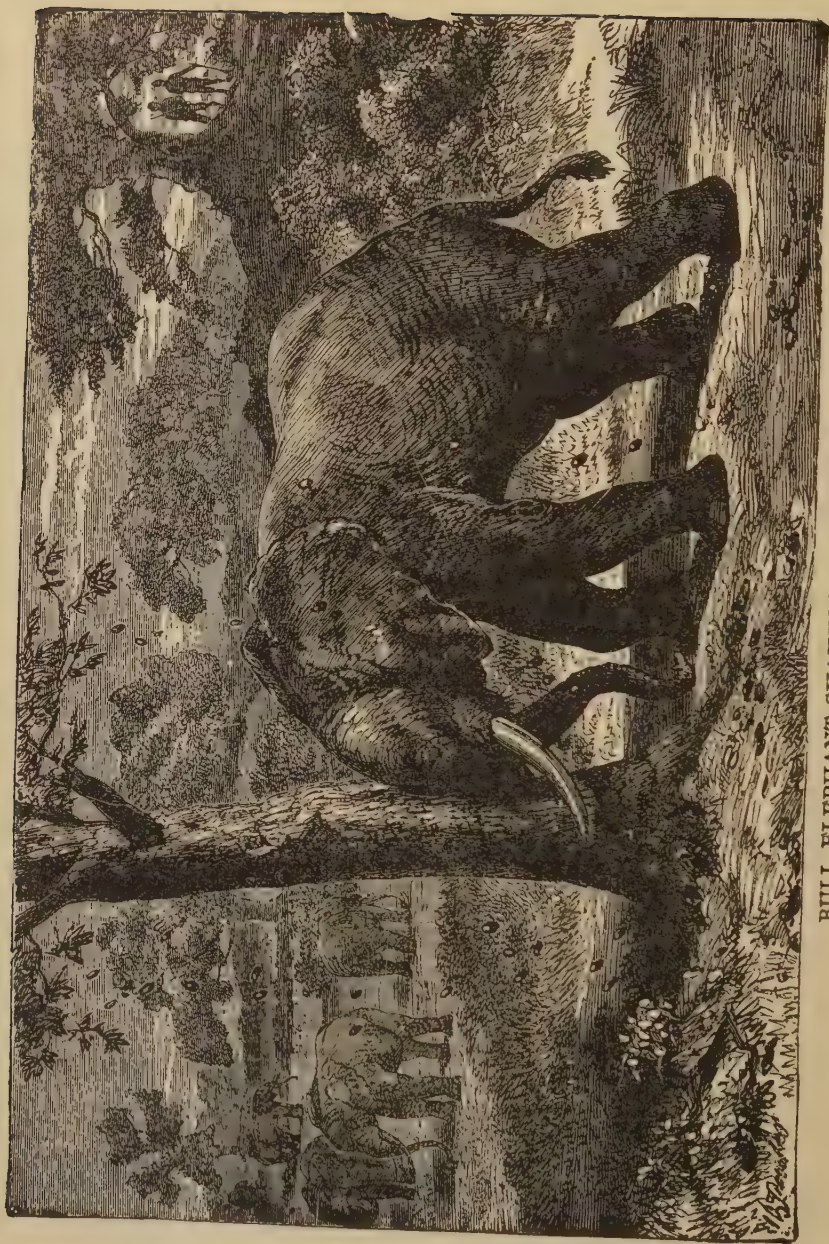
Presently, the rushing sound increased, and the heads of a closely-packed herd of about eighteen elephants showed above the low bushes, and they broke cover, bearing down directly upon me, both I and my horse being unobserved in the high grass. I never saw a more lovely sight; they were all bulls with immense tusks. Waiting until they were within twenty yards of me I galloped straight at them, giving a yell that turned them. Away they rushed up the hill, but at so great a pace, that upon the rutty and broken ground I could not overtake them, and they completely distanced me. "Tetel," although a wonderfully steady hunter, was an uncommonly slow horse, but upon this day he appeared to be slower than usual, and I was not at the time aware that he was seriously ill.

Cowardly Followers.

By following three elephants separated from the herd I came up to them by a short cut, and singling out a fellow with enormous tusks, I rode straight at him. Finding himself overhauled, he charged me with such quickness and followed me up so far, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I cleared him. When he turned, I at once returned to the attack; but he entered a thick thorny jungle through which no horse could follow, and I failed to obtain a shot.

I was looking for a path through which I could penetrate the bush, when I suddenly heard natives shouting in the direction where I had left the wounded bull. Galloping towards the spot, I met a few scattered natives; among others, Adda. After shouting for some time, at length Yaseen appeared upon my horse "Filfil;" he had fled as usual when he saw the troop of elephants advancing, and no one knows how far he had ridden before he thought it safe to look behind him. With two mounted gun-bearers and five others on foot I had been entirely deserted through the cowardice of my men.

The elephant that I had left as dying, was gone. One of the Latookas had followed upon his tracks, and we heard this fellow shouting in the distance. I soon overtook him, and he led rapidly upon the track through thick bushes and high grass. In about a quarter of an hour we came up with the elephant; he was standing in bush, facing us at about fifty yards' distance, and immediately perceiving us, he gave a saucy jerk with his head, and charged most determinedly. It was exceedingly difficult to escape, owing to the bushes which impeded the horse, while the elephant crushed them like cobwebs: however, by turning my horse sharp round a tree, I managed to evade him after a chase of about a hundred and fifty yards.



BULL ELEPHANT SHAKING A TREE FOR FRUIT

Disappearing in the jungle after his charge, I immediately followed him. The ground was hard, and so trodden by elephants that it was difficult to single out the track. There was no blood upon the ground, but only on the trees every now and then, where he had rubbed past them in his retreat. After nearly two hours passed in slowly following upon his path, we suddenly broke cover and saw him travelling very quietly through an extensive plain of high grass. The ground was gently inclining upwards on either side the plain, but the level was a mass of deep, hardened ruts, over which no horse could gallop. Knowing my friend's character, I rode up the rising ground to reconnoitre: I found it tolerably clear of holes, and far superior to the rutty bottom. My two mounted gun-bearers had now joined me, and far from enjoying the sport, they were almost green with fright, when I ordered them to keep close to me and to advance. I wanted them to attract the elephant's attention, so as to enable me to obtain a good shoulder shot.

Elephant Screaming Like a Steam Whistle.

Riding along the open plain, I at length arrived within about fifty yards of the bull when he slowly turned. Reining "Tetel" up, I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder. For a moment he fell upon his knees, but, recovering with wonderful quickness, he was in full charge upon me. Fortunately I had inspected my ground previous to the attack, and away I went up the inclination to my right, the spurs hard at work, and the elephant screaming with rage, gaining on me.

My horse felt as though made of wood, and clumsily rolled along in a sort of cow-gallop;—in vain I dug the spurs into his flanks, and urged him by rein and voice; not an extra stride could I get out of him, and he reeled along as though thoroughly exhausted, plunging in and out of the buffalo holes instead of jumping them. Hamed was on my horse "Mouse," who went three to "Tetel's" one, and instead of endeavoring to divert the elephant's attention, he shot ahead, and thought of nothing but getting out of the way. Yaseen, on "Filfil," had fled in another direction; thus I had the pleasure of being hunted down upon a sick and disabled horse.

I kept looking round, thinking that the elephant would give in:—we had been running for nearly half a mile, and the brute was overhauling me so fast that he was within ten or twelve yards of the horse's tail, with his trunk stretched out to catch him. Screaming like the whistle of an engine, he fortunately so frightened the horse that he went his best although badly, and I turned him suddenly down the hill and doubled back like a hare. The elephant turned up the hill, and entering the

jungle he relinquished the chase, when another hundred yards' run would have bagged me.

In a life's experience in elephant-hunting, I never was hunted for such a distance. Great as were "Tetel's" good qualities for pluck and steadiness, he had exhibited such distress and want of speed, that I was sure he failed through some sudden malady. I immediately dismounted, and the horse I id down, as I thought, to die.

Whistling loudly, I at length recalled Hamed, who had still continued his rapid flight without once looking back, although the elephant was out of sight. Yaseen was, of course, nowhere; but after a quarter of an hour's shouting and whistling, he reappeared, and I mounted "Filfil," ordering "Tetel" to be led home.

The sun had just sunk, and the two Latookas who now joined me refused to go farther on the tracks, saying, that the elephant must die during the night, and that they would find him in the morning. We were at least ten miles from camp; I therefore fired a shot to collect my scattered men, and in about half an hour we all joined together, except the camels and their drivers, that we had left miles behind.

Tales of Narrow Escapes.

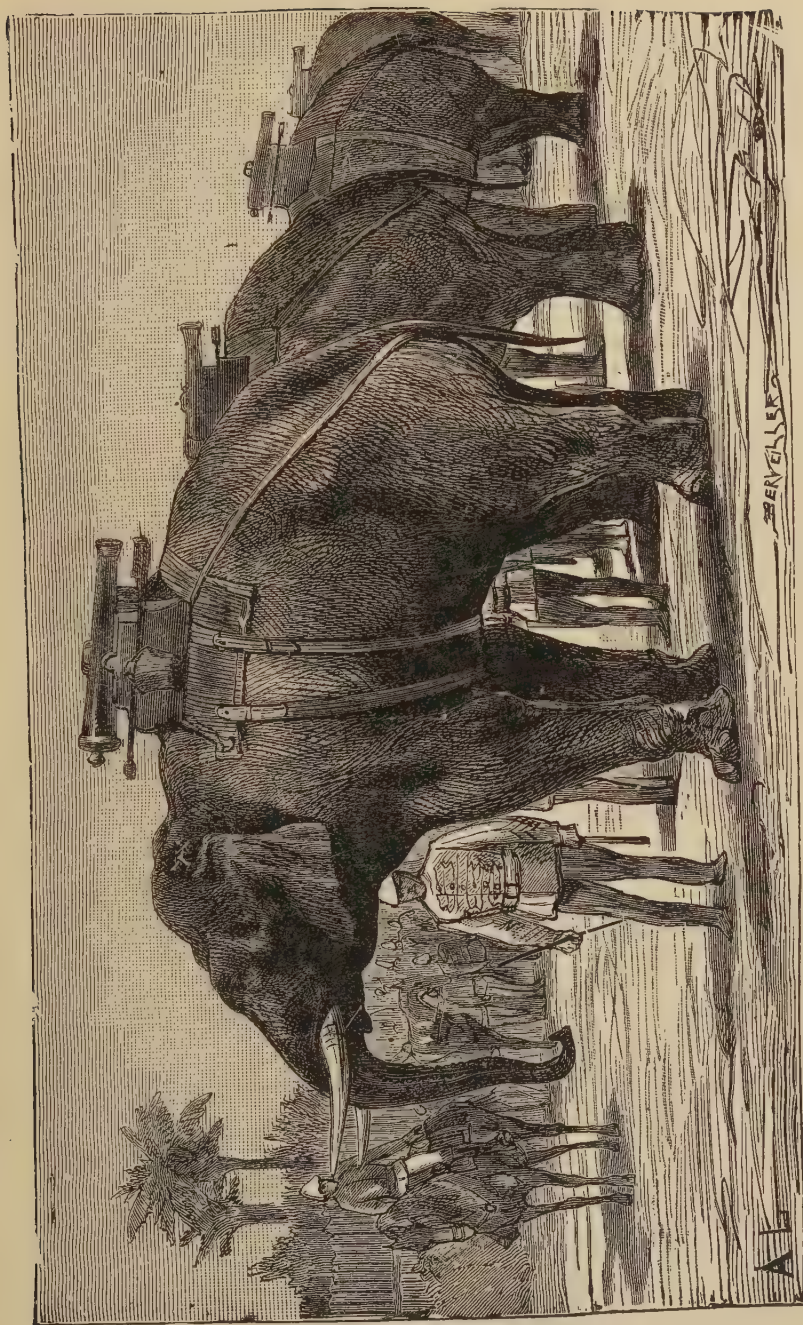
No one had tasted food since the previous day, nor had I drunk water, although the sun had been burning hot; I now obtained some muddy rain water from a puddle, and we went towards home, where we arrived at half-past eight, everyone tired with the day's work. The camels came into camp about an hour later.

My men were all now wonderfully brave; each had some story of a narrow escape, and several declared that the elephants had run over them, but fortunately without putting their feet upon them.

The news spread through the town that the elephant was killed; and, long before daybreak on the following morning, masses of natives had started for the jungles, where they found him lying dead. Accordingly, they stole his magnificent tusks, which they carried to the town of Wakkala, and confessed to taking all the flesh, but laid the blame of the ivory theft upon the Wakkala tribe.

There was no redress. The questions of a right of game are ever prolific of bad blood, and it was necessary in this instance to treat the matter lightly. Accordingly, the natives requested me to go out and shoot them another elephant; on the condition of obtaining the meat, they were ready to join in any hunting expedition.

The elephants in Central Africa have very superior tusks to those of Abyssinia. I had shot a considerable number in the Base country on



ELEPHANTS IN MILITARY SERVICE.

the frontier of Abyssinia, and few tusks were 30 lbs. weight; those in the neighborhood of the White Nile average about 50 lbs. for each tusk of a bull elephant, while those of the females are about 10 lbs. I have seen monster tusks of 160 lbs., and one was in the possession of a trader that weighed 172 lbs.

It is seldom that a pair of tusks are fac-simile. As a man uses the right hand in preference to the left, so the elephant works with a particular tusk, which is termed by the traders "el Hadam" (the servant); this is naturally more worn than the other, and is usually about ten pounds lighter; frequently it is broken, as the elephant uses it as a lever to uproot trees and to tear up the roots of various bushes upon which he feeds.

Elephants in War.

The African elephant is not only entirely different from the Indian species in his habits, but he also differs in form.

There are three distinguishing peculiarities. The back of the African elephant is concave, that of the Indian is convex; the ear of the African is enormous, entirely covering the shoulder when thrown back, while the ear of the Indian variety is comparatively small. The head of the African has a convex front, the top of the skull sloping back at a rapid inclination, while the head of the Indian elephant exposes a flat surface a little above the trunk. The average size of the African elephant is larger than those of Ceylon, although I have occasionally shot monster rogues in the latter country, equal to anything that I have seen in Africa.

The English forces in India were not slow in discovering the practical aid to be derived from this enormous beast. Its vast strength, its uncommon intelligence, its spirit of obedience, its ability to swim the deepest rivers and push through the thickest jungles, rendered it available for service where no other animal would have answered the purpose.

Frequently, in India, guns have been transported on the backs of elephants, and have thus been carried where no gun-carriage could have made its way on account of the obstructions to travel. The cannon is strapped on the back of the huge beast, and might even be fired from that high perch, except for the difficulty the gunner finds in taking sure aim.

The Explorers at Obbo.

It became dangerous for Baker to remain longer in the country, in consequence of the abominable conduct of the Turks in his party, which so irritated the natives that an attack from them was daily expected. They were therefore compelled to return to Obbo, the chief of which, old

Katchiba, had before received them in a friendly manner. Here, in consequence of their exposure to wet, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were attacked with fever. By this time all their baggage animals as well as their horses had died.

Katchiba laid claim to intercourse with the unseen world, and to authority over the elements; rain and drought, calm and tempest, being supposed by his subjects to be equally under his command. Sometimes if the country had been afflicted with drought beyond the usual time of rain, Katchiba would assemble his people, and deliver a long harangue inveighing against their evil doings, which had kept off the rain. These evil doings, on being analyzed, generally proved to be little more than a want of liberality toward himself. He explained to them that he sincerely regretted their conduct, which "has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like: *I can wait; I hope you can.*" Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him so many baskets of corn. Thus he holds his sway.

Crafty Old Chief.

No man would think of starting on a journey without the blessing of the old chief, and a peculiar "hocus-pocus" is considered necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M. D. in our acceptation, but as Doctor of Magic, and he charms both the hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals, even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public, that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures.

Once, while Baker was in the country, Katchiba, like other rain-makers, fell into a dilemma. There had been no rain for a long time, and the people had become so angry at the continued drought, that they assembled round his house, blowing horns, and shouting execrations against their chief, because he had not sent them a shower which would

allow them to sow their seed. True to his policy, the crafty old man made light of their threats, telling them that they might kill him if they liked, but that, if they did so, no more rain would ever fall. Rain in the country was the necessary result of goats and provisions given to the chief, and, as soon as he got the proper fees, the rain should come. The rest of the story is so good, that it must be told in the author's own words.

"With all this bluster," says Baker, "I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rain-maker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we knew how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a house full of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; 'but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?'

Trouble to Get Rain.

"I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this, as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted. 'In four, or perhaps in five, days I intend to give them one shower—just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them, and tell the rascals that if they will give me some goats by this evening, and some corn by to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.'

"To give effect to his declaration, he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers, that Katchiba stopped his ears, and, relapsing into a smile of admiration, he took a glance at the sky from the doorway, to see if any effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do; we shall have it,' said the cunning old rain-maker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects.

In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honor of their chief. Between ourselves, my whistle was considered infallible."

When his guests were lying ill in their huts, struck down with the fever which is prevalent in hot and moist climates such as that of Obbo, Katchiba came to visit them in his character of magician, and performed a curious ceremony. He took a small leafy branch, filled his mouth with water, and squirted it on the branch, which was then waved about the hut, and lastly stuck over the door. He assured his sick guests that their recovery was now certain; and, as they did recover, his opinion of his magical powers was doubtless confirmed.

After their recovery they paid a visit to the chief, by his special desire, and were entertained in princely style.

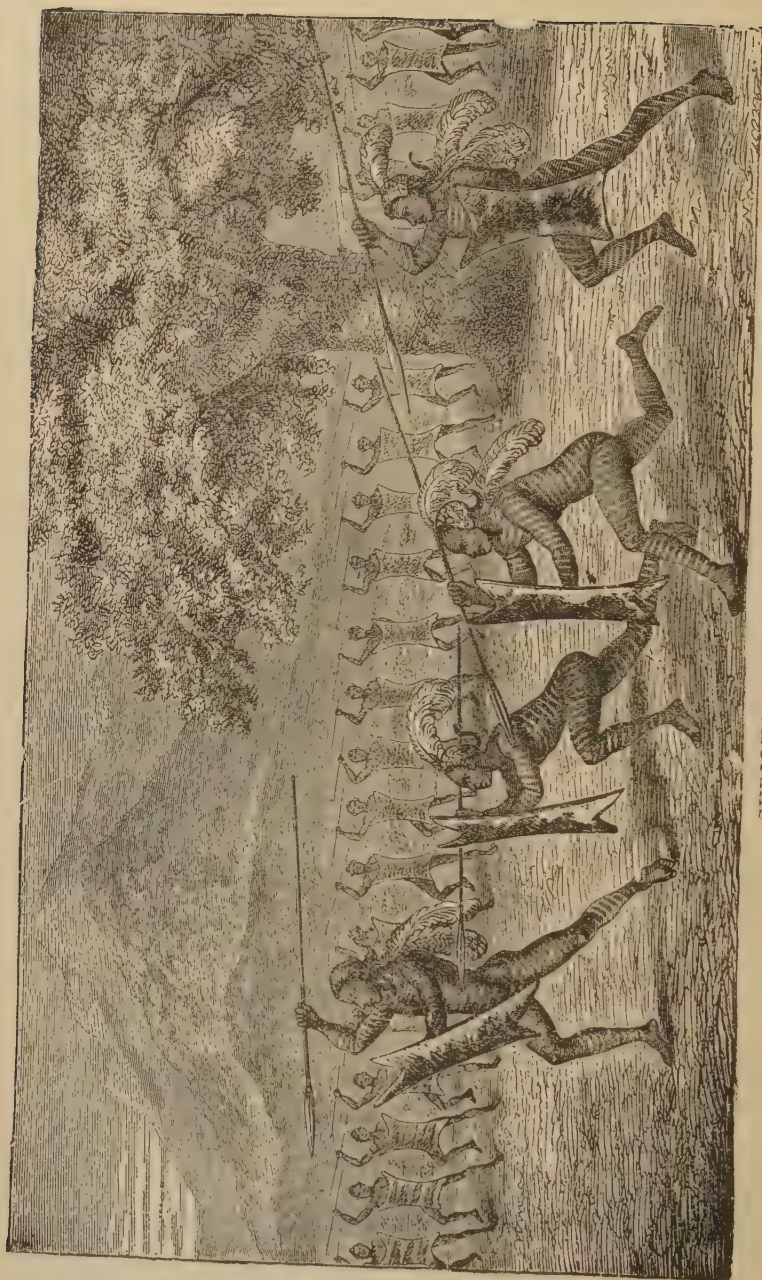
Spirited Dance of Obbos.

Among other things the natives held a great consultation, and ended with a war-dance; they were all painted in various patterns, with red ochre and white pipe-clay; their heads adorned with very tasteful ornaments of cowrie-shells, surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers, which drooped over the back of the neck. After the dance, the old chief addressed them in a long and vehement speech; he was followed by several other speakers, all of whom were remarkably fluent, and expressed their exceeding gratification on account of the visit of the curious foreigners.

Mr. Baker purchased from the Turks some good riding oxen for himself and his wife, and, having placed his goods under the care of old Katchiba and two of his own men, he set out in January, 1864, with a small number of attendants, to proceed to Karuma, the northern end of Kamrasi's territory, which Speke and Grant had visited.

The Shooa country, through which he passed, is very beautiful, consisting of mountains covered with fine forests trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. Several portions presented the appearance of a park watered by numerous rivulets and ornamented with fine timber, while it was interspersed with rocks of granite, which at a distance looked like ruined castles. Here they found an abundance of food: fowls, butter, and goats were brought for sale.

They had obtained the services of a slave woman called Bacheeta, belonging to Unyoro, and who, having learned Arabic, was likely to prove useful as an interpreter and guide. She, however, had no desire to return to her own country, and endeavored to mislead them, by taking



CURIOUS OBBO WAR DANCE

them to the country of Rionga, an enemy of Kamrasi. Fortunately Mr. Baker detected her treachery, and he and his Turkish allies reached the Karuma Falls, close to the village of Atada.

A number of Kamrasi's people soon crossed the river to within parleying distance, when Bacheeta, as directed, explained that Speke's brother had arrived to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents. Kamrasi's people, however, showed considerable suspicion on seeing so many people, till Baker appeared dressed in a suit similar to that worn by Speke, when they at once exhibited their welcome, by dancing and gesticulating with their lances and shields in the most extravagant manner. The party, however, were not allowed to cross till permission was obtained from Kamrasi.

Trying to Trade Wives.

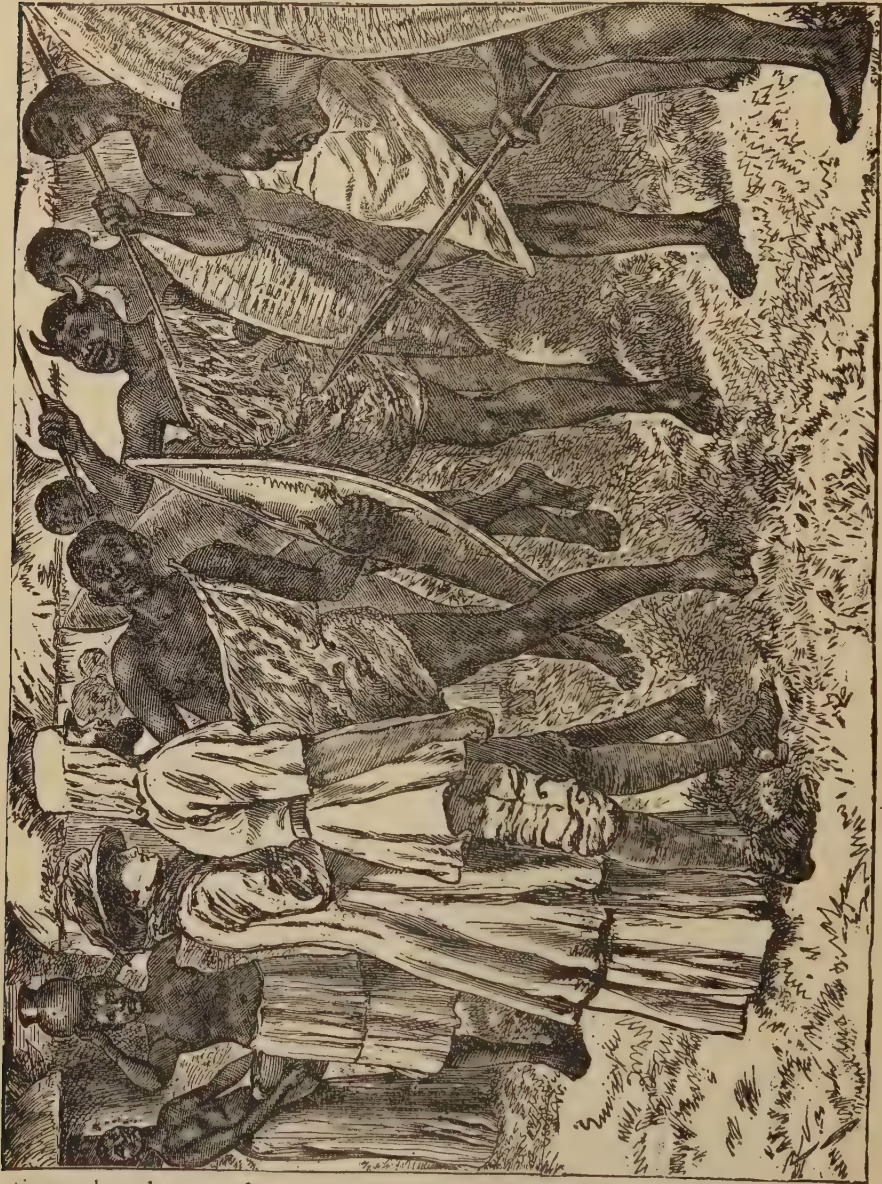
That very cautious and cowardly monarch sent his brother, who pretended to be Kamrasi himself, and for some time Baker was deceived, fully believing that he was negotiating with the king. Notwithstanding his regal pretensions, he very nearly got knocked down, on proposing that he and his guest should exchange wives, and even Bacheeta, understanding the insult which had been offered, fiercely abused the supposed king.

Baker's Obbo porters had before this deserted him, and he was now dependent on Kamrasi for others to supply their places. The king, however, ultimately became more friendly, and gave orders to his people to assist the stranger, granting him also permission to proceed westward to the lake he was so anxious to visit.

A few women having been supplied to carry his luggage, he and his wife, with their small party of attendants, at length set out.

Says Baker: The country was a vast flat of grass land interspersed with small villages and patches of sweet potatoes; these were very inferior, owing to the want of drainage. For about two miles we continued on the bank of the Kafoor river; the women who carried the luggage were straggling in disorder, and my few men were much scattered in their endeavors to collect them. We approached a considerable village; but just as we were nearing it, out rushed about six hundred men with lances and shields, screaming and yelling like so many demons. For the moment, I thought it was an attack, but almost immediately I noticed that women and children were mingled with the men. My men had not taken so cool a view of the excited throng that was now approaching us at full speed, brandishing their spears, and engaging with each other in mock combat. "There's a fight! there's a fight!" my men exclaimed; "we are attacked! fire at them, Hawaga."

However, in a few seconds, I persuaded them that it was a mere *parado*, and that there was no danger. With a rush, like a cloud of locusts, the na-



KAMRASI'S PEOPLE WELCOMING MR. AND MRS. BAKER.

tives closed around us, dancing, gesticulating, and yelling before us, feinting to attack us with spears and shields, then engaging in sham fights with each other, and behaving like so many madmen. A very tall chief

accompanied them; and one of their men was suddenly knocked down, and attacked by the crowd with sticks and lances, and lay on the ground covered with blood: what his offence had been I did not hear. The entire crowd were most grotesquely got up, being dressed in either leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and antelopes' horns fitted upon some of their heads, and carrying large shields and savage-looking spears.

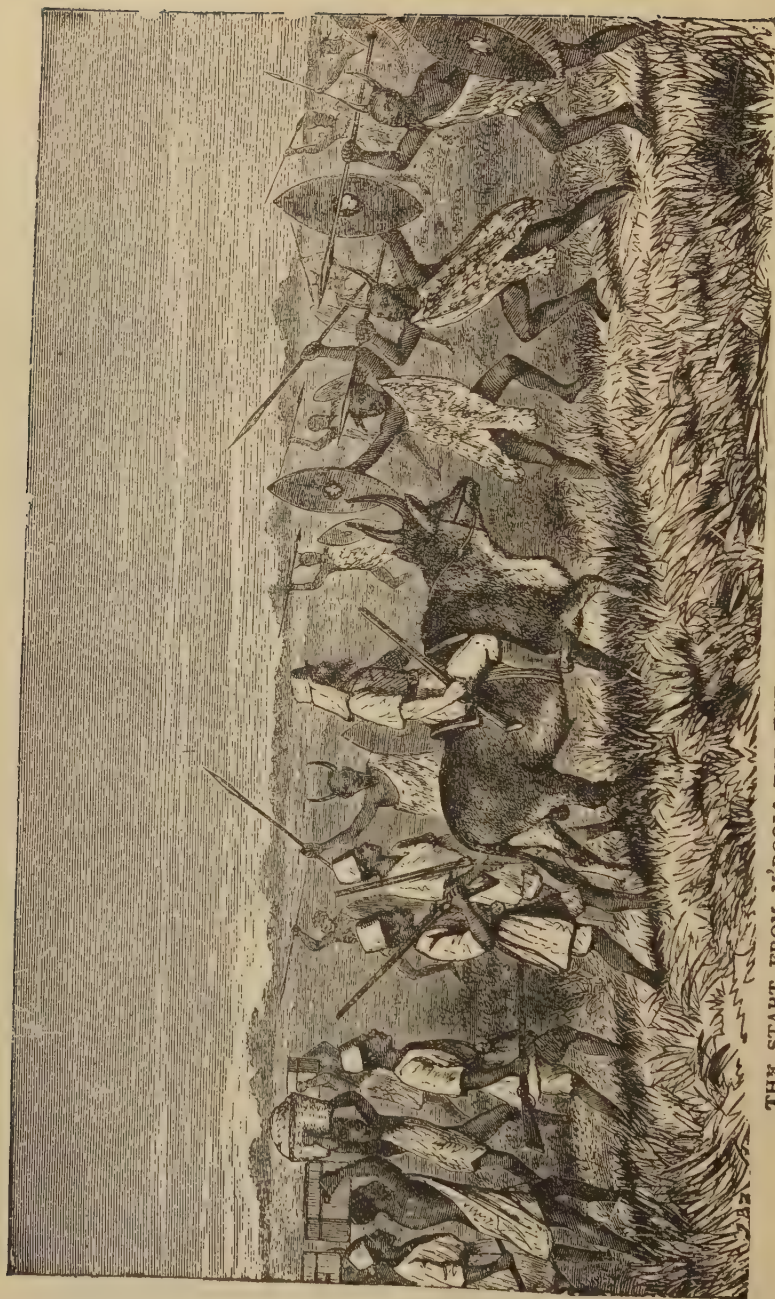
Altogether, I never saw a more unearthly set of creatures; they were perfect illustrations of my childish ideas of devils—horns, tails, and all, excepting the hoofs; they were our escort! furnished by Kamrasi to accompany us to the lake. Fortunately for all parties the Turks were not with us on that occasion, or the satanic escort would certainly have been received with a volley when they so rashly advanced to compliment us by their absurd performances.

We marched till 7 P.M. over flat, uninteresting country, and then halted at a miserable village which the people had deserted, as they expected our arrival. The following morning I found much difficulty in getting our escort together, as they had been foraging throughout the neighborhood; these "devil's own" were a portion of Kamrasi's troops, who considered themselves entitled to plunder *ad libitum* throughout the march; however, after some delay, they collected, and their tall chief approached me, and begged that a gun might be fired as a curiosity. The escort had crowded around us, and as the boy Saat was close to me, I ordered him to fire his gun. This was Saat's greatest delight, and bang went one barrel unexpectedly close to the tall chief's ear. The effect was charming. The tall chief, thinking himself injured, clasped his head with both hands, and bolted through the crowd, which, struck with a sudden panic, rushed away in all directions, the "devil's own" tumbling over each other, and utterly scattered by the second barrel which Saat exultingly fired in derision as Kamrasi's warlike regiment dissolved before a sound.

Serious Illness of Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker, however, soon got rid of his satanic escort. Poor Mrs. Baker was naturally alarmed, fearing that it was the intention of the king to waylay them and perhaps carry her off.

Soon after this, while crossing the Kafue river, the heat being excessive, what was Mr. Baker's horror to see his wife sink from her ox as though shot dead. He, with his attendants, carried her through the yielding vegetation, up to their waists in water, above which they could just keep her head, till they reached the banks. He then laid her under a tree, and now discovered that she had received a sunstroke. As there



THE START FROM M'ROOLI FOR THE LAKE WITH KAMRASI'S SATANIC ESCORT

was nothing to eat on the spot, it was absolutely necessary to move on. A litter was procured, on which Mrs. Baker was carried, her husband mechanically following by its side. For seven days continuously he thus proceeded on his journey. Her eyes at length opened, but, to his infinite grief, he found that she was attacked by brain fever.

One evening they reached a village. She was in violent convulsions. He believed all was over, and, while he sank down insensible by her side, his men went out to seek for a spot to dig her grave. On awakening, all hope having abandoned him, as he gazed at her countenance her chest gently heaved; she was asleep. When at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear; she was saved.

Having rested for a couple of days, they continued their course, Mrs. Baker being carried on her litter. At length they reached the village of Parkani. To his joy, as he gazed at some lofty mountains, he was told that they formed the western side of the Luta Nzige, and that the lake was actually within a march of the village. Their guide announced that if they started early in the morning, they might wash in the lake by noon. That night Baker hardly slept.

Beautiful Landscape.

The following morning, the 14th of March, starting before sunrise, on ox-back, he and his wife, with their attendants, following his guide, in a few hours reached a hill from the summit of which "he beheld beneath him a grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun, while on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distant, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level."

Hence they descended on foot, supported by stout bamboos, for two hours, to the white pebbly beach on which the waves of the lake were rolling. Baker, in the enthusiasm of the moment, rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, drank deeply from what he supposed to be one of the sources of the Nile, not dreaming of the wonderful discoveries Livingstone was making at that very time many degrees to the southward. He now bestowed upon this lake the name of the Albert Nyanza.

The dwellers on the borders of the lake are expert fishermen, and in one of their villages, named Vakovia, the travellers now established themselves.

His followers, two of whom had seen the sea at Alexandria, and who believed that they should never reach the lake, were astonished at its appearance, unhesitatingly declaring that though it was not salt, it must be the sea.

Salt, however, is the chief product of the country, numerous salt-pits existing in the neighborhood, and in its manufacture the inhabitants are chiefly employed. Vakovia is a miserable place, and, in consequence of its damp and hot position, the whole party suffered from fever.

Travelling in Canoes.

Here they were detained eight days waiting for canoes, which Kamrasi had ordered his people to supply. At length several were brought but they were merely hollowed-out trunks of trees, the largest being thirty-two feet long. Baker selected another, twenty-six feet long, but wider and deeper, for himself and his wife and their personal attendants, while the luggage and the remainder of the people embarked in the former. He raised the sides of the canoe, and fitted up a cabin for his wife, which was both rain and sun-proof.

Having purchased some provisions, he started on a voyage to survey the lake. Vakovia is about a third of the way from the northern end of the lake. His time would not allow him to proceed further south. He directed his course northward, towards the part out of which the Nile was supposed to flow.

The difficulties of the journey were not yet over. The first day's voyage was delightful, the lake calm, the scenery lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast were not discernible, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. Sometimes they passed directly under precipitous cliffs of fifteen hundred feet in height, rising abruptly out of the water, while from the deep clefts in the rocks evergreens of every tint appeared, and wherever a rivulet burst forth it was shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date. Numbers of hippopotami were sporting in the water, and crocodiles were numerous on every sandy beach.

Storm on the Lake.

Next night, however, the boatmen deserted, but, not to be defeated, Baker induced his own people to take to the paddles. He fitted a paddle to his own boat, to act as a rudder, but the men in the larger boat neglected to do as he directed them.

A tremendous storm of rain came down while he was at work. His own canoe, however, being ready, he started. He was about to cross from one headland to another, when he saw the larger canoe spinning round and round, the crew having no notion of guiding her. Fortunately, it was calm, and, on reaching the shore, he induced several natives to serve as his crew, while others went off in their own boats to assist the large canoe.

He now commenced crossing a deep bay, fully four miles wide. He



HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMI IN THE ALBERT NYANZA LAKE

had gained the centre when a tremendous storm came on, and enormous waves rolled in over the lake. The canoe labored heavily and occasionally shipped water, which was quickly bailed out. Had this not been done, the canoe would inevitably have been swamped. Down came the rain in torrents, while the wind swept over the surface with terrific force, nothing being discernible except the high cliffs looming in the distance. The boatmen paddled energetically, and at last a beach was seen ahead. A wave struck the canoe washing over her. Just then the men jumped out, and though they were rolled over, they succeeded in hauling the boat up the beach.

Delays and Difficulties.

The shore of the lake, as they paddled along it, was thinly inhabited, and the people very inhospitable, till they reached the town of Eppigoya. Even here the inhabitants refused to sell any of their goats, though they willingly parted with fowls at a small price. At each village the voyagers changed their boatmen, none being willing to go beyond the village next them. This was provoking, as delays constantly occurred.

Such delays, however, are incident to all travelling in Africa. One of the great advantages of old countries is that there are means of transportation which never fail. Possibly once in a great while the traveller is detained by floods, by washouts, by railway accidents, or from some other cause, yet considering the number of railways and the multitudes of people who journey from one place to another, it is surprising that there are so few delays and accidents. This, however, does not apply to Africa. There a journey of ten or fifteen miles a day for a caravan is considered very good progress, and we have already seen that some of the explorers were detained in various localities for weeks, months, and, in one or two instances, for even years. Mr. and Mrs. Baker bore their hindrances with becoming fortitude and downright Anglo-Saxon pluck.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

Wilderness of Vegetation—Hearty Welcome From a Chief and Natives—"Blink Leading the Blind"—Voyage Up the Victoria Nile—Severe Attack of Fever—Sufferings of Lady Baker—A Remarkable River—End of Canoe Voyage—Beginning of a Toilsome March—Rumors Concerning a Great Waterfall—Thunder of the Cataract—Rocky Cliffs and Precipitous Banks—Magnificent View—Splendid Fall of Snow-white Water—Murchison Falls—The Niagara of the Tropics—Hipopotamus Charges the Canoe—Startling Shock—Scrawny Travelling Beasts—Curious Refreshments—Arrival at a Chief's Island—Crossing Ravines and Torrents—Sickness on the March—Taking Shelter in a Wretched Hut—On the Verge of Starvation—Baker Arrayed in Highland Costume—Stirring Events—Meeting Between a Slave and Her Former Mistress—Adventurous Journey—Pushing on for Shooa—Hunting Game for Dinner—Travellers Hungry as Wolves—Frolicsome Reception of the Explorers—March Through the Bari Country—Arrows Whizzing Overhead—Savage Fatally Wounded—Night in a Hostile Country—Lively Skirmish with the Natives—Arrival at Gondokoro—Excitement and Hurrahs—Terrible Ravages of the Plague—An Arab Gets His Deserts—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker Arrive at Cairo—Baker Receives the Award of the Victoria Gold Medal—The Hero Again in Africa.

AT length the explorers reached Magungo, situated inside an immense bed of reeds, at the top of a hill, above the mouth of a large river. Passing up a channel amidst a perfect wilderness of vegetation, they reached the shore below the town. Here they were met by their guide, who had brought their riding oxen from Vakoria, and reported them all well.

The chief of Magungo and a large number of natives were also on the shore waiting for them, and brought them down a plentiful supply of goats, fowls, eggs, and fresh butter. Proceeding on foot to the height on which Magungo stands, they thence enjoyed a magnificent view, not only over the lake, but to the north, towards the point where its waters flow into the Nile.

Baker's great desire was to descend the Nile in canoes, from its exit from the lake to the cataracts in the Madi country, and thence to march direct, with only guns and ammunition, to Gondokoro. This plan he found impossible to carry out.

We will let Baker continue the thrilling narrative in his own words:

The boats being ready, we took leave of the chief, leaving him an acceptable present of beads, and we descended the hill to the river, thank

ful at having so far successfully terminated the expedition as to have traced the lake to that important point, Magungo, which had been our clue to the discovery even so far away in time and place as the distant country of Latooka. We were both very weak and ill, and my knees trembled beneath me as I walked down the easy descent. I, in my enervated state, endeavoring to assist my wife, we were the "blind leading the blind;" but had life closed on that day we could have died most happily, for the hard fight through sickness and misery had ended in victory: and, although I looked to home as a paradise never to be regained, I could have lain down to sleep in contentment on this spot, with the consolation that, if the body had been vanquished, we died with the prize in our grasp.

Voyage Up the Victoria Nile.

On arrival at the canoes we found everything in readiness, and the boatmen already in their places. A crowd of natives pushed us over the shallows, and once in deep water we passed through a broad canal which led us into the open channel without the labor of towing through the narrow inlet by which we had arrived. Once in the broad channel of dead water we steered due east, and made rapid way until the evening. The river as it now appeared, although devoid of current, was an average of about 500 yards in width.

Before we halted for the night I was subjected to a most severe attack of fever, and upon the boat reaching a certain spot I was carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me until the morning. At daybreak I was too weak to stand, and we were both carried down to the canoes, and, crawling helplessly within our grass awning, we lay down like logs while the canoes continued their voyage. Many of our men were also suffering from fever. The malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation was most poisonous; and, upon looking back to the canoe that followed our wake, I observed all my men sitting crouched together sick and dispirited, looking like departed spirits being ferried across the melancholy Styx.

The river now contracted rapidly to about two hundred and fifty yards in width about ten miles from Magungo. We had left the vast flats of rush banks, and entered a channel between high ground, forming steep forest-covered hills, about 200 feet on either side, north and south: nevertheless there was no perceptible stream, although there was no doubt that we were actually in the channel of a river. The water was clear and



MURCHISON FALLS—THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

exceedingly deep. In the evening we halted, and slept on a mud bank close to the water. The grass in the forest was very high and rank: thus we were glad to find an open space for a bivouac, although a nest of mosquitoes and malaria.

Off in the Early Morning.

On waking the next morning, I observed that a thick fog covered the surface of the river; and as I lay upon my back, I amused myself before I woke my men by watching the fog slowly lifting from the river. While thus employed I was struck by the fact, that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages, were certainly, although very slowly, moving to the west. I immediately jumped up and watched them most attentively; there was no doubt about it; they were travelling towards the Albert Lake. We were now about eighteen miles in a direct line from Magungo, and there was a current in the river, which, however slight, was nevertheless perceptible.

Our toilette did not take long to arrange, as we had thrown ourselves down at night with our clothes on; accordingly we entered the canoe at once, and gave the order to start.

The woman Bacheeta knew the country, as she had formerly been to Magungo when in the service of Sali, who had been subsequently murdered by Kamrasi; she now informed me that we should terminate our canoe voyage on that day, as we should arrive at the great waterfall of which she had often spoken. As we proceeded, the river gradually narrowed to about 180 yards, and when the paddles ceased working we could distinctly hear the roar of water. I had heard this on waking in the morning, but at the time I had imagined it to proceed from distant thunder.

Thunder of the Cataract.

By ten o'clock the current had so increased as we proceeded, that it was distinctly perceptible, although weak. The roar of the waterfall was extremely loud, and after sharp pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the stream increased, we arrived at a few deserted fishing huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. I never saw such an extraordinary show of crocodiles as were exposed on every sandbank on the sides of the river; they lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank we counted twenty-seven, of large size; every basking place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time we had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by heights somewhat precipitous on either side, rising to about 180 feet. At this point the cliffs were still higher, and exceedingly abrupt. From the roar of the water, I was

sure that the fall would be in sight if we turned the corner at the bend of the river; accordingly I ordered the boatmen to row as far as they could: to this they at first objected, as they wished to stop at the deserted fishing village, which they explained was to be the limit of the journey, further progress being impossible.

A Magnificent View.

However, I explained that I merely wished to see the fall, and they rowed immediately up the stream, which was now strong against us. Upon rounding the corner, a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side of the river were beautifully wooded cliffs rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage: and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the Tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and, in honor of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river.

The boatmen, having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible, succeeded in bringing the canoe within about 300 yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirlpools in the river rendered it impossible to proceed farther. There was a sand-bank on our left which was literally covered with crocodiles lying parallel to each other like trunks of trees prepared for shipment; they had no fear of the canoe until we approached within about twenty yards of them, when they slowly crept into the water; all excepting one, an immense fellow who lazily lagged behind, and immediately dropped dead as a bullet struck him in the brain.

Startling Shock.

So alarmed were the boatmen at the unexpected report of the rifle that they immediately dropped into the body of the canoe, one of them losing his paddle. Nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, as I had fired a second shot at the crocodile as a "quietus," and the natives did not know how often the alarming noise would be repeated. Accordingly we were at the mercy of the powerful stream, and the canoe was whisked

round by the eddy; hardly had we realized our peril when a tremendous commotion took place, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus charged the canoe, and with a severe shock striking the bottom he lifted us half out of the water. The natives in the party positively yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock was in any way connected with the dreaded report of the rifle; the black women screamed; and we began to make use of our rifles.

The hippopotamus, proud of having disturbed us, but doubtless thinking us rather hard of texture, raised his head to take a last view of his enemy, and then sank rapidly. Hippopotamus heads of enormous size



FEROCIOUS ATTACK BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

were on all sides, appearing and vanishing rapidly as they rose to survey us; at one time we counted eighteen upon the surface. Having recovered the lost paddle, I prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while I made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, which being completed, we drifted rapidly down to the landing-place at the deserted fishing-village, and bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa.

The few huts that existed in this spot were mere ruins. Clouds had portended rain, and down it came, as it usually did once in every twenty-four hours. However, that passed away by the next morning, and the day broke, discovering us about as wet and wretched as we were accus-

comed to be. I now started off four of my men with the boatmen and the interpreter Bacheeta to the nearest village, to inquire whether our guide, Rabonga, had arrived with our riding oxen, as our future travelling was to be on land, and the limit of our navigation must have been well known to him. After some hours the people returned, minus the boatmen, with a message from the head-man of a village they had visited, that the oxen were there, but not the guide Rabonga, who had remained at Magungo, but that the animals should be brought to us that evening, together with porters to convey the luggage.

In the evening a number of people arrived, bringing some plantain cider and plantains as a present from the head-man; and promising that, upon the following morning, we should be conducted to his village.

The next day we started, but not until the afternoon, as we had to await the arrival of the head-man, who was to escort us. Our oxen were brought, and if we looked wretched, the animals were a match. They had been bitten by the fly, thousands of which were at this spot. Their coats were staring, ears drooping, noses running, and heads hanging down; all the symptoms of fly-bite, together with extreme looseness of the bowels. I saw that it was all up with our animals.

Weak as I was myself, I was obliged to walk, as my ox could not carry me up the steep inclination, and I toiled languidly to the summit of the cliff. It poured with rain. Upon arrival at the summit we were in precisely the same park-like land that characterizes Chopi and Unyoro, but the grass was about seven feet high; and from the constant rain, and the extreme fertility of the soil, the country was choked with vegetation.

Arrival at a Chief's Island.

We were now above the Murchison Falls, and we heard the roaring of the water beneath us to our left. We continued our route parallel to the river above the Falls, steering east; and a little before evening we arrived at a small village belonging to the head-man who accompanied us. I was chilled and wet; my wife had fortunately been carried in her litter, which was protected by a hide roofing. Feverish and exhausted, I procured from the natives some good acid plums, and refreshed by these I was able to boil my thermometer and take the altitude.

On the following morning we started, the route, as before, parallel to the river, and so close that the roar of the rapids was extremely loud. The river flowed in a deep ravine upon our left. We continued for a day's march along the Somerset, crossing many ravines and torrents, until we turned suddenly down to the left, and arriving at the bank, we were to be transported to an island called Patooan, that was the residence

of a chief. It was about an hour after sunset, and being dark, my riding ox, who was being driven as too weak to carry me, fell into an elephant pitfall. After much hallooing, a canoe was brought from the island, which was not more than fifty yards from the mainland, and we were ferried across. We were both very ill with a sudden attack of fever; and my wife, not being able to stand, was, on arrival on the island, carried in a litter I knew not whither, escorted by some of my men, while I lay down on the wet ground quite exhausted with the annihilating disease. At length the remainder of my men crossed over, and those who had carried my wife to the village returning with firebrands, I managed to creep after them with the aid of a long stick, upon which I rested both hands.

In a Wretched Hut for Shelter.

After a walk, through a forest of high trees, for about a quarter of a mile, I arrived at a village where I was shown a wretched hut, the stars being visible through the roof. In this my wife lay dreadfully ill, and I fell down upon some straw. About an hour later, a violent thunderstorm broke over us, and our hut was perfectly flooded, we, being far too ill and helpless to move from our positions, remained dripping wet and shivering with fever until the morning. Our servants and people had, like all natives, made themselves much more comfortable than their employers; nor did they attempt to interfere with our misery in any way until summoned to appear at sunrise.

The foregoing is Baker's narrative. Within a few days the boats in which they had hoped to return down the Nile would leave Gondokoro. It was, therefore, of the greatest importance that they should set out at once, and take a direct route through the Shooa country.

The natives, not to be tempted even by bribes, positively refused to carry them. Their own men were also ill, and there was a great scarcity of provisions. War, indeed, was going on in the country to the east, Patooan being in the hands of Kamrasi's enemies. It was on this account that no Unyoro porters could be found.

On the Verge of Starvation.

They might have starved had not an underground granary of seed been discovered, by the means of Bacheeta, in one of the villages burned down by the enemy. This, with several varieties of wild plants, enabled them to support existence. The last of their oxen, after lingering for some time, lay down to die, affording the men a supply of beef, and Saati and Bacheeta occasionally obtained a fowl from one of the neighboring islands, which they visited in a canoe.

At length both Mr. and Mrs. Baker fully believed that their last hour was come, and he wrote various instructions in his journal, directing his head-man to deliver his maps and observations to the British Consul at Khartoum.

The object, it appeared, of Kamrasi in thus leaving them, was to obtain their assistance against his enemies, and at length their guide, Rehonga, made his appearance, having been ordered to carry them to Kamrasi's camp. The journey was performed, in spite of their weak state; and on their arrival they found ten of the Turks left as hostages with Kamrasi by Ibrahim, who had returned to Gondokoro. The Turks received them with respect and manifestations of delight and wonder at their having performed so difficult a journey. A hut was built for their reception, and an ox, killed by the Turks, was prepared as a feast for their people.

The next day the king announced his readiness to receive the traveller, who, attiring himself in a Highland costume, was carried on the shoulders of a number of men into the presence of the monarch. The king informed him that he had made arrangements for his remaining at Kisoona.

Stirring Events.

As now all hope of reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats had gone, Mr. Baker, yielding to necessity, prepared to make himself at home. He had a comfortable hut built, surrounded by a court-yard with an open shed in which he and his wife could spend the hot hours of the day. Kamrasi sent him a cow which gave an abundance of milk, also amply supplying him with food.

Here the travellers were compelled to spend many months. Their stay was cut short, in consequence of the invasion of the country by Fowooka's people, accompanied by a large band of Turks under the trader Debono. Kamrasi proposed at once taking to flight; but Baker promised to hoist the flag of England, and to place the country under British protection. He then sent a message to Mahomet, Debono's guide, warning him that should a shot be fired by any of his people, he would be hung, and ordering them at once to quit the country; informing them, besides, that he had already promised all the ivory to Ibrahim so that, contrary to the rules of the traders, they were trespassing in the territory.

This letter had its due effect. Mahomet deserted his allies, who were immediately attacked by Kamrasi's troops, and cut to pieces, while the women and children were brought away as captives. Among them,

Becheeta, who had once been a slave in the country, recognized her former mistress, who had been captured with the wives and daughters of their chief, Rionga.

After this Ibrahim returned, bringing a variety of presents for Kamrasi, which, in addition to the defeat of his enemies, put him in excellent humor. Mr. Baker was able to save the life of an old chief, Kalloe, who had been captured; but some days afterwards the treacherous Kamrasi shot him with his own hand.

Adventurous March.

At length the Turkish traders, having collected a large supply of ivory, were ready to return to Shooa; and Mr. Baker, thankful to leave the territory of the brutal Kamrasi, took his leave, and commenced the journey with his allies, who, including porters, women, and children, amounted to a thousand people.

At the break of day, says Baker, we started. It would be tedious to describe the journey, as, although by a different route, it was through the same country that we had traversed before. After the first day's march we quitted the forest and entered upon the great prairies. I was astonished to find after several days' journey a great difference in the dryness of the climate. In Unyoro we had left the grass an intense green, the rain having been frequent: here it was nearly dry, and in many places it had been burnt by the native hunting parties. From some elevated points in the route I could distinctly make out the outline of the mountains running from the Albert Lake to the north, on the west bank of the Nile; these would hardly have been observed by a person who was ignorant of their existence, as the grass was so high that I had to ascend a white ant-hill to look for them; they were about sixty miles distant, and my men, who knew them well, pointed them out to their companions.

The entire party, including women and children, had to be provided for daily. Although they had abundance of flour, there was no meat, and the grass being high there was no chance of game. On the fourth day only I saw a herd of about twenty tetel (hartebeest) in an open space that had been recently burnt. We were both riding upon oxen that I had purchased of Ibrahim, and we were about a mile ahead of the flag in the hope of getting a shot; dismounting from my animal I stalked the game down a ravine, but upon reaching the point that I had resolved upon for the shot, I found the herd had moved their position to about 250 paces from me.

They were all looking at me, as they had been disturbed by the oxen

and the boy Saat in the distance. Dinner depended on the shot. There was a leafless bush singed by the recent fire; upon a branch of this I took a rest, but just as I was going to fire they moved off—a clean miss!—whizz went the bullet over them, but so close to the ears of one that it shook its head as though stung by a wasp, and capered round and round; the others stood perfectly still, gazing at the oxen in the distance.

Hungry as Wolves.

Crack went the left-hand barrel of the little rifle, and down went a tetel like a lump of lead, before the satisfactory sound of the bullet returned from the distance. Off went the herd, leaving a fine beast kicking on the ground. It was shot through the spine, and some of the native porters having witnessed the sport from a great distance, threw down their loads and came racing towards the meat like a pack of wolves scenting blood. In a few minutes the prize was divided, while a good portion was carried by Saat for our own use: the tetel, weighing about 500 lbs. vanished among the crowd in a few minutes.

On the fifth day's march from the Victoria Nile we arrived at Shooa; the change was delightful after the wet and dense vegetation of Unyoro; the country was dry, and the grass low and of fine quality. We took possession of our camp, that had already been prepared for us in a large court-yard well cemented with manure and clay, and fenced with a strong row of palisades. A large tree grew in the centre. Several huts were erected for interpreters and servants, and a tolerably commodious hut, the roof overgrown with pumpkins, was arranged for our mansion.

That evening the native women crowded to our camp to welcome my wife home, and to dance in honor of our return; for which exhibition they expected a present of a cow.

Much to my satisfaction I found that my first-rate riding ox that had been lamed during the previous year by falling into a pitfall, and had been returned to Shooa, was perfectly recovered; thus I had a good mount for my journey to Gondokoro.

Some months were passed at Shooa, during which I occupied my time by rambling about the neighborhood, ascending the mountain, making duplicates of my maps, and gathering information, all of which was simply a corroboration of what I had heard before, excepting from the East.

Death in the Air.

As they were marching thence through the country inhabited by the Bari tribe, they were attacked in a gorge by the natives. We continue the interesting narrative in Baker's own words:

The level of the country being about 200 feet above the Nile, deep



GRAND DANCE OF WELCOME TO MR. AND MRS. BAKER ON THEIR RETURN

gullies cut the route at right angles, forming the natural drains to the river. In these ravines grew dense thickets of bamboos. Having no native guide, but trusting solely to the traders' people, who had travelled frequently by this route, we lost the path, and shortly became entangled amongst the numerous ravines.

At length we passed a village, around which were assembled a number of natives. Having regained the route, we observed the natives appearing in various directions, and as quickly disappearing only to gather in our front in increased numbers. Their movements exciting suspicion, in a country where every man was an enemy, our party closed together;—we threw out an advance guard—ten men on either flank—the porters, ammunition, and effects in the centre; while about ten men brought up the rear. Before us lay two low rocky hills covered with trees, high grass and brushwood, in which I distinctly observed the bright red forms of natives painted according to the custom of the Bari tribe.

We were evidently in for a fight. The path lay in a gorge between the low rocky hills in advance. My wife dismounted from her ox, and walked at the head of our party with me, Saat following behind with the gun that he usually carried, while the men drove several riding-oxen in the centre.

Arrows Whizzing Overhead.

Hardly had we entered the pass, when—whizz went an arrow over our heads. This was the signal for a repeated discharge. The natives ran among the rocks with the agility of monkeys, and showed a considerable amount of daring in standing within about eighty yards upon the ridge, and taking steady shots at us with their poisoned arrows. The flanking parties now opened fire, and what with the bad shooting of both the escort and the native archers, no one was wounded on either side for the first ten minutes. The rattle of musketry and the wild appearance of the naked vermilion-colored savages, as they leapt along the craggy ridge, twanging their bows at us with evil but ineffectual intent, was a charming picture of African life and manners.

Fortunately, the branches of numerous trees and intervening clumps of bamboo frustrated the good intentions of the arrows, as they glanced from their aim; and although some fell among our party, we were as yet unscathed. One of the enemy, who was probably a chief, distinguished himself in particular, by advancing to within about fifty yards, and standing on a rock, he deliberately shot five or six arrows, all of which missed their mark; the men dodged them as they arrived in their uncertain

flight; the speed of the arrows was so inferior, owing to the stiffness of the bows, that nothing was easier than to evade them. Any halt was unnecessary. We continued our march through the gorge, the men keeping up an unrelenting fire until we entered upon a tract of high grass and forest; this being perfectly dry, it would have been easy to set it on fire, as the enemy were to leeward; but although the rustling in the grass betokened the presence of a great number of men, they were invisible.

A Savage Fatally Wounded.

In a few minutes we emerged in a clearing, where corn had been planted; this was a favorable position for a decisive attack upon the natives, who now closed up. Throwing out skirmishers, with orders that they were to cover themselves behind the trunks of trees, the Bari were driven back. One was now shot through the body and fell; but recovering, he ran with his comrades, and fell dead after a few yards.

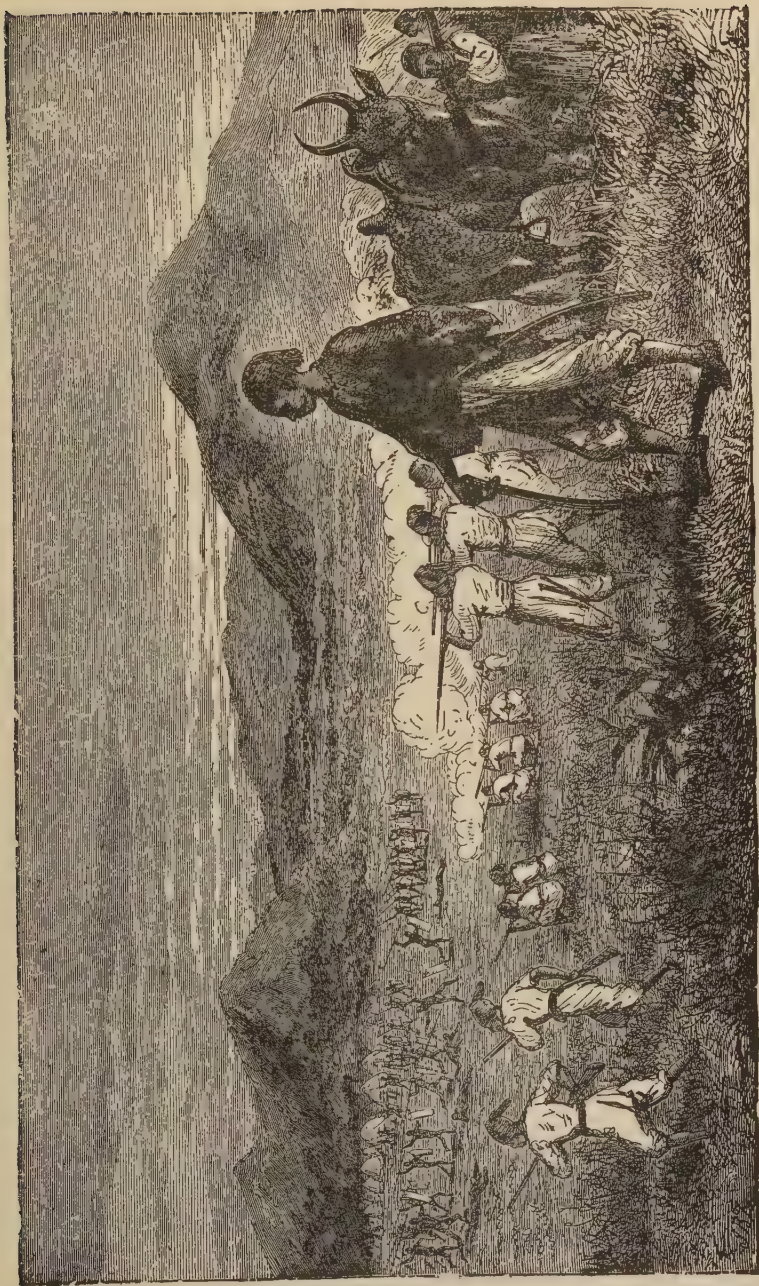
What casualties had happened during the passage of the gorge, I cannot say, but the enemy were now utterly discomfited. I had not fired a shot, as the whole affair was perfect child's-play, and anyone who could shoot would have settled the fortune of the day by half a dozen shots; but both the traders' people and my men were "shooters, but not hitters." We now bivouacked on the field for the night.

During the march on the following day, the natives watched us at a distance, following in great numbers parallel with our route, but fearing to attack. The country was perfectly open, being a succession of fine downs of low grass, with few trees, where any attack against our guns would have been madness.

In the evening we arrived at two small deserted villages; these, like most in the Bari country, were circular, and surrounded by a live and impenetrable fence of euphorbia, having only one entrance. The traders' people camped in one, while I took up my quarters in the other. The sun had sunk, and the night being pitch dark, we had a glorious fire, around which we placed our couches opposite the narrow entrance of the camp, about ten yards distant.

Surrounded by Hostile Natives.

I stationed Richarn as sentry outside the gateway, as he was the most reliable of my men, and I thought it extremely probable that we might be attacked during the night; three other sentries I placed on guard at various stations. Dinner being concluded, Mrs. Baker lay down on her couch for the night. I drew the balls from a doubled-barrelled smooth bore rifle, and loaded with cartridge containing each twenty large-mould



LIVELY SKIRMISH WITH THE NATIVES.

shot (about a hundred to the pound); putting this under my pillow I went to sleep. Hardly had I begun to rest, when my men woke me, saying that the camp was surrounded by natives. Upon inquiry I found this to be correct: it was so dark that they could not be seen without stooping to the ground, and looking along the surface. I ordered the sentries not to fire unless hostilities should commence on the side of the natives, and in no case to draw trigger without a challenge.

Returning to the couch I laid down, and not wishing to sleep, I smoked my long Unyoro pipe. In about ten minutes—bang! went a shot, quickly followed by another from the sentry at the entrance of the camp. Quietly rising from my bed, I found Richarn reloading at his post. "What is it, Richarn?" I asked. "They are shooting arrows into the camp, aiming at the fire, in hopes of hitting you who are sleeping there," said Richarn. "I watched one fellow," he continued, "as I heard the twang of his bow four times. At each shot I heard an arrow strike the ground between me and you, therefore I fired at him, and I think he is down. Do you see that black object lying on the ground?" I saw something a little blacker than the surrounding darkness, but it could not be distinguished. Leaving Richarn with orders not to move from his post but to keep a good look-out until relieved by the next watch, I again went to sleep.

Poisoned Arrows.

Before break of day, just as the grey dawn slightly improved the darkness, I visited the sentry; he was at his post, and reported that he thought the archer of the preceding night was dead, as he had heard a sound proceeding from the dark object on the ground after I had left. In a few minutes it was sufficiently light to distinguish the body of a man lying about thirty paces from the camp entrance. Upon examination, he proved to be a Bari;—his bow was in his hand, and two or three arrows were lying by his side;—thirteen mould shot had struck him dead;—one had cut through the bow. We now searched the camp for arrows, and as it became light, we picked up four in various places, some within a few feet of our beds, and all horribly barbed and poisoned, that the deceased had shot into the camp gateway.

This was the last attack during our journey. We marched well, generally accomplishing fifteen miles of latitude daily from this point, as the road was good and well known to our guides. The country was generally poor, but beautifully diversified with large trees, the tamarind predominating. Passing through the small but thickly-populated and friendly little province of Moir, in a few days we sighted the well-known moun-

tain Belignian, that we had formerly passed on its eastern side when we had started on our uncertain path from Gondokoro upwards of two years ago. We had a splendid view of the Ellyria Mountain, and of the distant cone, Honey Mountain, between Ellyria and Obbo.

All these curiously-shaped crags and peaks were well known to us, and we welcomed them as old friends after a long absence; they had been our companions in times of doubt and anxiety, when success in our undertaking appeared hopeless. At noon on the following day, as we were as usual marching parallel with the Nile, the river, having made a slight bend to the west, swept round, and approached within half a mile of our path; the small conical mountain, Regiaf, within twelve miles of Gondokoro, was on our left, rising from the west bank of the river. We felt almost at home again, and marching until sunset, we bivouacked within three miles of Gondokoro.

Back at Gondokoro.

That night we were full of speculations. Would a boat be waiting for us with supplies and letters? The morning anxiously looked forward to arrived. We started; the English flag had been mounted on a fine straight bamboo with a new lance-head specially arranged for the arrival at Gondokoro. My men felt proud, as they would march in as conquerors; according to White Nile ideas such a journey could not have been accomplished with so small a party. Long before Ibrahim's men were ready to start, our oxen were saddled and we were off, longing to hasten into Gondokoro and to find a comfortable vessel with a few luxuries, and the post from England. Never had the oxen traveled so fast as on that morning; the flag led the way, and the men in excellent spirits followed at double-quick pace.

"I see the masts of the vessels!" exclaimed the boy, Saat. "El hamd el Illah!" (thank God!) shouted the men. "Hurrah!" said I—"Three cheers for old England and the Sources of the Nile! hurrah!" and my men joined me in the wild, and to their ears, savage English yell. "Now for a salute! Fire away all your powder if you like, my lads, and let the people know that we're alive!"

This was all that was required to complete the happiness of my people, and loading and firing as fast as possible, we approached near to Gondokoro. Presently we saw the Turkish flag emerge from Gondokoro, at about a quarter of a mile distant, followed by a number of the traders' people, who waited to receive us. On our arrival, they immediately approached and fired salutes with ball cartridge, as usual advancing close to us and discharging their guns into the ground at our feet. One of my

servants, Mahomet, was riding an ox, and an old friend of his in the crowd happening to recognize him, immediately advanced and saluted him by firing his gun into the earth directly beneath the belly of the ox he was riding; the effect produced made the crowd and ourselves explode with laughter. The nervous ox, terrified at the sudden discharge between his legs, gave a tremendous kick, and continued madly kicking and plunging, until Mahomet was pitched over his head, and lay sprawling on the ground; this scene terminated the expedition.

Frightful Ravages of a Plague.

The foregoing account, given in Baker's most graphic language, shows what hardships his expedition encountered, all of which were shared by his heroic wife, who is the most celebrated woman traveller known to Tropical exploration.

On reaching Gondoko, only three boats had arrived, while the trading parties were in consternation at hearing that the Egyptian authorities were about to suppress the slave trade and with four steamers had arrived at Khartoum, two of which had ascended the White Nile and had captured many slavers. Thus the three thousand slaves who were then assembled at Gondokoro would be utterly worthless.

The plague also was raging at Khartoum, and many among the crews of the boats had died on the passage. Mr. Baker, however, engaged one of them belonging to Koorshid Pacha.

Bidding farewell to his former opponent, Ibrahim, who had since, however, behaved faithfully, Mr. Baker and his devoted wife commenced their voyage down the Nile. Unhappily the plague, as might have been expected, broke out on board, and several of their people died among them. They chiefly regretted the loss of the faithful little boy, Saat.

At Khartoum, which they reached on the 5th of May, 1865, they were welcomed by the whole European population, and hospitably entertained.

Here they remained two months. During the time the heat was intense, and the place was visited by a dust-storm, which in a few minutes produced an actual pitchy darkness. At first there was no wind, and when it came it did not arrive with the violence that might have been expected. So intense was the darkness, that Mr. Baker and his companions tried in vain to distinguish their hands placed close before their eyes; not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, and then rapidly passed away. They had, however, felt such darkness as the Egyptians experienced in the time of Moses.

The plague had been introduced by the slaves landed from two vessels

which had been captured, and in which the pestilence had broken out. They contained upwards of eight hundred and fifty human beings. Nothing could be more dreadful than the condition in which the unhappy beings were put on shore. The women had afterwards been distributed among the soldiers, and, in consequence, the pestilence had been disseminated throughout the place.

Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of bringing Mahomet Her, who had instigated his men to mutiny at Latooka, to justice. He was seized and carried before the governor, when he received one hundred and fifty lashes. How often had the wretch flogged women to excess! What murders had he not committed! And now how he had howled for mercy! Mr. Baker, however, begged that the punishment might be stopped, and that it might be explained to him that he was thus punished for attempting to thwart the expedition of an English traveller by instigating his escort to mutiny.

The Nile having now risen, the voyage was recommenced; but their vessel was very nearly wrecked on descending the cataracts.

On reaching Berber, they crossed the desert east to Sonakim on the Red Sea. Hence, finding a steamer, they proceeded by way of Suez to Cairo, where they left the faithful Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation as servants at Shepherd's Hotel, and Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of hearing that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him the Victoria Gold Medal, a proof that his exertions had been duly appreciated. He, also, on his arrival in England, received the honor of knighthood.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, after a short stay at home, returned to Egypt; Sir Samuel there having received the rank of pacha from the Khedive.

It is gratifying to know that the heroic sacrifices and brilliant services in Tropical exploration rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Baker were appreciated in their own home, and were recognized by the government of Great Britain. From an ordinary personage Mr. Baker rose to the rank of Baronet, had the title conferred upon him by which he is now known to the world, and this was given solely as a reward for meritorious services. Few explorers in Africa have done more for the benefit of that benighted region than he, and if his own ideas and plans had been carried out, and the great changes had taken place which he contemplated, Africa to-day would be centuries nearer enlightenment than she is.

CHAPTER V.

A RENOWNED EXPEDITION.

Khedive of Egypt—Baker Made a Pasha—Second Expedition Towards the Sources of the Nile—A Scene of Desolation—Conveying Steel Steamers for the Albert Lake—The Expedition's Outfit—Musical Boxes and Magic Lanterns—The Military Forces—Baker's Very "Irregular Cavalry"—Grotesque Manceuvres—The Camel Transport—Gun Carriages and Heavy Machinery—Steaming up the Nile—One of the Bravest Achievements of Modern Times—A Grand River—Immense Flats and Boundless Marshes—Current Checked by Floating Islands—Toilsome Passage—The Expedition Retreats—Pursuing Game—A Beautiful Animal—Baker in Camp—The Shillook Tribe—Superior Savages—Crafty Trespassers—Old Chief with Immense Family—A Pompous Ruler—Wholesale Matrimony—Brown Men Get Jilted—A Little Black Pet—Natives Up in Arms—A Dangerous Encounter—Attack From the Baris—Dastardly Traitor—The Household—Black Boys Who Would Not Steal Sugar—Little "Cuckoo"—A Remarkable Rock—An Old Superstition—On the March—Adventure with a Rhinoceros—Horse Attacked—Timely Shot—The Wild Beast Laid Low—Arrival at Unyoro—Sanguinary Battle—"Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum—Gordon's Untimely Death.

AFRICAN exploration was not destined to halt. We find Sir Samuel Baker upon a second expedition fully equal in interest to the one described in the preceding chapter. This expedition was urged by the Prince of Wales, and was furthered by powerful patrons in England. Baker had proved himself a bold spirit, the master of events and circumstances, an explorer of great tact, endurance and energy, and it was confidently believed that if he were sent into Central Africa not only would a path for commerce be opened, but a large part of the country could be annexed to Egypt, and active measures could be taken for the suppression of the slave traffic and other deeds of violence which rendered this vast region a complete pandemonium.

The expedition was to last four years. During this period Baker was made a Pasha, or was constituted an Egyptian governor. His territory was vast in the extreme, being nothing less than the Nile region. It will be understood that the Khedive of Egypt, by whose immediate authority Baker conducted this expedition, received his title from the Sultan of Turkey, and was given this name by virtue of having been made the ruler of Egypt. Thus Baker began his great undertaking with as much authority as it was needful or possible for anyone to have. He was sent without let or hindrance, was given command of his own forces, was

invested even with the power of life or death. He was made an autocrat, was constituted a supreme ruler, and had he not been a very wise, judicious, and self-possessed man, he would unquestionably have become a tyrant, and a curse instead of a benefactor to the savage and warlike tribes of Central Africa.

For the most part we shall permit Mr. Baker to tell his thrilling story in his own language.

In my former journey, he says, I had traversed countries of extreme fertility in Central Africa, with a healthy climate favorable for the settlement of white men, at a mean altitude of four thousand feet above the sea-level. This large and almost boundless extent of country was well peopled by a race who only required the protection of a strong but paternal government to become of considerable importance, and to eventually develop the great resources of the soil.

I found lands varying in natural capabilities according to their position and altitudes—where sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, spices, and all tropical produce might be successfully cultivated; but those lands were without any civilized form of government, and “every man did what seemed right in his own eyes.”

A Scene of Desolation.

Rich and well-populated countries were rendered desolate; the women and children were carried into captivity; villages were burned, and crops were destroyed or pillaged; the population was driven out; a terrestrial paradise was converted into an infernal region; the natives, who were originally friendly, were rendered hostile to all strangers, and the general condition could only be expressed in one word—“ruin.”

To effect the grand reform contemplated it would be necessary to annex the Nile Basin, and to establish a government in countries that had been hitherto without protection, and a prey to adventurers from the Soudan. To convey steel steamers from England, and to launch them upon the Albert Lake, and thus open the resources of Central Africa; to establish legitimate trade in a vast country which had hitherto been a field of rapine and of murder; to protect the weak and to punish the evil-doer, and to open the road to a great future, where the past had been all darkness and the present reckless spoliation—this was the grand object which Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, determined to accomplish.

Before I left England I personally selected every article that was necessary for the expedition; thus an expenditure of about forty-five thousand dollars was sufficient for the purchase of the almost innumerable items that formed the outfit for the enterprise. This included an admir-

able selection of Manchester goods, such as cotton sheeting, gray calico, cotton, and also woolen blankets, white, scarlet, and blue; Indian scarfs, red and yellow; handkerchiefs of gaudy colors, chintz printed; scarlet flannel shirts, serge of colors (blue, red), linen trousers, etc., etc.

Tools of all sorts—axes, small hatchets, harness bells, brass rods, copper rods, combs, zinc mirrors, knives, crockery, tin plates, fish-hooks, musical-boxes, colored prints, finger-rings, razors, tinned spoons, cheap watches, etc., etc.

Musical Boxes and Magic Lanterns.

I thus had sufficient clothing for a considerable body of troops if necessary, while the magazines could produce anything from a needle to a crow-bar, or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail. It will be seen hereafter that these careful arrangements assured the success of the expedition, as the troops, when left without pay, could procure all they required from the apparently inexhaustible stores of the magazines.

In addition to the merchandise and general supplies, I had several large musical boxes with bells and drums, an excellent magic lantern, wheels of life, and an assortment of toys. The greatest wonder to the natives were two large girandoles; also the silvered balls, about six inches in diameter, that, suspended from the branch of a tree, reflected the scene beneath.

In every expedition the principal difficulty is the transport. "Travel light, if possible," is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was simply impossible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders.

The military arrangements comprised a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-five troops, including a corps of two hundred irregular cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments, supposed to be well selected. The black, or Soudani, regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be for the most part convicted felons who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

I reviewed the irregular cavalry, about two hundred and fifty horse. These were certainly *very* irregular. Each man was horsed and armed according to his individual notion of a trooper's requirements. There were lank, half-starved horses; round, short horses; very small ponies; horses that were all legs; others that were all heads; horses that had

been groomed; horses that had never gone through that operation. The saddles and bridles were only fit for an old curiosity-shop. There were some with faded strips of gold and silver lace adhering here and there; others that resembled the horse in skeleton appearance, which had been strengthened by strips of raw crocodile skin. The unseemly huge shovel-stirrups were rusty; the bits were filthy. Some of the men had swords and pistols; others had short blunderbusses with brass barrels; many had guns of various patterns, from the long, old-fashioned Arab to the commonest double-barreled French gun that was imported. The customs varied in a like manner to the arms and animals.

Grotesque Manœuvres.

Having formed in line, they now executed a brilliant charge at a supposed enemy, and performed many feats of valor; and having quickly got into inconceivable confusion, they at length rallied and returned to their original position.

I complimented their officer; and having asked Djiaffer Pasha, one of the Khedive's generals, if these brave troops represented my cavalry force, and being assured of the fact, I dismissed them, and requested Djiaffer Pasha to inform them that "I regretted the want of transport would not permit me the advantage of their services. 'Inshallah!' (Please God!) at some future time," etc., etc.

I thus got rid of my cavalry, which I never wished to see again. I had twenty-one good horses that I had brought from Cairo, and these, together with the horses belonging to the various officers, were as much as we could convey.

I had taken extra precautions, in the packing of ammunition and all perishable goods. The teak boxes for ammunition, also the boxes of rockets, were lined hermetically sealed with soldered tin. The light goods and smaller articles were packed in strong, useful, painted tin boxes, with locks and hinges. Each box was numbered, and when the lid was opened, a tin plate was soldered over the open face, so that the lid, when closed, locked above a hermetically sealed case. Each tin box was packed in a deal case, with a number to correspond with the box within. By this arrangement the tin boxes arrived at their destination as good as new, and were quite invaluable for traveling, as they each formed a handy load, and were alike proof against the attacks of insects and bad weather.

Camels and Gun-carriages.

I had long water-proof cloaks for the night sentries in rainy climates, and sou'-wester caps; these proved of great service during active opera-

tions in the wet season, as the rifles were kept dry under the cloaks, and the men were protected from wet and cold when on guard.

The provisions for the troops were wheat, rice, and lentils. The supplies from England, and in fact the general arrangements had been so carefully attended to, that throughout the expedition I could not feel a want, neither could I either regret or wish to have changed any plan that I had originally determined.

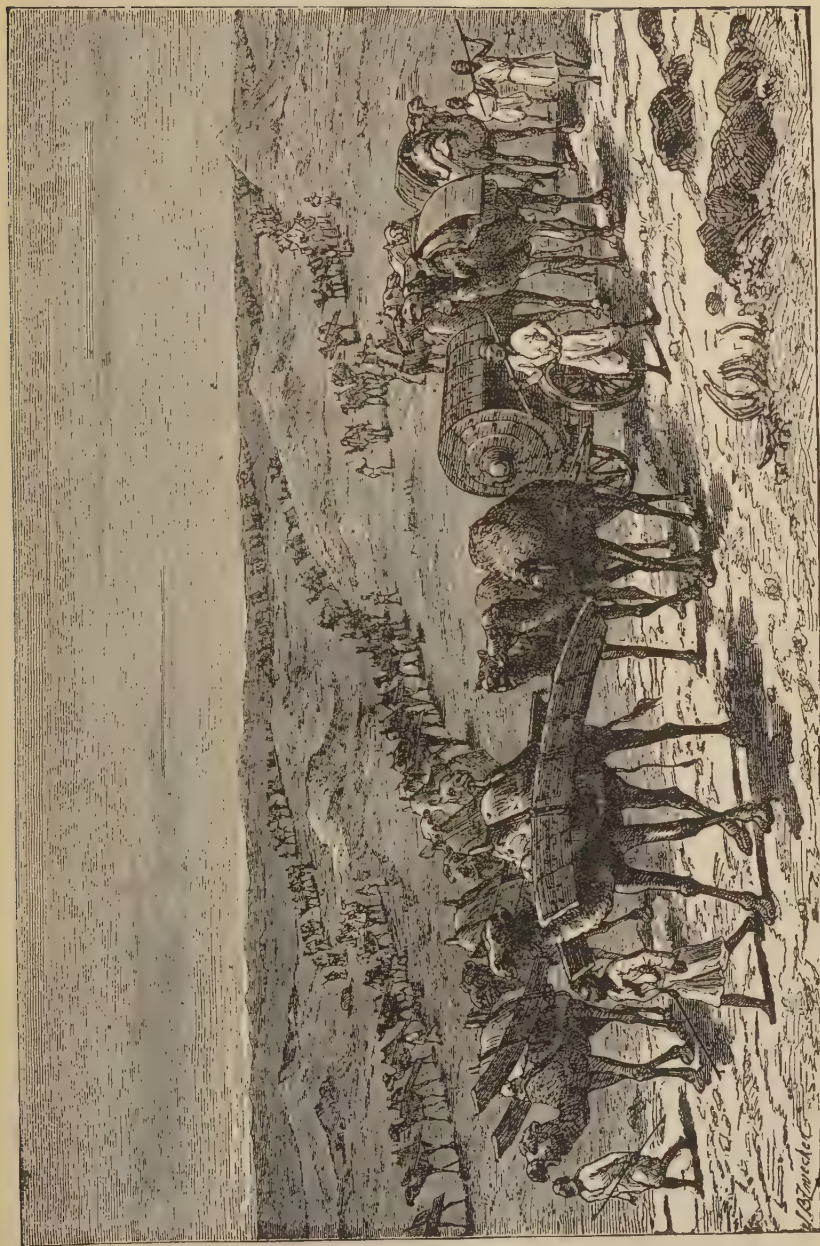
For the transport of the heavy machinery across the desert I employed gun-carriages drawn by two camels each. The long steel sections of steamers and the section of life-boats were slung upon long poles of fir arranged between two camels in the manner of shafts. Many hundred poles served this purpose, and subsequently were used at head-quarters as rafters for magazines and various buildings.

I had thrown my whole heart into the expedition; but I quickly perceived the difficulties that I should have to contend with in the passive resistance of those whose interests would be affected. The arrangements that I had made would have insured success, if carried out according to the dates specified. The six steamers and the sailing flotilla from Cairo should have started on June 10th, in order to have ascended the cataracts of the Wady Halfah at the period of high water. Instead of this the vessels were delayed, in the absence of the Khedive in Europe, until August 29th; thus, by the time they reached the second cataract, the river had fallen, and it was impossible to drag the steamers through the passage until the next season. Thus twelve months were wasted, and I was at once deprived of the invaluable aid of six steamers.

Steaming Up the Nile.

A train of forty-one railway wagons, laden with sections of steamers, machinery, boiler sections, etc., etc., arrived at Cairo, and were embarked on board eleven hired vessels. With the greatest difficulty I procured a steamer of one hundred and forty horse-power to tow this flotilla to Korosko, from which spot the desert journey would commence. I obtained this steamer only by personal application to the Khedive.

At length I witnessed the start of the entire party of engineers and mechanics. One steamer towed the long line of eleven vessels against the powerful stream of the Nile. One of the tow-ropes snapped at the commencement of the voyage, which created some confusion, but, when righted, they quickly steamed out of view. This mass of heavy material, including two steamers, and two steel life-boats of ten tons each, was to be transported for a distance of about three thousand miles, four hundred of which would be across the scorching Nubian deserts!



CAMELS TRANSPORTING STEAMERS ACROSS THE DESERT

The foregoing account of the obstacles encountered by Baker lends an almost superhuman character to his subsequent success. Nothing stopped him; he leaped over difficulties that would easily have defeated weaker men. His transport of the heavy freight of his expedition for so great a distance over desert sands and through unexplored regions was one of the bravest achievements of modern times.

The white Nile, says Baker, is a grand river between the Sobat junction and Khartoum, and after passing south to the great affluent the difference in the character is quickly perceived. We now enter upon the region of the immense flats and boundless marshes, through which the river winds in a labyrinth-like course for about seven hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro. Having left the Sobat, we arrived at the junction of the Bahr Giraffe, thirty-eight miles distant, on February 17th. Having turned into the river, I waited for the arrival of the fleet.

Toilsome Passage.

The Bahr Giraffe was to be our new passage instead of the original White Nile. That river, which had become so curiously obstructed by masses of vegetation that had formed a solid dam, had been entirely neglected by the Egyptian authorities. In consequence of this neglect an extraordinary change had taken place. The immense number of floating islands which are constantly passing down the stream of the White Nile had no exit: thus they were sucked under the original obstruction by the force of the stream, which passed through some mysterious channel, until the subterraneous passage became choked with a wondrous accumulation of vegetable matter. The entire river became a marsh, beneath which, by the great pressure of water, the stream oozed through innumerable small channels. In fact, the White Nile had disappeared. A vessel arriving from Khartoum in her passage to Gondokoro would find, after passing through a broad river of clear water, that the bow would suddenly strike against a bank of solid compressed vegetation—this was the natural dam that had been formed to an unknown extent; the river ceased to exist.

I was rather anxious about this new route, as I had heard conflicting accounts in Khartoum concerning the possibility of navigating such large vessels as the steamers of thirty-two horse-power and a hundred feet length of deck. I was provided with guides who professed to be thoroughly acquainted with the river; these people were captains of trading-vessels, who had made the voyage frequently.

The rear vessels of the fleet having arrived, the steamers worked up against the strong current independently. Towing was difficult, owing

to the sharp turns of the river. The Bahr Giraffe was about seventy yards in width, and at this season the banks are high and dry. Throughout the voyage on the White Nile we had had excellent wild-fowl shooting whenever we had halted to cut fuel for the steamers. One afternoon I killed a-hippopotamus, two crocodiles, and two pelicans, with the rifle. We found many young pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the benches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places; not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it would seem that, for ages, these had been selected as the closing scene of their existence. Certainly none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than the islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited locality; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it.

"Day by day,
 New lessons, exercises, and amusements
 Employed the old to teach, the young to learn.
 Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them,
 The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,
 Their cygnets following through the foaming wake,
 Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
 Or catching at the bubbles as they brake;
 Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
 With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
 The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
 To fish in troubled waters, and secure
 The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
 Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
 With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and half flying:
 And when their wings grew strong to fight the storm,
 And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
 The parents put them to severer proofs."

As the fleet now slowly sailed against the strong current of the Bahr Giraffe, I walked along the bank with Lieutenant Boker, and shot ten of the large francolin partridges, which, in this dry season, were very numerous. The country was, as usual, flat, but, bearing due south of the Bahr Giraffe junction, about twelve miles distant, is a low granite hill, partially covered with trees; this is the first of four similar low hills that are the only rising points above the vast prairie of flat plain.

As we were walking along the bank I perceived an animal ascending from the river about two hundred yards distant, where it had evidently been drinking; we immediately endeavored to cut off its retreat, when it

suddenly emerged from the grass and discovered a fine lion with large shaggy mane. The king of beasts, as usual, would not stand to show fight in the open field, but bounded off in the direction of the rocky hills.

The Retreat.

The explorers had to return. Quoting from his journal Baker says:

All the vessels are stuck fast for want of water! This is terrible. I went on in advance of my diahbeeah, accompanied by Mrs. Baker, for about three miles to explore. Throughout this distance the greatest depth was about four feet, and the average was under three feet. At length the diahbeeah, which drew only two feet three inches, was fast aground! This was at a point where two raised mounds, or dubbas, were on opposite sides of the river. I left the vessel, and, with one of my men, explored in the rowing-boat for about two miles in advance. After the first mile, the boat grounded in about six inches of water upon firm sand. The river, after having deepened for a short space, was suddenly divided into three separate channels, all of which were too shallow for the passage of the diahbeeah, and two were even too shallow to admit the small-boat. The boatmen jumped out, and we hauled her up the shallows until we reached the main stream, above the three channels, but having no greater mean depth than about two feet six inches.

We continued for some distance up the stream with the same unfortunate results. The banks, although flooded during the wet season, were now dry, and a forest was about a mile distant. Having left the boat and ascended a white ant-hill about eight feet high, in order to take a view of the country, I observed a herd of very beautiful antelopes, of a kind that were quite unknown to me.

There is no change so delightful as a little sport, if you are in low spirits; thus, taking the rifle, I rowed up the river for about half a mile in the small boat, and then landing, I obtained the right wind. It was exceedingly difficult to approach game in these extensive treeless flats, and it would have been quite impossible, had it not been for the innumerable hills of the white ants; these are the distinguishable features of these swampy countries, and the intelligence of the insects directs their architecture to a height far above the level of the highest floods. The earth used in their construction is the subsoil brought up from a considerable depth; as the ant-hills are yellow, while the surface-soil is black. The earth is first swallowed by the insect, and thus it becomes mixed with some albuminous matter, which converts it into a cement that resists the action of rain.

These hills were generally about eight feet high in the swampy districts,

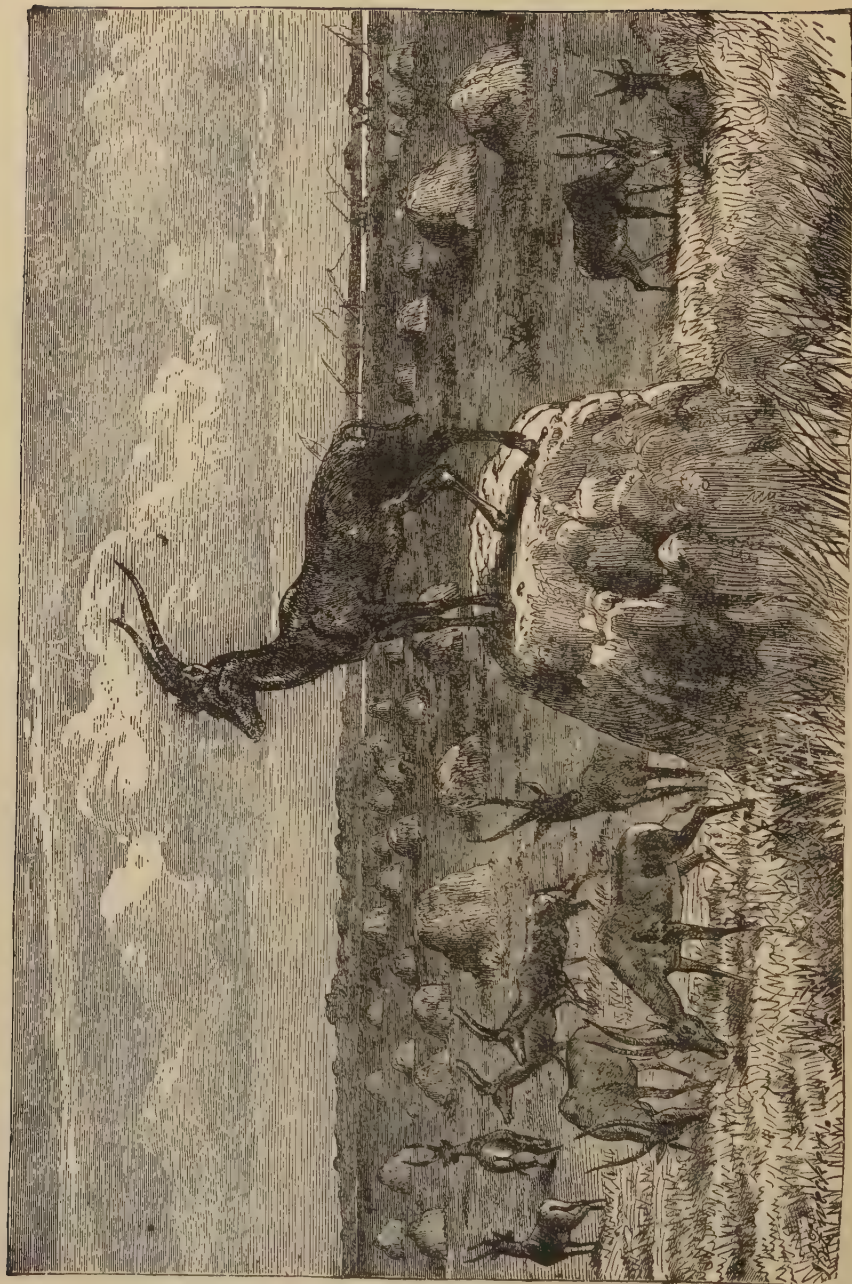
but I have frequently seen them above ten feet. The antelopes make use of such ant-hills as they can ascend as watch-towers, from which lofty position they can observe an enemy at a great distance. It is the custom of several varieties to place sentries while the herd is grazing; and upon this occasion, although the sentry was alone visible, I felt sure that the herd was somewhere in his neighborhood. I have noticed that the sentries are generally bulls. On this occasion I resolved, if possible, to stalk the watchman. The grass was very low, and quite green, as it had been fired by the wandering natives some time since; thus, in places, there were patches of the tall, withered herbage that had been only partially consumed by the fire while unripe: these patches were an assistance in stalking.

A Very Beautiful Animal.

It was, of course, necessary to keep several tall ant-hills in a line with that upon which the antelope was standing, and to stoop so low that I could only see the horns of the animal upon the sky-line. In some places it was necessary to crawl upon the ground. This was trying work, on account of the sharp stumps of the burned herbage, which punished the hands and knees. The fine charcoal dust from the recent fire was also a trouble, as the wind blew it into the eyes. The water-mark upon the ant-hills was about eighteen inches above the base, proving the height of the annual floods; and a vast number of the large water-helix, the size of a man's fist, lay scattered over the ground, destroyed and partially calcined by the late prairie fire.

The sun was very hot, and I found crawling so great a distance a laborious operation; my eyes were nearly blinded with perspiration and charcoal dust; but every now and then, as I carefully raised my head, I could distinguish the horns of the antelope in the original position. At length I arrived at the base of the last ant-hill, from which I must take my shot.

There were a few tufts of low scrub growing on the summit. To these I climbed; and digging my toes firmly into an inequality in the side of the hill, I planted my elbows well on the surface, my cap being concealed by the small bushes and tufts of withered grass. The antelope was standing unconsciously about one hundred and eighty yards from me, perfectly motionless, and much resembling a figure fixed upon a pedestal. I was delighted with my capture. It was a very beautiful animal, about thirteen hands high at the shoulder, the head long, the face and ears black, also the top of the head; the body bright bay, with a stripe of black about fifteen inches in width extending obliquely across the shoulder, down both



ANTELOPHS GUARDED BY A SENTRY

the fore and the hind legs, and meeting at the rump. The tail was long, with a tuft of long black hair at the extremity. The horns were deeply annulated, and curved backward toward the shoulders.

In Camp.

On the 1st of May Baker established a camp at Tewfikayah. Here he was visited by the king of the Shillooks, a well-known tribe. A description of this tribe will be of interest in this connection, only a brief mention having been made of it in a preceding chapter.

The Shillooks are a tall and fine-made race of men, approaching very closely to the Negro, being black, with woolly hair. The flat nose and enormous lips of the true Negro are, however, absent, and only in a few cases is there an approach toward that structure.

The Shillook men are very fond of ornament. Their ornaments consist chiefly of iron bracelets, anklets, and bead necklaces, and shoulder and waist garments made of feathers. Caps of black ostrich plumes decorate their heads, and many of these caps are ornamented with a circle of cowrie-shells. Their weapons are clubs and lances, the latter having iron wire twisted round the butt, so as to counter-balance the head. They also carry a remarkable bow-like shield.

The women wear no clothes until marriage, and then assume a couple of pieces of dressed hide, one in front and the other behind. These hides reach nearly to the ankles, and are decorated round the lower edge with iron rings and bells. The heads are shaved, and the ears are bored all round their edges with a number of holes, from which hang small clusters of beads.

The villages of the Shillooks are built very regularly, and in fact are so regular as to be stiff and formal in appearance. The houses are made of reeds, tall, of nearly the same height, and placed close to each other in regular rows or streets, and when seen from a distance are compared by Baker to rows of button mushrooms.

The Shillooks are very clever in the management of their rafts, which they propel with small pebbles; and even the little boys may be seen paddling about, not in the least afraid of the swarming crocodiles, but always carrying a lance with which to drive off the horrid reptiles if they attempt an attack.

Crafty Trespassers.

On one occasion the daring Shillooks established a small colony on the eastern or Dinka bank of the river, on account of the good pasturage. As soon as the Dinka had withdrawn toward the interior, the Shillooks crossed over, built a number of reed huts, ran an extemporized fence

round them, and then brought over their cattle. They had plenty of outposts inland, and as soon as the enemy were reported the Shillooks embarked in their rafts, and paddled over to their own side of the river, the cattle plunging into the water in obedience to a well-known call, and following the canoes and rafts of their masters. Strange to say, the crocodiles do not meddle with cattle under such circumstances.

Aided by their rafts, the Shillooks employ much of their time in fishing. They do not use either net or hook, but employ the more sportsmanlike spear. This weapon is about ten feet in length, and has a barbed iron head loosely stuck into the end of the shaft, both being connected with a slack cord. As soon as the fish is struck, the shaft is disengaged from the head, and being of light wood floats to the surface, and so "plays" the fish until it is exhausted, and can be drawn ashore by a hooked stick. The Shillooks often catch fish at random, wading through the river against the stream, and striking their spears right and left into the water.

Polygamy is of course practiced among the people. Mr. Petherick gives a very amusing description of an interview with a chief and his family.

"At one of these villages, Gosa, with a view to establishing a trade in hide, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat, the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child of the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants, he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and, passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"You Don't Know My Family Yet."

"Long before the appointed time Dood and a crowd of men and stripplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, woke me from my slumbers; and, as I appeared on deck, a rush took place toward me, with cries of 'The Benj! the Benj!' (the chief), followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side.

"My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers



SHILLOOK WARRIORS WITH DRESS AND WEAPONS

having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, 'tis all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to your kind promises, I sent to the cattle-kraals for the boys;' and with the pride of a father he said, 'These are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Dinka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of Negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"'What! more little boys and girls! What may be their number, and how many wives have you?'

"'Well, I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, breaking it up into small pieces.

"Like all Negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by placing a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls—seventy-three!

"After the above explanation I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and, after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

The code of government among the Shillooks is simple enough. There is a sultan or superior officer, who is called the "Meck," and who possesses and exercises powers that are almost irresponsible. The Meck seems to appreciate the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt," and keeps himself aloof from his own subjects, seldom venturing beyond the limits of his own homestead. He will not even address his subjects directly, but forces them to communicate with him through the medium of an official. Any one who approaches him must do so on his knees.

and no one may either stand erect or carry arms in his presence. He executes justice firmly and severely, and especially punishes murder and theft among his subjects, the culprit being sentenced to death, and his family sold as slaves.

Theft and murder, however, when committed against other tribes, are considered meritorious, and, when a marauding party returns, the Meck takes one-third of the plunder. He also has a right to the tusks of all elephants killed by them, and he also expects a present from every trader who passes through his territory. The Meck will not allow strangers to settle within the Shillook territories, but permits them to reside at Kaka, a large town on their extreme north. Here many trading Arabs live while they are making their fortune in exchanging beads, cattle bells, and other articles for cattle, slaves, and ivory. The trade in the latter article is entirely carried on by the Meck, who has the monopoly of it, and makes the most of his privilege.

Wholesale Matrimony.

While at Tewfikeyyah Baker liberated a boat-load of slaves that had been captured by the Shillooks. Continuing his narrative he says: I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazine for the naked women. On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance they should be returned. If not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed.

If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed, and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex, and country were registered in a book corresponding with the numbers on their papers.

These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officer whether any of the regresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands! This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey, and a whole company of clergy!

Brown Men All Jilted.

Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately,

however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted "woman's rights."

I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements; and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers, to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen, to be instructed in carpenter's and blacksmith's work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoe-makers, etc., in the regiment, while the best-looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl, of about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife.

When slaves are liberated in large numbers there is always a difficulty in providing for them. We feel this dilemma when our cruisers capture Arab dhows on the east coast of Africa, and our Government becomes responsible for an influx of foundlings. It is generally quite impossible to return them to their own homes; therefore all that can be done is to instruct them in some useful work by which they can earn their livelihood. If the boys have their choice, they invariably desire a military life; and I believe it is the best school for any young savage, as he is at once placed under strict discipline, which teaches him habits of order and obedience. The girls, like those of other countries, prefer marriage to regular domestic work; nevertheless, if kindly treated, with a due amount of authority, they make fair servants for any rough employment.

A Little Black Pet.

When female children are about five years old they are most esteemed by the slave-dealers, as they can be more easily taught; and they grow up with an attachment to their possessors, and in fact become members of the family.

Little Mostoora, the child taken by my wife, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race; and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children of double her age. With an ugly little face, she had a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that I have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters: she was soon dressed in convenient clothes, and became the pet of the family.

It was not till December that the fleet quitted Tewfikéyah, which was then dismantled. The Shillook country was left at peace. The treacherous governor was disgraced, and the king's sons rewarded. The ships then began cutting their way south. One vessel was found sunk, and after

many "heart-breaking" disappointments, progress was resumed. A dam had to be made to float the fleet, and during all the time the boats and working parties were attacked by hippopotami, while disease broke out among the soldiers. But on the 15th of April, 1871, the fleet arrived at Gondokoro, after traversing an "abandoned country," a distance fourteen hundred miles from Khartoum.

Natives Up in Arms.

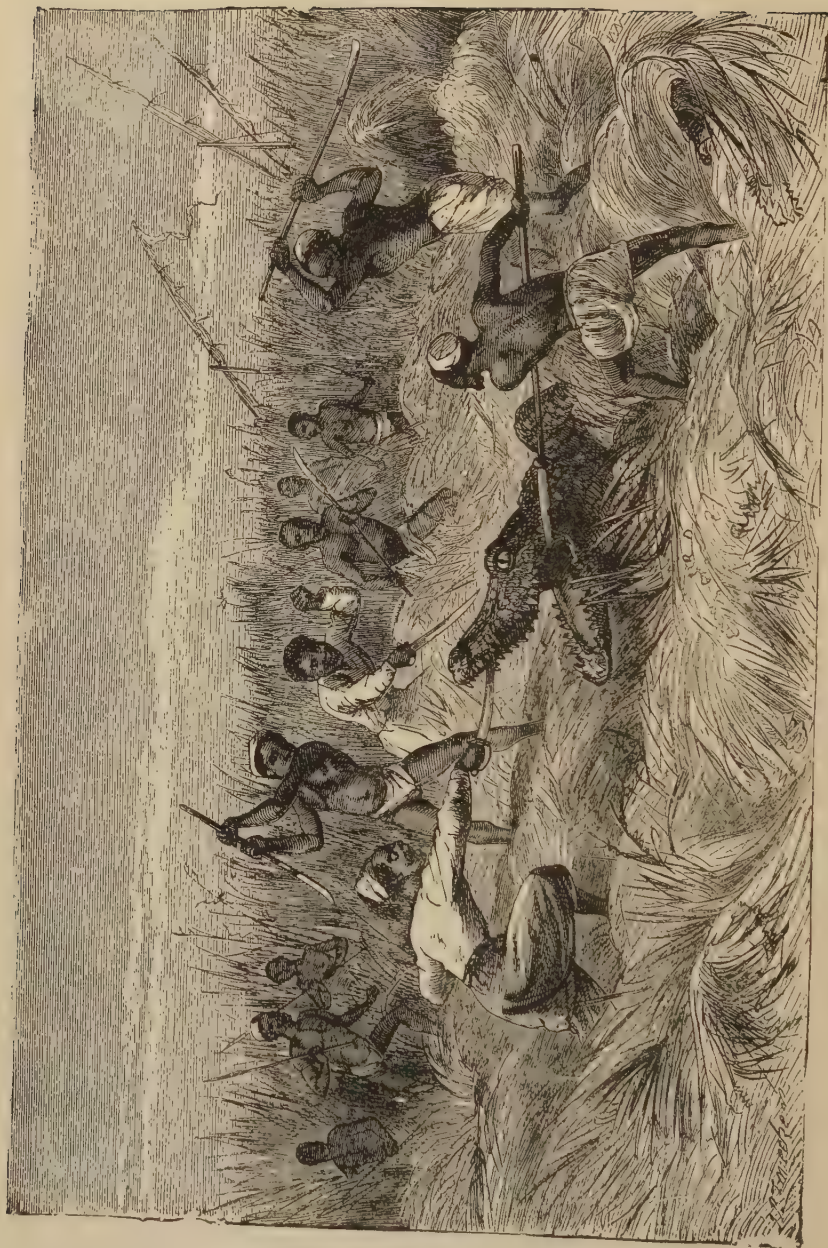
The natives were not pleased at the arrival of Baker, who proceeded to annex the country in the name of the Khedive, and issued a proclamation to the effect that everything belonged to the Khedive, and no trading must proceed on any other basis. As may be anticipated, such measures as these gave considerable offence, and the Bari tribe revolted against his authority. They didn't want any government, and on June 1st an order was issued to the effect that, the Baris having refused obedience to the proclamation, force was necessary, and would be used against them. The capture of women and children was forbidden during hostilities, under penalty of death.

Preparations were made for defence, for the Baris were threatening. Soon they came and drove off the cattle, the guards having presumably gone away. The thieves were followed, and some of the cattle recaptured. Hostilities were now continuous, and the arrival of a treacherous trader, Abou Saood, did not tend to improve matters, and Baker remonstrated with him for continuing his friendly relations with the enemies of the Government, commanded his withdrawal from the district, and made him forfeit his stolen cattle.

This too lenient conduct was regretted by Baker afterwards, and, during the time he remained, the incessant attacks of the Baris and the half-hearted service of some of the troops made things very unpleasant, and dangerous after a while. The crocodiles, too, were extremely ferocious, and many serious losses were occasioned by their attacks. One animal was captured which contained five pounds weight of pebbles in its stomach, a necklace, and two armlets, such as worn by the Negro girls.

A Dangerous Encounter.

In giving an account of the capture of one of these monsters in the early part of the expedition, Baker says: Yesterday, as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become jammed by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away in time to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the mass in which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-



"THE BLACK SOLDIERS IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED THE CROCODILE."

hooks, immediately attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Humane Society. He was quickly dispatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking-pots of the party.

I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated, in reply to my question as to the length of the animal, "Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail!" Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but if one were seized by such a creature he would be disposed to think that, whatever might be its length, it is made up mainly of jaws.

The Baris were still very enterprising, and came night after night to attack the expedition. Their wily method of advance, and the silence which they observe, make their attack all the more dangerous. The passive resistance of Baker had been regarded as cowardice, and one evening a grand attack took place. The tribes were driven off, but the troops in camp had permitted themselves to be surprised. Baker was not at headquarters, and the artillery was "not even thought of!"

Baker having fortified Gondokoro, which he now named Ismailia, quitted it to carry the war into the enemy's country with 450 men. The little force met the Baris after a march of thirteen miles, and an attack was made on the stockades, which were carried at the point of the bayonet. The Baris bolted, and Baker bivouacked. After some skirmishing, a treaty was proposed, and an alliance suggested. But treachery was at work, and Baker discovering it, attacked the Baris in their stockades. He then planted ambuscades, and succeeded in beating the Baris at their own game.

Dastardly Traitor.

The discipline of the troops under him gave Baker considerable uneasiness; they wanted captives, which their commander had forbidden them; and after some time his chief captain, Raouf Bey, mutinied. An expedition was ordered to counteract this, and it succeeded, but the available force had been much reduced by Raouf sending so many invalids and others to Khartoum without orders. The treacherous trader had also done all he could to paralyze the expedition, and things did not look hopeful. Baker, however, determined not to be beaten, and he made an expedition to the last cataracts of the White Nile. The result was a peace with the Baris; the swift steed and the Snider rifles had subdued the tribes; Abou Saoud and his people had departed.

An expedition to the South was now determined on, and, full of confi-

dence, Baker set out to open the communication with the Albert Nyanza.

Says Baker: I knew the risks and the responsibility of this undertaking; but I could not remain passive. I had often got through difficulties, and if risks are to be measured in Africa by ordinary calculations, there would be little hope of progress.

Should my small force meet with defeat or destruction, both the military and civil world would exclaim, "Served him right! the expedition to the interior made under such circumstances showed a great want of judgment—a total ignorance of the first rules in military tactics. What could he expect, without an established communication, at a distance of three or four hundred miles from his base? Simple madness!—not fit to command!"

I determined to carry as large a supply of ammunition as could be transported, together with sufficient merchandise, carefully assorted, to establish a legitimate ivory trade in my old friend Kamrasi's country, Unyoro.

I selected my officers and men, carefully avoiding Egyptians, with the exception of several true and well-trying men. Several of the officers had served in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine.

The Household.

Our servants had much improved. The Negro boys who had been liberated had grown into most respectable lads, and had learned to wait at table, and to do all the domestic work required. First of the boys in intelligence was the Abyssinian, Amarn. This delicate little fellow was perfectly civilized, and always looked forward to accompanying his mistress to England. The next was Saat, who had received that name in memory of my good boy who died during my former voyage. Saat was a very fine, powerful lad, who was exceedingly attached to me, but he was not quick at learning. Bellazl was a thick-set, sturdy boy of fourteen, with rather a savage disposition, but quick at learning.

My favorite was Kinyon (the crocodile), the volunteer. This was a very handsome Negro boy of the Bari tribe, who, being an orphan, came to my station and volunteered to serve me at the commencement of the Bari war. Kinyon was tall and slight, with a pair of very large, expressive eyes. The name Kinyon, or crocodile in the Bari language, had been given him because he was long and thin. Both he and Amarn were thoroughly good boys, and never received either chastisement or even a scolding throughout a long expedition.

Jarvah was also a good lad, who went by the name of the "fat boy."

I should like to have exhibited him as a specimen of physical comfort. Jarvah had a good berth; he was cook's mate. His superior was a great character, who, from the low position of a slave presented by the king of the Shillooks, had risen from cook's mate to the most important position of the household. Abdullah was now the cook! He had studied the culinary art under my first-rate Arab cook, who, having received his discharge, left the management of our stomachs to his pupil. Abdullah was an excellent cook, and a very good fellow, but he was dull at learning Arabic. He invariably distinguished cocks and hens as "bulls" and "women."

Little "Cuckoo."

The last and the smallest boy of the household was little Cuckoo (or Kookoo). Cuckoo was a sturdy child about six years old: this boy had, I believe, run away from his parents in the Bari during the war, and had come to Morgian, our interpreter, when food was scarce among the tribe. Following the dictates of his appetite, he had been attracted by the savory smell of Abdullah's kitchen, and he had drawn nearer and nearer to our establishment, until at length by playing with the boys, and occasionally being invited to share in their meals, Cuckoo had become incorporated with the household.

Abdullah and the six boys formed the native domestic corps. My wife, who was their commanding officer, had them all dressed in uniform. They had various suits of short, loose trowsers reaching half-way down the calf of the leg, with a shirt or blouse secured at the waist with a leather belt and buckle. These belts were made in England, and were about six feet long; thus they passed twice round the waist, and were very useful when travelling, in case of a strap and buckle being required suddenly.

The uniforms were very becoming. There was dark blue trimmed with red facings; pure white with red facings, for high days and holidays; scarlet flannel suits complete; and a strong cotton suit dyed brown for traveling and rough wear. The boys were trained to change their clothes before they waited at the dinner-table, and to return to their working dresses after dinner, when washing up was necessary. In this habit they were rigidly particular; and every boy then tied his dinner suit in a parcel, and suspended it to the roof of his hut, to be ready for the next meal. There was a regular hour for every kind of work; and this domestic discipline had so far civilized the boys that they were of the greatest possible comfort to ourselves.

The washing-up after dinner was not a very long operation, as half a

dozen plates and the same number of knives and forks, with a couple of dishes, were divided among six servants. Directly after this work play was allowed. If the night were moonlight, the girls were summoned, and dancing commenced. During the day their games were either playing at soldiers, or throwing lances at marks.

Thieving was quite unknown among the boys, all of whom were scrupulously honest. The sugar might be left among them, or even milk; but none of the boys I have mentioned would have condescended to steal. They had been so well instructed and cared for by my wife, that in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in civilized countries.

The foregoing account of those who composed this new expedition for the South might be extended. Baker gives a very complete description of it. He advanced to Lobore, after a march full of incident, through a beautiful country.

Remarkable Rock.

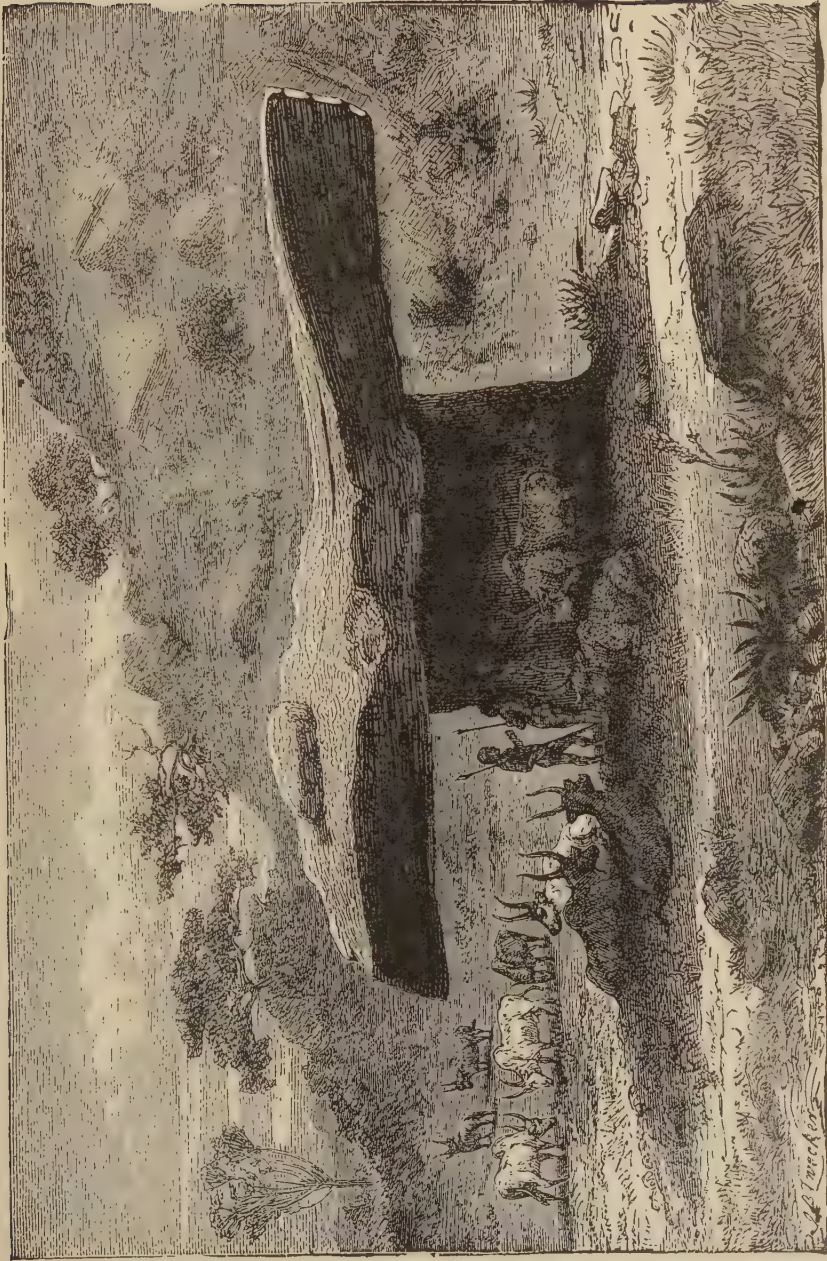
Baker was careful to note everything of interest that transpired along his journey. Many marvels of nature might be described here, which are peculiar to the Tropics.

Of course a country so extensive as Africa comprises all varieties of scenery. There is the beautiful landscape; there is the broad and flowing river; there are the deep marshes and jungles; and there in some places are mountains, if not the loftiest in the world, certainly of majestic proportions. And one advantage in following the great explorers through the Dark Continent is that we obtain a definite idea of the general appearance of the country and of the geological formations, and we emerge from this same Dark Continent feeling that we have been in a world of wonders.

In one part of his expedition Baker came upon a very singular rock. It was a formation very unusual, called by the natives "table rock." It will be seen from the accompanying illustration that the projection of the table over the pedestal on which it stands is so great that cattle may find shelter under it. The rock forms a natural protection to man and beast. This rock was considered so singular that an engraving of it has been made, and we here reproduce it. It is only one of many marvellous geological formations belonging to Africa.

An Old Superstition.

This rock must have chanced to fall upon a mass of extremely hard clay. The wearing away of the sloping surface, caused by the heavy rains of many centuries, must be equal to the present height of the clay pedestal, as all the exterior has been washed away, and the level reduced.



CURIOUS TABLE ROCK IN THE NILE VALLEY

The clay pedestal is the original earth, which, having been protected from the weather by the stone roof, remains intact.

The Baris, says Baker, seemed to have some reverence for this stone, and we were told that it was dangerous to sleep beneath it, as many people who had tried the experiment had died. I believe this superstition is simply the result of some old legends concerning the death of a person who may have been killed in his sleep by a stone that probably detached and fell from the under surface of the slab. I examined the rock carefully, and found many pieces that gave warning of scaling off. Several large flakes, each weighing some hundred-weight, lay beneath the table rock, upon the under surface of which could be distinctly traced the mould of the slab beneath.

On the March.

At length Baker arrived at Fatiko, where his old enemy, Abou Saood, again endeavored to annoy him and thwart the expedition. His treachery was afterwards carried to greater lengths.

On all these marches game of various kinds was found, and many exciting captures are related. The following thrilling account is given in Baker's own words :

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceroses emerge from a ravine ; they walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing ; presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood concealed in the patch of grass. Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to see them in their covert if on the same level ; I therefore determined to send to the tent for my other horses, and to ride them down if I could not shoot them on foot ; accordingly, I sent a man off, directing him to lead the horse I had been riding from the peak and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly towards the camp.

In the meantime I watched the rhinoceroses ; both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed two pigs wandering through the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinoceroses ; in an instant these animals winded the intruders, and starting up they looked in all directions but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass.

Having been thus disturbed, the rhinosceroses moved their quarters and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening; one was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at the base of the hill that would lead them directly upon the spot where my horse was tied to the tree. I observed this to one of my men, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh, no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree, as they are seeking for shade—the sun is like fire."

The Rhinoceros Attacks the Horse.

However, they still continued their advance, and upon reaching some rising ground, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended to the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking; upon this I ran as quickly as the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, which, with his head raised, was advancing directly towards the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it. The horse did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I ran as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the willful brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had been advancing steadily at a walk, but he now lowered his head and charged at the horse at full speed.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired one of my rifles, and the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the sand and stones into his face as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate horse. The horse in the same instant reared, and breaking the bridle, dashed away in the direction of the camp, while the rhinoceros, astonished at the shot, and most likely half blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back upon the track by which he had arrived. He passed me about a hundred yards distant, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he trotted with his head raised, seeking for the cause of his discomfiture.

"Reeling to and Fro."

Crack! went a bullet against his hide, as I fired my remaining barrel at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and for a few yards charged towards the shot; but he suddenly changed his course and ran round several times in a small circle; he then halted, and reeling to and fro, retreated very slowly, and laid down about a hundred yards off. I knew that he had his quietus, but I was determined to bag his companion, which in

alarm had now joined him, and stood looking in all quarters for the scent of danger; but we were well concealed behind the bush.



“CRACK! WENT A BULLET AGAINST HIS HIDE”

Presently the wounded rhinoceros stood up, and, walking very slowly, followed by his comrade, he crossed a portion of rising ground at the

base of the hill, and both animals disappeared. I at once started off one of my men, who could run like an antelope, in search of the horse, while I despatched another man to the summit of the peak to see if the rhinoceroses were in view; if not, I knew they must be among the small trees and bushes at the foot of the hill. I thus waited for a long time, until at length the two greys arrived with my messenger from the camp. I tightened the girths of the Arab saddle, and had just mounted, cursing all Arab stirrups, that are only made for the naked big toe, when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of my favorite animal cantering towards me, but from the exact direction the rhinoceroses had taken. "Quick! quick!" cried the rider, "come along! One rhinoceros is lying dead close by, and the other is standing beneath a tree not far off."

I immediately started, found the rhinoceros lying dead about two hundred yards from the spot where he had received the shot, and I immediately perceived the companion standing beneath a small tree. The ground was firm and stony, and all the grass had been burnt off except in a few small patches; the trees were not so thick together as to form a regular jungle.

"The Rhinoceros Lay Kicking on the Ground."

The rhinoceros saw us directly, and valiantly stood and faced me as I rode up within fifty yards of him. I was unable to take a shot in this position, therefore I ordered the men to ride round a half-circle, as I knew the rhinoceros would turn towards the white horses and thus expose his flank; this he did immediately, and firing well, exactly at the shoulder, I dropped him as though stone dead. The rhinoceros lay kicking upon the ground, and I thought he was bagged. Not a bit of it! the bullet had not force to break the massive shoulder-bone, but had merely paralyzed it for the moment; up he jumped and started off in full gallop. Now for a hunt! up the hill he started, then obliquely; choosing a regular rhinoceros path, he scudded away, my horse answering to the spur and closing with him; through the trees, now down the hill over the loose rocks, where he gained considerably upon the horse. I took a pull at the reins until I reached the level ground beneath, which was firm and first-rate. This gave me just the advantage I needed for successful operations.

I saw the rhinoceros pelting away about a hundred and twenty yards ahead, and spurring hard, I shot up to him at full speed until within twenty yards, when round he came with astonishing quickness and charged straight at the horse. I was prepared for this, as was my horse also; we avoided him by a quick turn, and again renewed the chase, and

regained our position within a few yards of the game. Thus the hunt continued for about a mile and a half, the rhinoceros occasionally charging, but always cleverly avoided by the horse, which seemed to enjoy the fun, and hunted like a greyhound. Nevertheless I had not been able to pass the rhinoceros; he had thundered along at a tremendous pace whenever I had attempted to close; however, the pace began to tell upon his wounded shoulder; he evidently went lame, and as I observed at some distance before us the commencement of the dark-colored rotten ground, I felt sure that it would shortly be a case of "stand still." In this I was correct, and upon reaching the deep and crumbling soil, he turned sharp around, made a clumsy charge that I easily avoided, and stood panting at bay. One of my men was riding a very timid horse which was utterly useless as a hunter, but, as it reared and plunged upon seeing the rhinoceros, that animal immediately turned towards it with the intention of charging. Riding close to his flank, I fired both barrels of my rifle into the shoulder; he fell at the shots, and stretching out his legs convulsively, he died immediately.

This was a capital termination to the hunt, as I had expected the death of my good horse, when the first rhinoceros had so nearly horned him. The sun was like a furnace, therefore I rode straight to camp and sent men and camels for the hides and flesh. As I passed the body of the first rhinoceros, I found a regiment of vultures already collected around it.

Arrival in Unyoro.

Passing on, Baker reached Masindi, in Unyoro. The king was visited, and he expressed pleasure at Baker's arrival. He also gave accounts of the bad behavior of Abou Saood. The king is described as an "undignified lout of twenty years of age, who thought himself a great monarch." He turned out a spy, and was evidently not to be trusted. The natives were suspicious, Abou Saood treacherous, and the position in Masindi was becoming more strained. However, Unyoro was annexed to the Khedive's dominions with some ceremony; but after a while, some poisoned plantain cider having been sent as a present, and nearly proved fatal to many, Baker prepared for resistance. But ere he could lay his plans, the natives suddenly rose, and a fierce conflict ensued.

The battle lasted an hour and a quarter: the natives were defeated, their capital destroyed. Baker lost several men, and his valued servant Mansoor amongst them. The march was continued to Foweera, on the Victoria Nile, fighting all the time; and while at that place Baker heard how Abou Saood had planned the attack and the poisoning at Masindi. Until January, 1873, Baker and his brave wife remained in the country,

using severe discipline ; but at last peace and prosperity were established.

Abou Saood was put in irons and sent to Cairo ; but he was set free to trouble Colonel "Chinese" Gordon, who succeeded Baker, and whose expedition resulted in important consequences to Central Africa.

Colonel Gordon reached Khartoum in March, 1874, and met the same "sudd," or vegetable obstruction, on the White Nile. The dam broke, and carried ships and animals for miles. The scene is described as terrific. Gordon quickly reached Gondokoro after this. He was accompanied by Geori, an Italian ; Colonel Mason, Purdy Bey, and Colonel Long, Americans. Visits were made, and geographical observations and discoveries pursued. Darfour was conquered, and its cruel blind ruler made captive. Gordon returned to England in 1879, and went to India. When, in 1884, on the point of proceeding to the Congo for the International Association, he was dispatched by the Liberal Government to pacify the Soudan. Hostilities were excited against him and he lost his life, a brave hero to the last.

For a long time there was a vast amount of speculation concerning Gordon's fate. The difficulty of obtaining news from the Soudan prevented the outside world from arriving at a definite conclusion as to whether he had been murdered or was still living. The miraculous escapes he had already experienced, the wonderful nerve and resolution characterizing him, the charmed life he had hitherto lived, overcoming all obstacles, escaping from all plots, and proving himself apparently superior to death itself, threw around him such an almost superhuman character that it was believed he must still be living, although news came of his death. Slowly the world was compelled to accept the unwelcome intelligence that the great hero of the Soudan, the most marvelous figure standing against the sky of the Orient, had fallen before the power of his foes.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO CELEBRATED EXPLORERS.

Speke and Grant on the March—Soldiers and Hottentots—Red Flannel and Woolly Heads—Dividing the Duties of the Expedition—Strike for Higher Wages—Rogues and Robbers—Excessive Politeness to Women—Polishing the African Skin—Natives Who Run and Hide—Black Boys Badly Scared—Speke on a Rhinoceros Hunt—Desperate Struggle to Obtain a Prize—Hunter Tossed Skyward—An Extraordinary Animal—Use of the Rhinoceros Horn—Peculiar Eyes—Habits of the Great Beast—A Match for the Swiftest Horse—A Hot Pursuit—Singular and Fatal Wound—A Rhinoceros in London—The Wild Beast Tamed—Fire-eating Monster—The Explorers Meet a Rogue—Kind Attentions of an Old Friend—Singular African Etiquette—How a Wife Welcomes Her Husband Back From a Journey—Murder and Plunder—Speke Obtains Freedom for a Slave—Horrid Cannibals—A Popular African Drink—How “Pomba” is Made—Arrival at Mininga—A Leader Who Was Named “Pig”—Obstinacy and Stupidity—Chief Who Wanted to See a White Man—Sly Tricks of the “Pig”—A Steady Old Traveller—Illness of the Explorer—Reception by a Friendly Chief—Alarming News—Persistent Demands for Tribute—Necklaces of Coral Beads—The Explorer’s Guides Forsake Him—Hurried Tramp of Men—Arrival of Grant’s Porters.

CAPTAIN SPEKE, who had already made two expeditions into Africa—on the second of which he discovered the great lake, Victoria Nyanza—started, on the 30th of July, 1858, on a third expedition, in the hopes of proving that the Nile has its source in that lake. He was accompanied by an old Indian brother officer, Captain Grant.

Having reached the island of Zanzibar, where some time was spent in collecting a sufficient band of followers, they left Zanzibar on the 25th of September, in a corvette placed at their disposal by the sultan, and crossed over to Bagamoyo, on the mainland.

They had, as their attendants, ten men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who were Hottentots; a native commandant, Sheikh Said; five old black sailors, who spoke Hindostanee; in addition to Bombay, Speke’s former attendant, factotum, and interpreter, a party of sixty-four Wagnana blacks, emancipated from slavery; and fifteen porters of the interior. The two chief men, besides Said, were Bombay and Baraka, who commanded the Zanzibar men. Fifty carbines were distributed among the elder men of the party, and the sheikh was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, given to him by Captain Speke. The sultan also sent, as a guard

of honor, twenty-five Beloochs, with an officer, to escort them as far as Uzaramo, the country of the Wazaramo. They had also eleven mules to carry ammunition, and five donkeys for the sick.

Their whole journey was to be performed on foot. As there were no roads, their luggage was carried on the backs of men.

Red Flannel and Wooly Heads.

Some time was spent among the porters in squabbling, and arranging their packs. Their captain, distinguishable by a high head-dress of ostrich plumes stuck through a strip of scarlet flannel, led the march, flag in hand, followed by his gang of wooly-haired negroes, armed with spears or bows and arrows, carrying their loads either secured to three-pronged sticks or, when they consisted of brass or copper wire, hung at each end of sticks laid on the shoulder. The Waguana followed in helter-skelter fashion, carrying all sorts of articles, next came the Hottentots, dragging the mules with the ammunition, whilst lastly marched the sheikh and the Belooch escort, the goats and women, the sick and stragglers bringing up the rear.

One of the Hottentot privates soon died, and five others were sent back sick. About thirty Seedeas deserted, as did nearly all the porters, while the sheikh also soon fell sick.

On the 2d of October, having bid farewell to Colonel Rigby, the British consul at Zanzibar, who took deep interest in the expedition, and afforded it every assistance in his power, the march began.

They had first before them a journey of five hundred miles to Caze, the capital of the country of the Moon. This was a small portion, however, only of the distance to be performed.

Captains Speke and Grant divided the duties of the expedition between them, the first mapping the country, which is done by timing the rate of march, taking compass-bearings, noting the water-shed, etc. Then, on arriving in camp, it was necessary to boil the thermometer to ascertain the altitude of the station above the sea-level, and the latitude by the meridional altitude of a star; then, at intervals of sixty miles, lunar observations had to be taken to determine the longitude; and lastly, there was the duty of keeping a diary, sketching, and making geological and zoological collections. Captain Grant made the botanical collections and had charge of the thermometer. He kept the rain-gauge and sketched with water colors, for it was found that photography was too severe work for the climate.

The march was pursued before the sun was high, then came breakfast and a pipe before exploring the neighborhood, and dinner at sunset, then

tea and pipe before turning in at night. Scarcely had they commenced the journey than the petty chiefs demanded tribute, which it was necessary to pay. The porters also struck for higher wages; but, the leaders going on, they thought better of the matter, and followed.

The poor Hottentots suffered much from the climate, and were constantly on the sick-list. The Waguana treated them with great contempt, and one day, while a little Tot was trying to lift his pack on his mule, a large black grasped him, pack and all, in his muscular arms, lifting them above his head, paraded him around the camp amid much laughter, and then, putting him down, loaded his mule and patted him on the back.



WAZARAMO VILLAGE.

"A day's march being concluded, the sheikh and Bombay arrange the camp, issuing cloths to the porters for the purchase of rations, the tents are pitched, the Hottentots cook, some look after the mules and donkeys, others cut boughs for huts and fencing, while the Beloochs are supposed to guard the camp, but prefer gossiping and brightening their arms, while Captain Grant kills two buck antelopes to supply the larder."

The country through which they were passing belongs to the tribe of Wazaramo. It is covered with villages, the houses of which are mostly of a conical shape, composed of hurdle-work and plastered with clay, and thatched with grass or reeds. They profess to be the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar. They are arrant rogues, and rob travellers, when

they can, by open violence. They always demand more tribute than they expect to get, and generally use threats as a means of extortion. One of their chiefs, the Lion-Claw, was very troublesome, sending back the presents which had been made him, and threatening dire vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Further on, Monkey's-Tail, another chief, demanded more tribute; but Speke sent word that he should smell his powder if he came for it; and, exhibiting the marksmanship of his men, Monkey's-Tail thought better of it, and got nothing.

Excessive Politeness to Women.

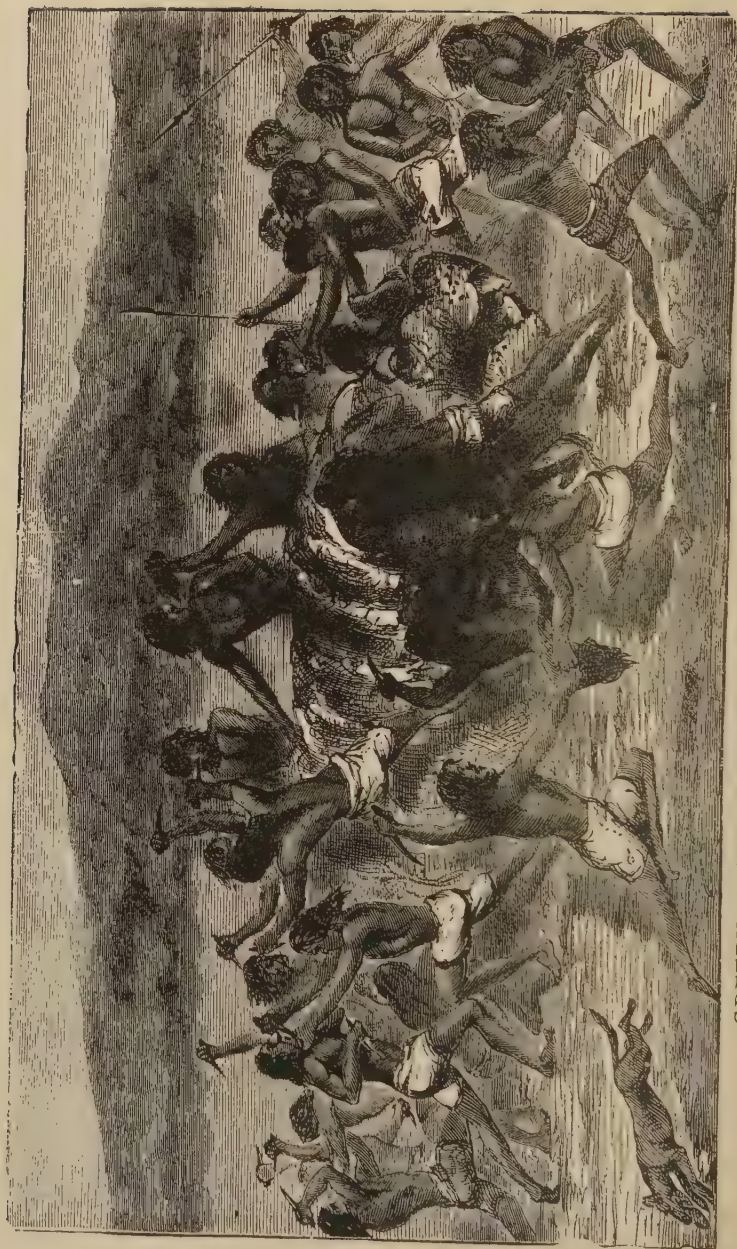
The people, though somewhat short, are not bad-looking. Though their dress is limited, they adorn themselves with shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil, till their skins appear like new copper. Their hair is wooly, and they twist it into a number of tufts, each of which is elongated by the fibres of bark. They have one good quality, not general in Africa: the men treat the women with much attention, dressing their hair for them, and escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

Kidunda was soon reached. Hence the Belooch escort was sent back the next day, with the specimens of natural history which had been collected. Proceeding along the Kinganni River they reached the country of the Usagara, a miserable race, who, to avoid the slave-hunters, build their village on the tops of hills, and cultivate only just as much land among them as will supply their wants. Directly a caravan appears, they take to flight and hide themselves, never attempting resistance if overtaken. Their only dress consists of a strip of cloth round the waist.

Captain Grant was here seized with fever, and the sickness of the Hotentots much increased. A long day's march from the hilly Usagara country led the party into the comparatively level land of Ugogo. Food was scarce, the inhabitants living on the seed of the calabash to save their stores of grain.

The country has a wild aspect, well in keeping with the natives who occupy it. The men never appeared without their spears and shields. They are fond of ornaments, the ordinary one being a tube of gourd thrust through the lower lobe of the ear. Their color is somewhat like that of a rich plum. Impulsive and avaricious, they forced their way into the camp to obtain gifts, and thronged the road as the travellers passed by, jeering, quizzing, and pointing at them.

Later they encamped on the eastern border of the largest clearing in Ugogo, called Kanyenye, stacking their loads beneath a large gouty-



GREEDY NATIVES FIGHTING OVER A CAPTURED HIPPOPOTAMUS

limbed tree. Here eight of the Wanyamuezi porters absconded, carrying off their loads, accompanied by two Wagogo boys.

Speke went to shoot a hippopotamus at night. Having killed one, two more approached in a stealthy, fidgety way. Stepping out from his shelter, with the two boys carrying his second rifle, he planted a ball in the largest, which brought him round with a roar in the best position for receiving a second shot; but, on turning round to take his spare rifle, Speke found that the black boys had scrambled off like monkeys up a tree, while the hippopotamus, fortunately for him, shuffled away without charging.

He hurried back to let his people know that there was food for them, that they might take possession of it before the hungry Wagogo could find it. Before, however, they had got the skin off the beast, the natives assembled like vultures, and began fighting the men. The scene, though grotesque, was savage and disgusting in the extreme; they fell to work with swords and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, up to their knees in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel was obtained by one, a stronger would seize it and bear off the prize—right was now might. Fortunately no fight took place between the travellers and the villagers. The latter, covered with blood, were seen scampering home, each with a part of the spoil.

Hunter Tossed Skyward.

A dangerous brute to encounter is the rhinoceros. He is ferocious, swift, strong, with a very tough hide, and whether his foe is man or beast, he is not likely to come out second best in a combat. The following account of what befel a party of travellers will show the fury of this Tropical brute.

The narrator says: "As meat was wanted, several of the party proposed to set off at an early hour to bring in some from the animals we had killed. As I did not like to be left behind, I begged to be allowed to mount a horse and to ride with them. I should have been wiser to have remained quietly at the camp, but I wanted to revisit the scene of our encounter the previous day. Several of the blacks followed behind, who were to be loaded with our spoils. As we neared the spot, I heard my friends exclaiming in various tones: 'Where is it? What has become of the creature?' and, pushing forward, I caught sight of the elephant and the dead lion at a distance, but nowhere was the rhinoceros to be seen. It was very evident that it could not have been killed as we had supposed, and that, having only been stunned, it, at length, recovered itself and had made off.

"Toko, one of the party, cried out that he had discovered its trail, and I saw him hurrying forward, evidently hoping to find the creature. The other blacks meanwhile set to work to cut out the tusks, and select a few slices off such parts of the body as were most to their taste including the feet, the value of which we knew from experience.



"THE ANIMAL SENT HIM INTO THE AIR."

"While they were thus occupied, my three white friends were busy in slaying the lion. I kept my eye on Toko, expecting that, should he discover the rhinoceros, he would summon some of the party to his assistance. I saw him look suspiciously into a thicket, then he turned to fly. The next moment a huge beast rushed out, which I had no doubt was the rhinoceros we fancied that we had killed on the previous day. Toko

made for a tree behind which he could shelter himself. I called to my friends to draw their attention to the danger in which he was placed, but to my dismay before he could reach the tree the rhinoceros was upon him. There was no time to leap either to the one side or the other, but as the animal's sharp horn was about to transfix him, he made a spring as if to avoid it, but he was not in time, and the animal, throwing up his head, sent him and his rifle floating into the air to the height of several feet.

"The rhinoceros then charged on towards the men cutting up the elephant, when my uncle and his companions, having seized their rifles, began blazing away at it. Fortunately, one of their shots took effect, and before it had reached the blacks, down it sank to the ground.

"I had ridden up to the native, expecting to find every bone in his body broken. As I approached, to my satisfaction, I saw him get up, and though he limped somewhat, after shaking himself and picking up his rifle, he declared that he was not much the worse for the fearful toss he had received, and was as ready as ever for work.

"He soon rejoined the rest of the men, and assisted in packing the oxen with the tusks and meat. Some of the flesh of the rhinoceros was also cut off, and with the lion-skin packed up. Rhinoceros meat, though tough, is of good flavor. The portions we carried off were from the upper part of the shoulder and from the ribs, where we found the fat and lean regularly striped to the depth of two inches. Some of the skin was also taken for the purpose of making some fresh ox-whips. We of course carried away the horns, which are about half the value of ivory. Altogether, the adventure which at one time appeared likely to prove so disastrous, afforded us no small amount of booty."

An Extraordinary Animal.

The following description of the rhinoceros, as seen by Speke and Grant, may appropriately be given here :

Both varieties of the African black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the "wait-a-bit" thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished by constant rubbing against the trees. The skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous, thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be sep-

arated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard, and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking-cups, mallets for rifles, and handles for turners' tools. The horn is capable of a very high polish.

The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, but do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keep to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated with bullets hardened with solder. During the day, the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep, or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger.

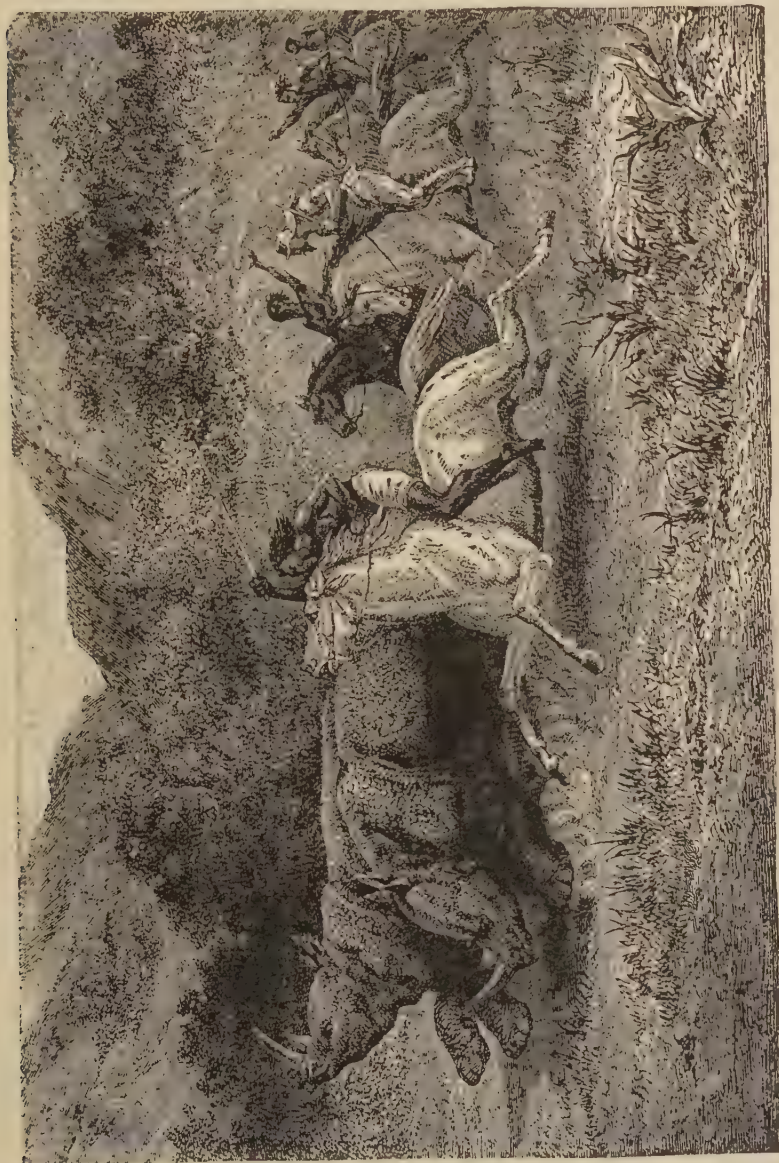
The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plowing up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in the mud, with which their rugged hides are generally encrusted.

A Match for the Swiftest Horse.

Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are much smaller and more active than the white, and are so swift that a horse with a rider on its back can rarely overtake them, yet they are often hunted with horses. Both attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of a much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties.

If we examine the skull of a rhinoceros, we shall find that just under the place where the root of the horn lies, there is a peculiar development of the bone on which the weight of the horn rests. Now, it is well known that of all forms intended to support great weight, the arch is the strongest. Such, then, is the form of the bone which supports the horn; and in order to prevent the jar on the brain which would probably injure the animal when making violent strokes with the horn, one side of the arch is left unsupported by its pillar; so that the whole apparatus presents the appearance of a strong bony spring, which, although very powerful, would

yield sufficiently, on receiving a blow, to guard the animal from the shock which would occur were the horn to be placed directly on the skull.



A DESPERATE RACE

Such a structure as this is not needed in the case of the elephant, as that animal never strikes violently with its tusks, as the rhinoceros does with its horn.

That such is the intention of the structure is well shown by a curious circumstance that took place during a rhinoceros-hunt, and which shows that the animal can suffer severely from a blow on the horn, if that blow is given in a different method from that which the creature is in the habit of enduring.

A Hot Pursuit.

Some hunters were engaged in the pursuit of the rhinoceros, and had roused one of the animals from the thicket in which it was engaged in rubbing itself against the trees, after the usual fashion of the creature.

The skin, although thick, is very sensitive between the folds, and suffers much from the attacks of the mosquitoes and flies. The rhinoceros, to allay the irritation, rubs against trees, and has a curious custom of grunting loudly while performing this operation, and thus guides the hunter to its place of refuge. They are thus enabled to steal through the underwood unperceived, as the animal is too much engaged rubbing his sides to pay any attention to sounds which would at any other time send him off in alarm. By crawling along the ground, after the manner of serpents, they generally contrive to inflict a mortal wound before he is aware of their presence.

In the present case, the hunters were endeavoring to act in the same manner, but the intended victim became alarmed, broke through the wood, and made the best of his way towards a large cane-brake about two miles distant. The whole party pursued him, and the poor animal was speedily overtaken.

The number and severity of the wounds appear to have confused his brain, for instead of keeping his straight course towards the canes, he turned off short, and dashed into a narrow gully without any exit. The ravine was so narrow that he broke to pieces many of the protruding spears as he rushed in, and when he had fairly entered, there was barely room to turn. The assailants now had it all their own way, and one of them standing on the brink of the ravine took aim at his head, and stretched him on the ground apparently lifeless. But scarcely had they done this when the animal recovered from his wound, and struggled upon his knees. Out went the hunters as fast as they could, and had it not been for the presence of mind of one of them, who hamstrung the rhinoceros before he ran away, in all probability several of the men would have forfeited their lives.

Curiosity induced the hunters to search for the wound that had thus stunned the animal, and they naturally expected to find the track of a

ball through the brain, or, at all events, a wound on the skull; but after some search, they found that the ball had only struck the point of the foremost horn, and had carried off about an inch of it.

This is a very curious circumstance, because the blow was a comparatively slight one, and the shocks which the animal inflicts upon itself in the daily occurrences of life must be very severe indeed. But the whole structure of the head and horn is intended to resist heavy blows, while it is not capable of sustaining a sharp, smart shock without conveying the impression to the brain.

Interesting Brutes.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, one of these big beasts was brought to London from Bengal. He was a very costly animal; though only two years old five thousand dollars were expended in providing him with food and drink. Every day he ate seven pounds of rice mixed with three pounds of sugar, divided into three portions. He also ate plentifully of hay, but he much preferred fresh vegetables, grass and herbs. He drank a great deal of water. He was so quiet and well-behaved that he let people handle him, unless he was annoyed, or wanted his breakfast. The well-known specimen in the Zoological Gardens in London couldn't bear the noise of the roller used in keeping the gravel pathway in order which adjoined his den; his hearing was very quick, so that even while enjoying his dinner he stopped, and started aside, to listen.

Bingley gives the following account of a rhinoceros brought to England in 1790. It was then about five years old. It was somewhat tamed; it would walk about when desired to do so by its keeper; it would let visitors pat its back. Its daily allowance was twenty-eight pounds of clover, the same quantity of ship biscuit, and an enormous amount of greens. It was fond of sweet wines, and would drink four or five bottles in a few hours. He made nothing of drinking fifteen pails of water in the course of a day. If he saw a person with fruit or any food that he was fond of, he would ask for a share, in a very pretty manner for so huge a beast, making a noise somewhat like the bleating of a calf. He died of inflammation, caused by slipping the joint of one of his fore legs. Some doctors made openings in his skin, in order to relieve his pain. These were always found quite healed up in the course of twenty-four hours.

There is no doubt that the elephant and rhinoceros sometimes fight together madly, when they are in a wild state. Some years ago there was a specimen in the Regent's Park Gardens, that contrived to get into the

den of an old elephant there. They were afterwards the best friends in the world, and it was amusing to see how quiet the rhinoceros would stand while his great friend scrubbed his back with his trunk, and occasionally gratified himself by a sly pull at his tail, to make the rhinoceros turn his head, if his attention was taken off by visitors.

We have said that the horn is not fastened to the skull, but simply connected with his skin. It is not generally known that it can be removed by passing a sharp knife round its base. The skin is so strong and thick, that it can only be pierced by bullets of a peculiar make. The Negroes of Africa know this perfectly well, and make it into shields and bucklers. His playful antics are somewhat useful; thus he will poke his horn into



PUT TO FLIGHT BY A SUDDEN CHARGE.

the ground, and then driving it along at a great rate, pushing with all his mighty force and strength, he will make a furrow broader and deeper than that of a plough. Those who have watched his habits tell us that he does this, not because he is in a passion, but in the pure enjoyment of health and spirits; just as when a little boy or girl, or dog or kitten scampers about a lawn.

Some species of this animal are wild, and can be easily tamed; the powerful Indian rhinoceros is the shyest, and the double-horned the wildest. Mason, in his work, entitled "Burmah," remarked that the common single-horned rhinoceros is very abundant. The double-horned is not uncommon in the southern provinces; and then he alludes to the

fire-eater of the Burmans, as distinguished from the common single-horned kind. The fire-eating rhinoceros, he tells us, is so called from its attacking the night fires of travellers, scattering the burning embers, and doing other mischief, being attracted by unusual noises, instead of fleeing from them as most wild animals do. Professor Oldham's camp-fire was attacked by a rhinoceros, which he fired at with a two-ounce ball; and three days afterwards the body was found, and proved to be of the two-horned species. The skull of that individual is now in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The commonest of the African rhinoceroses has been known to manifest the same propensity, and so has even the ordinary American tapir. In general, however, the Asiatic two-horned rhinoceros is an exceedingly shy and timid animal, and one of the largest size has been seen to run away from a single wild dog.

The Explorers Meet a Rogue.

Returning to our narrative of Speke and Grant, we find that the Sheikh Magomba did his utmost to detain them, sending his chief, Wazir, in an apparently friendly manner, to beg that they would live in his palace. The bait, however, did not take—Speke knew the rogue too well. Next day the sheikh was too drunk to listen to anyone, and thus day after day passed by. The time was employed in shooting, and a number of animals were killed. Magomba, however, induced nearly all of the porters to decamp, and there was great difficulty in obtaining others to take their places. An old acquaintance, whom they met in a caravan, urged them not to attempt to move, as he thought that it would be impossible for them to pass through the wilderness depending only on Speke and Grant's guns for their support.

Still Speke resolved to push on, and most of the men who had deserted came back. To keep up discipline, one of the porters, who had stolen seventy-three yards of cloth, which was found in his kit, received three dozen lashes, and, being found to be a murderer and a bad character, he was turned out of camp.

They spent New Year's Day at Round Rock, a village occupied by a few Wakimbu, who, by their quiet and domestic manners, made them feel that they were out of the forest. Provisions were now obtained by sending men to distant villages; but they were able to supply the camp with their guns, killing rhinoceros, wild boar, antelope and zebra.

In January they entered Unyamuezi, or the country of the moon, inferior in size to England, but cut up into numerous petty states. The name is abbreviated to Weezee.

Next day they reached Caze, where Speke had remained long on a



GRAND TORCHLIGHT DANCE OF THE WEEZEE.

former visit. His old friend, Musa, came out to meet them, and escorted them to his "tembe," or house, where he invited them to reside till he could find porters to carry their property to Karague, promising to go there with them himself. They found here also Sheikh Snay, who with other Arab merchants, came at once to call on them. Snay told him that he had an army of four hundred slaves prepared to march against the chief, Manua Sera, who was constantly attacking and robbing their caravans. Speke advised him not to make the attempt, as he was likely to get the worst of it. The other Arab merchant agreed that a treaty of peace would be better than fighting.

Musa gave him much information about the journey northward, and promised to supply him with sixty porters from his slave establishment, by which arrangement Speke would have a hundred armed men to form his escort. Musa loudly praised Rumanika, the King of Karague, through whose dominions the expedition was to pass.

Some time, however, was of necessity spent at Caze in making preparations for the journey, the two travellers employing themselves during it in gaining information about the country.

African Etiquette.

The Wanyamuezi, among whom they were residing, are a polite race, having a complete code of etiquette for receiving friends or strangers; drums are beat both on the arrival and departure of great people. When one chief receives another, he assembles the inhabitants of the village, with their drums and musical instruments, which they sound with all their might, and then dance for his amusement. The drum is used, like the bugle, on all occasions; and, when the travellers wished to move, the drums were beaten as a sign to their porters to take up their burdens. The women courtesies to their chief, and men clap their hands and bow themselves. If a woman of inferior rank meets a superior, she drops on one knee and bows her head; the superior then places her hand on the shoulder of the kneeling woman, and they remain in this attitude some moments, whispering a few words, after which they rise and talk freely.

The Wanyamuezi, or, as they are familiarly called, the Weezee, are great traders, and travel to a considerable distance in pursuit of their business.

When a husband returns from a journey, his favorite wife prepares to receive him in a peculiar manner. Having put on all her ornaments, to which she adds a cap of feathers, she proceeds, with her friends, to the principal wife of the chief, when, the lady coming forth, they all dance before her, taking care to be thus occupied when the husband makes

his appearance, a band of music playing away and making as much noise as possible with their instruments.

In February news was brought that Sheikh Snay had carried out his intention of attacking Manua Sera, whom he found esconced in a house at Tura. Manua, however, made his escape, when Snay plundered the whole district, and shot and murdered every one he fell in with, carrying off a number of slaves. The chief, in consequence, threatened to attack Caze as soon as the merchants had gone off on their expeditions in



DANCING PARTY TO WELCOME A RETURNING HUSBAND.

search of ivory. Soon after this it was reported that Snay and other Arabs had been killed, as well as a number of slaves. This proved to be true.

Finding that nothing more could be done at Caze, the travellers, assembling their caravan, commenced their march northward. At Min-inga they were received by an ivory merchant named Sirboko. Here one of Sirboko's slaves, who had been chained up, addressed Speke, pitiously exclaiming: "Oh, my lord, take pity on me! When I was a free man, I saw you on the Tanganyika Lake; my people were there

attacked by the **Watuta**, and, being badly wounded, I was left for dead, when, recovering, I was sold to the Arabs. If you will liberate me, I will never run away, but serve you faithfully." Touched by this appeal, Speke obtained the freedom of the poor man from his master, and he was christened Farham, or Joy, and enrolled among the other free men.

The abominable conduct of the Arabs, who persisted in attacking the natives and devastating the country, placed the travellers in an awkward position. The Hottentots, too, suffered so much from sickness that, as the only hope of saving their lives, it was necessary to send them back to Zanzibar. Speke therefore found it necessary to return to Caze, which he reached in May, leaving Grant, who was ill, behind at Minga.

Horrid Cannibals.

Here we heard of a tribe of cannibals, who, when they cannot get human flesh, give a goat to their neighbors for a dying child, considering such as the best flesh. They are, however, the only cannibals in that district.

They were still in the country of the Weezee, of whose curious customs they had an opportunity of seeing more. Both sexes are inveterate smokers. They quickly manufacture their pipes of a lump of clay and a green twig, from which they extract the pith. They all grow tobacco, the leaves of which they twist up into a thick rope like a hay-band, and then coil it into a flattened spiral, shaped like a target. They are very fond of dancing. Meantime, the elders sit on the ground drinking "pomba." On one of these occasions the chief, who was present, drank more "pomba" than any of the people.

While the party were thus engaged, two lads, with zebra manes tied over their heads, and two bark tubes, formed like huge bassoons, in their hands, leaped into the centre of the dancers, twisting and turning and blowing their horns in the most extraordinary manner. The men, women and children, inspired by the sound of the music, on this began to sing and clap their hands in time.

"Pomba" is a sort of spirituous liquor, produced from a kind of grain grown in the country, which is cultivated by women, who nearly entirely superintend the preparation of the drink.

They received a visit from Sultan Ukulima, of Unyamuezi, a fine hale old man, who was especially fond of this beverage, drinking it all day long. He was pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing when he happened not to be tipsy. Being fond of a practical joke, he used to beg for quinine, which he would mix slyly with "pomba," and then offer

it to his courtiers, enjoying the wry faces they made when partaking of the bitter draught. He used to go round to the houses of his subjects, managing to arrive just as the "pomba"-brewing was finished, when he would take a draught, and then go on to the next. He sometimes sucked it through a reed, just as a sherry cobbler is taken, while one of his slaves held the jar before him.

How "Pomba" is Made.

The women and men do not drink it together. It is the custom of the ladies to assemble in the house of the sultana, and indulge in it in her company.

The women, as has been said, are employed in the cultivation of the grain from which it is made. When it is green, they cut off the ears with a knife. These are then conveyed to the village in baskets, and spread out in the sun to dry. The men next thrash out the grain with long, thin flails. It is afterwards stacked in the form of corn-ricks, raised from the ground on posts, or sometimes it is secured round a tall post, which is stuck upright in the ground, swelling out in the centre somewhat in the shape of a fisherman's float. When required for use, it is pounded in wooden mortars, and afterwards ground between two stones.

Speke reached Mininga again, where he found Grant greatly recovered. During his absence three villagers had been attacked by a couple of lions. The men took to flight, and two gained the shelter of their hut, but the third, just as he was about to enter, was seized by the monsters and devoured.

Difficulties of all sorts beset them: the chief was obtaining porters; Musa, too, who pretended to be so friendly, did not keep faith with them; but, rather than be delayed, Speke paid the beads demanded, and once more set off.

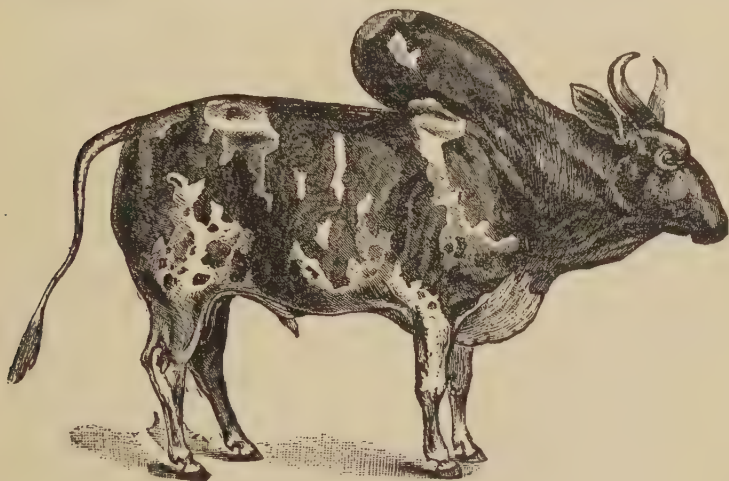
At length he obtained a leader with a droll name, which may be translated the Pig. He had frequently conducted caravans to Karague, and knew the languages of the country. He proved to be what his name betokened—a remarkably obstinate and stupid fellow.

Speke was still detained by the difficulty of procuring porters, some being engaged in harvest, while others declared that they feared the Watuta and other enemies in the districts through which they would have to pass. An Arab caravan which had followed them was in the same condition.

At length, having obtained a part of the number he required, a camp was formed at Phunze, where Grant, with Bombay to attend on him,

remained in charge of part of the baggage, while Speke, with the Pig as his guide and Baraka as his attendant, pushed on ahead. The chiefs of every district through which they passed demanded tribute, without which the travellers could not move forward. This caused numberless provoking delays, as the chiefs were often not content with what was offered to them.

Early in June he arrived in a district governed by a chief called Myonga, famed for his extortions and infamous conduct, in consequence of which no Arabs would pass that way. On approaching his palace, war-drums were heard in every surrounding village. The Pig went forward to obtain terms for the caravan to pass by. Myonga replied that he wished to see a white man, as he had never yet set eyes on one,



PECULIAR AFRICAN BULLOCK.

and would have a residence prepared for him. Speke declined the favor, but sent Baraka to arrange the tribute. Baraka amused himself, as usual, for some hours, with firing off volleys of ammunition, and it was not till evening that the palace drums announced that the tribute had been settled, consisting of six yards of cloth, some beads, and other articles. On this Speke immediately gave orders to commence the march, but two cows had been stolen from the caravan, and the men declared that they would not proceed without getting them back. Speke knew that if he remained more cloths would be demanded, and as soon as the cows arrived he gave them to the villagers.

This raised a mutiny among his men, and the Pig would not show the way, nor would a single porter lift his load. Speke would not enter the

village, and his party remained, therefore outside all night. The next morning, as he expected, Myonga sent his prime minister, who declared that the ladies of his court had nothing to cover their nakedness, and that something more must be paid. This caused fresh difficulties, the drums beat, and at length, much against his inclination, Speke paid some more yards of cloth for the sake of Grant, who might otherwise have been annoyed by the scoundrel.

The "Pig's" Dishonest Tricks.

This is a specimen of some of the lighter difficulties which the travellers had to encounter on their journey. Having passed a number of villages, they entered a tract of jungle in which a stream formed the boundary between the great country of the Moon and the kingdom of Uzinga. The district Speke next entered was ruled by two chieftains descended from Abyssinians. They were as great extortioners, however, as any of the pure Negro race.

The Pig continued his tricks, and the travellers were heavily taxed and robbed at every step. The porters, too, refused to advance, declaring that they should be murdered, as the Watuta, their great enemies, were out on a foray; finally, they ran away and hid themselves. These Watutu, they said, were desperate fellows, who had invaded their country and killed their wives and children, and had despoiled them of everything they held dear. Baraka also showed the white feather. Speke, however, put on a bold front, and declared that he would return to Caze and collect men who would not be afraid to accompany him to Usui. He carried his plan into execution, rejoined Grant, and obtained two fresh guides, Bui and Nasib, a steady old traveller. Still he was unable to obtain fresh porters to carry on his baggage, and he was once more obliged to part from Grant.

Alarming News.

Having gone some way, Speke was taking seriously ill, while, again, his guides refused to proceed. This occurred while he was in the district of a chief, named Lumeresi, who insisted on his coming to his village, feeling jealous that he had remained in that of another inferior chief. Lumeresi was not in when Speke arrived, but on his return, at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket, in reply to which Speke fired three shots. The chief, however, though he pretended to be very kind, soon began to beg for everything he saw. Speke, who felt that his best chance of recovering from his illness was change of air, ordered his men to prepare a hammock in which he might be conveyed. Although he had already given the chief a handsome

tribute, consisting of a red blanket, and a number of pretty, common cloths for his children, no sooner did he begin to move than Lumeresi placed himself in his way and declared that he could not bear the idea of his white visitor going to die in the jungle. His true object, however, was to obtain a robe which Speke had determined not to give him. However, at length, rather than be detained, he presented the only one which he had preserved for the great chief, Rumanika, into whose territories he was about to proceed. Scarcely had the chief received it, than he insisted on a further tribute, exactly double what had previously been given him. Again Speke yielded, and presented a number of brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths, and a hundred necklaces of coral beads, which were to pay for Grant as well as himself.

When about to march, however, Bui and Nasib were not to be found. On this, Speke determined to send back Bombay to Caze for fresh guides and interpreters, who were to join Grant on their return.

In the meantime, while lying in a fearfully weak condition, reduced almost to a skeleton, he was startled, at midnight, out of his sleep by hearing the hurried tramp of several men. They proved to be Grant's porters, who, in short excited sentences, told him that they had left Grant standing under a tree with nothing but a gun in his hand; that his Wanguana porters had been either killed or driven away, having been attacked by Myonga's men, who had fallen upon the caravan and shot, speared, and plundered the whole of it.

CHAPTER VII.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.

African Village—Shelling Corn—Furniture in a Native's Hut—Peculiar Social Customs—Evening Dance—A Favorite Game—Weezee Boys and Their Bows and Arrows—Singular Mode of Shooting—Affectionate Greetings—Fine Models of the Human Form—Treatment of Slaves—A Happy Release—Avaricious Arabs—Horrible Punishments Inflicted Upon Offenders—Attacked by Black Robbers—Little Rohan, the Sailor—Boy's Bravery—Shooting Thieves—Speke and Grant at Karague—Combats with Wild Animals—Beautiful Scenery—Interesting Family of a King—Royal Fit of Merriment—Famous Fat Wives—Mode of Fattening Women—Models of Beauty—Amusement in the Palace—A King's Levee—Measuring a very Fat Lady—Desperate Battle with a Hippopotamus—Mountain Gazelles—The Wonderful White Man—A King's Astonishment at Gunpowder—Women Beating the War Drum—Musical Instruments—Wild Musician—Grotesque Band of Music—A Merry Christmas—Speke on His Way to Uganda—Messengers from King Mtesa—A Remarkably Rich Country—Mountains of the Moon—Droll Customs of Savages—Frightening Away the Devil—Interview with King Mtesa—A Black Queen—The King Shoots an Adjutant-bird—Wild and Fantastic Scene—A Famous Colonel—Arrival of Grant—The Explorers Pushing Forward—Speke Loses One of His Men—Arrival at the Banks of the Nile—Singular Conveyances—Brutal Attack of Natives—Speke and Grant at the End of Their Journey—The Explorers Arrive in England—Important Discoveries of Speke and Grant.

WE must now return to Captain Grant, who had been left in the Unyamuezi country, about which, during his stay, he made numerous observations.

"In a Weezee village," he tells us, "there are few sounds to disturb the traveller's night rest. The horn of the new-comers, and the reply to it from a neighboring village, an accidental alarm, the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child occasionally, however, broke the stillness. At dawn the first sounds were the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirruping of sparrows (which might have reminded him of America). Soon afterwards would be heard the pestle and mortar shelling corn, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the neighboring palm-grove." The huts were shaped like hay-stacks, dark within as the hold of a ship. A few earthen jars, tattered skins, old bows and arrows, with some cups of grass, gourds, and perhaps a stool, constitute the furniture.

Different tribes vary greatly in appearance. Grant describes some as

very handsome. He mentions two Nyambo girls, who, in the bloom of youth, sat together with their arms affectionately twined round each other's neck, and, when asked to separate that they might be sketched, their arms were dropped at once, showing their necks and busts to be of the finest form. Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over their ears by a broad band from the skin of a milk-white cow, which contrasted strangely with their transparent, light-copper skins. The Waha women are like them, having tall, erect, graceful figures and intelligent features.



SOCIAL AMUSEMENT AMONG THE WEEZEES.

An Arab trader, whom they had met, had sixty wives, who lived together in a double-poled tent, with which he always travelled. One of them was a Watusi, a beautiful tall girl, with large, dark eyes, and the smallest mouth and nose, with thin lips and small hands. Her noble race will never become slaves, preferring death to slavery.

Inside each Weezee village there is a club-house, or "iwansa," as it is called. This is a structure much larger than those which are used for dwelling-houses, and is built in a different manner. One of these

iwansas, which was visited by Captain Grant, was a long, low room, twelve by eighteen feet, with one door, a low, flat roof, well blackened with smoke, and no chimney. Along its length there ran a high inclined bench, on which cow-skins were spread for men to take their seats. Huge drums were hung in one corner, and logs smouldered on the floor.

Into this place strangers are ushered when they first enter the village, and here they reside until a house can be appropriated to them. Here the young men all gather at the close of day to hear the news and join in that interminable talk which seems one of the chief joys of a native African. Here they perform kindly offices to each other, such as pulling out the hairs of the eyelashes and eyebrows with their curious little tweezers, chipping the teeth into the correct form and painting on the cheeks and temples the peculiar marks which designate their clan.

Favorite Games.

Smoking and drinking also go on largely in the iwansa, and here the youths indulge in various games. One of these games is exactly similar to the one which has been introduced into England. Each player has a stump of Indian corn, cut short, which he stands on the ground in front of him. A rude sort of tectotum is made of a gourd and a stick, and is spun among the corn-stumps, the object of the game being to knock down the stump belonging to the adversary. This is a favorite game, and elicits much noisy laughter and applause, not only from the actual players, but from the spectators who surround them.

In front of the iwansa the dances are conducted. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid down, and the Weezees arrange themselves along it, the tallest man always taking the place of honor in the middle. When they have arranged themselves, the drummers strike up their noisy instruments, and the dancers begin a strange chant, which is more like a howl than a song. They swing their hands, stamp vigorously, and are pleased to think that they are dancing. The male spectators encourage their friends by joining in the chorus.

The Weeze boys are amusing little fellows, and have quite a talent for games. Of course they imitate the pursuits of their fathers, such as shooting with small bows and arrows, jumping over sticks at various heights, pretending to shoot game, and other amusements. Some of the elder lads convert their play into reality, by making their bows and arrows large enough to kill the pigeons and other birds which fly about them. They also make very creditable imitations of the white man's gun, tying two pieces of cane together for the barrels, modelling the stock, hammer, and trigger-guard out of clay, and imitating the smoke by

tufts of cotton wool. That they are kind-hearted boys is evident from the fact that they have tame birds in cages, and spend much time in teaching them to sing.

The Wanyamuezi treat the Watusi with great respect. When two people of these tribes meet, the former presses his hands together, the Watusi uttering a few words in a low voice. If a Watusi man meets a



YOUNG WEEZEE SHOOTING PIGEONS.

woman of his own tribe, she lets her arms fall by her side, while he gently presses them below the shoulders, looking affectionately in her face.

The class of Arabs met with were a most degraded set : instead of improving the country, they brought ruin upon it by their imperiousness and cruelty. All traded in slaves and generally treated them most harshly. Several gangs were met with in chains. Each slave was dressed

in a single goat's skin, and at night they kept themselves warm by lying near a fire. Never, by day or night, is the chain unfastened; should one of them require to move, the whole must accompany him. All ate together boiled sweet potato, or the leaves of the pumpkin plant, and were kept in poor condition to prevent their becoming troublesome.

Any meat or bones left from the travellers' dinners were therefore given them, and accepted thankfully. One gang was watched over by a small lad, whose ears had been cut off, and who treated them with unfeeling coarseness. A sick slave having recovered, it was the boy's duty to chain him to his gang again, and it was grievous to see the rough way he used the poor, emaciated creature.

They had not much work to do, the sole object of the owner being to keep them alive and prevent their running away till sold at the coast. They generally looked sullen and full of despair; but occasionally, at night, they danced and became even riotous, till a word from the earless imp restored them to order.

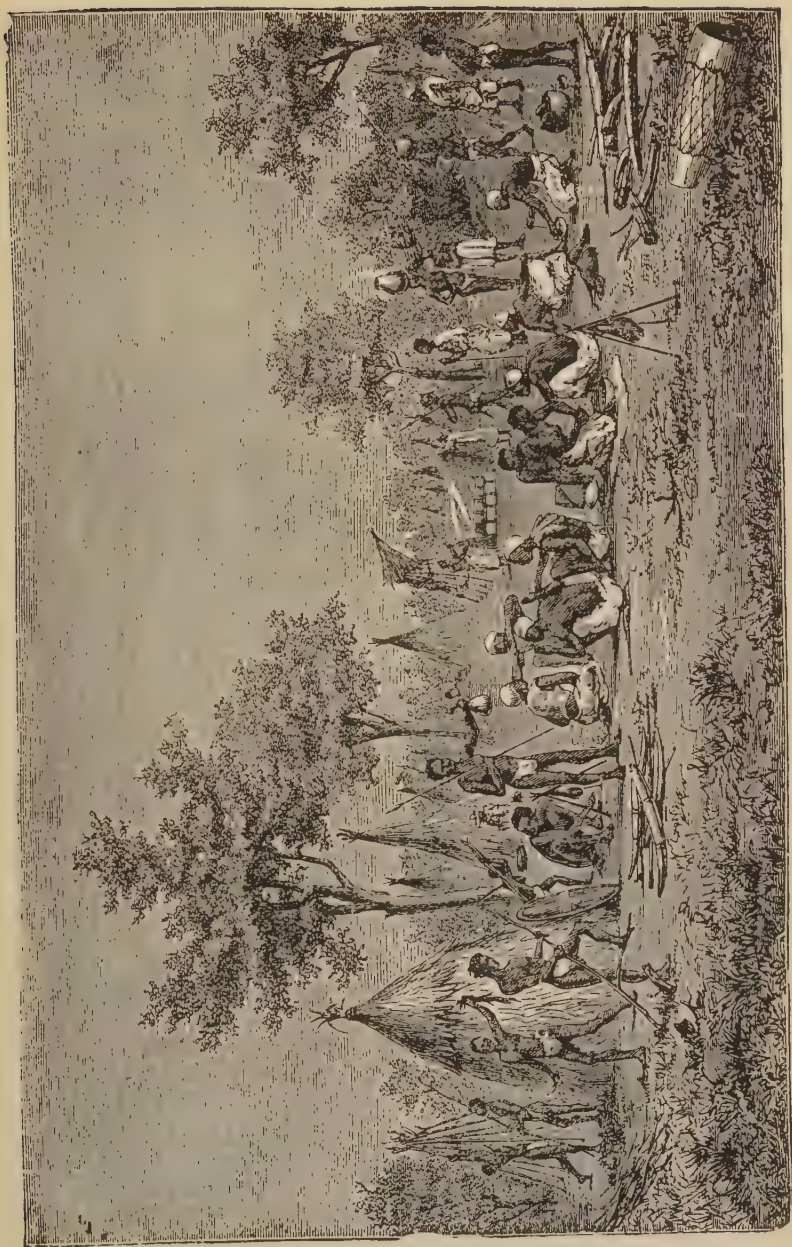
A Happy Release.

Among them was a poor fellow who had been five years in chains. The travellers took compassion on him, and released him from bondage. His chains were struck off with a hammer, and, once on his feet, a freed-man, he seemed scarcely to believe the fact, when, however, attired in a clean calico shirt, he strutted about and soon came to make his new master his best bow. On his body were numerous spear-wounds. He had been captured by the Watuta, who had cut off several of his toes. This man never deserted them during the journey, accompanying them to Cairo, having gained the character of a faithful servant.

The Arab in Africa takes presents for everything he does, and it was believed that the white men would do the same. If a bullet was extracted, a gun repaired, an old sultan physicked, or the split lobe of an ear mended, a cow or cows were at hand to be paid when the task was finished.

When slaves were brought for sale and declined by the Englishmen, the natives could not understand their indifference to such traffic, but would turn from them with a significant shrug, as much as to say: "Why are you here then?"

The most horrible punishments are inflicted on those who offend against the laws of the country. A woman and lad, who had been accused of bewitching the sultan's brother, were found with their arms tied behind them, writhing in torture on their faces. No sympathy was shown them from the jeering crowd. The lad at last cried out: "Take



AN IVORY MERCHANT'S CAMP.

me to the forest, I know an hero remedy." He was allowed to go, while the woman was kept in the stocks near the sick patient. The lad was put to death, and Captain Grant suspected, tortured before a fire. Another man, for a crime in the sultan's harem, was stripped, tied to railings, and his person smeared with grease and covered with greased rags, which were then set fire to, when he was dragged forth to a huge fire outside the village. On his way, spears were darted at him by the son and daughter-in-law of the sultan, and when he fell he was dragged out by one leg.

Attacked by Black Robbers.

Grant had the same difficulties in moving that Speke had experienced. At length he got away, but as he was passing through the territory of Sultan Myonga, his men moving in Indian file, a band of two hundred natives, armed with spears and bows and arrows, burst upon him, springing over the ground like cats. The uplifted spears and the shouts of the robbers frightened the porters, who gave up their loads and attempted to escape from the ruffians, who were pulling their clothes and loads from them. Grant endeavored without bloodshed to prevent this, but, as he had only one of his gun-men and two natives by him, he could do nothing. Little Rohan the sailor, one of his Zambesi men, was found with his rifle in hand at full cock, defending two loads against five men. He had been urged to fly for his life. The property, he answered, was his life. Grant made his way, however, to Myonga, seeing as he went the natives dressed out in the stolen clothes of his men. Though honor was dear, the safety of the expedition was so likewise, and one false step would have endangered it.

Myonga pretended to be very indignant, and said that he had cut off the hand of one of his men, and promised that the property should be restored. Some of the loads were given back, but others had been broken open and rifled, and the chief demanded an enormous tribute for permitting Grant to proceed. This was the origin of the alarming intelligence Captain Speke had received.

At length the two travellers united their forces, and together they continued their journey towards Karague. To reach it they had first to pass through the province of Usui, the chief of which, Suwarora, pillaged them as usual. Here the little grass-hut villages were not fenced by a stockade but were hidden in large fields of plantains. Cattle were numerous, kept by the Wahuma, who would not sell their milk, because the Englishmen eat fowls. Their camp, night after night, was attacked by thieves. One night, as Speke was taking an observation, a party of these rascals

enquired of two of the women of the camp what he was about. While the latter were explaining, the thieves whipped off their clothes and ran away with them, leaving the poor creatures in a state of absolute nudity.

Shooting Thieves.

Speke had not taken much notice of the goats and other things which had been stolen, but, in consequence of this, he ordered his men to shoot any thieves who came near. A short time afterwards, another band approaching, one of the men was shot, who turned out to be a magician, and was till then thought invulnerable. He was tracked by his blood, and afterwards died of his wound. The next day some of Speke's men were lured into the huts of the natives by an invitation to dinner, but, when they got them there, they stripped them stark naked and let them go again. At night the same rascals stoned the camp. After this another thief was shot dead and two others were wounded. Bombay and Baraka gave their masters also a good deal of trouble. The former, who was looked upon as an excellent fellow, more than once got very drunk, and stole their property in order to purchase a wife for himself, besides which the two men quarrelled desperately with each other.

At length, however, the travellers got free of Usui and the native guard who had been sent to see them over the borders, and entered Karague, to their great relief and happiness.

They had now, for some distance, wild animals alone to contend with, and these they well knew how to manage. There was often danger, as for instance, one day when they were hunting a lioness, she suddenly turned and with tremendous fury charged at her foes. Nothing but a lucky shot saved them.

Soon after pitching their tent they were greeted by an officer sent by the king, Rumanika, to escort them through his country. He informed them that the village officers were instructed to supply them with food at the king's expense, as there were no taxes gathered from strangers in the kingdom of Karague.

Beautiful Scenery.

The country was hilly, wild, and picturesque, the higher slopes dotted with thick bushes of acacias, the haunts of the white and black rhinoceros, while in the valley were large herds of harte-beestes. The further they proceeded into the country, the better they liked it, as the people were all kept in good order. A beautiful lake was seen, which at first they supposed to be a portion of the Nyanza, but it proved to be a separate lake, to which the name of Windermere was given.

They now attained the delightful altitude of five thousand odd feet, the



COMBAT WITH AN ENRAGED LIONESS.

atmosphere at night feeling very cool. Away to the west some bold sky-scraping cones were observed, and, on making enquiries, Speke was convinced that those distant hills were the great turn-point of the Central African water-shed. Numerous travellers, whom he collected round him, gave him assistance in forming his map. He was surprised at the amount of information about distant places which he was able to obtain from these intelligent men.

As they approached the palace, the king, Rumanika, sent them a supply of excellent tobacco and beer manufactured by his people. On drawing near his abode, the bearers were ordered to put down their loads and fire a salute, and the two travellers at once received an invitation to visit the king. He was found sitting cross-legged with his brother, both men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab black robe; he wore on his legs numerous rings of rich colored beads, and neatly-worked wristlets of copper. His brother, being a doctor of high credit, was covered with charms; he wore a checked cloth wrapped round him. Large clay pipes were at their sides, ready for use. In their rear sat the king's sons, as quiet as mice.

The king greeted them warmly and affectionately, and in an instant both travellers felt that they were in the company of men who were totally unlike the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. They shook hands in the American style, the ever-smiling king wishing to know what they thought of his country. He observed that he considered his mountains the finest in the world: "And the lake, too; did not they admire it?" He seemed a very intelligent man, and enquired how they found their way over the world, which led to a long story, describing the proportions of land and water, the way ships navigate the ocean, and convey even elephants and the rhinoceros to fill the menageries of Europe and America.

A Fit of Merriment.

He gave them their choice of having quarters in his palace or pitching their tents outside. They selected a spot overlooking the lake, on account of the beautiful view. The young princes were ordered to attend on them, one of whom, seeing Speke seated in an iron chair, rushed back to his father with the intelligence. Speke was accordingly requested to return, that he might exhibit the white man sitting on his throne. Rumanika burst into a fresh fit of merriment at seeing him, and afterwards made many enlightened remarks.

On another visit Speke told the king that if he would send two of his

children, he would have them instructed in England, for he admired his race, and believed them to have sprung from the friends of the English. the Abyssinians, who were Christians, and had not the Wahuma lost their knowledge of God, they would be so likewise. A long theological and historical discussion ensued, which so pleased the king that he said he would be delighted if Speke would take two of his sons to England. He then enquired what could induce them to leave their country and travel, when Speke replied that they had had their fill of the luxuries of life, and that their great delight was to observe and admire the beauties of creation, but especially their wish was to pay visits to the kings of Africa, and in particular his Majesty. He then promised that they should have boats to convey them over the lake, with musicians to play before them.

In the afternoon Speke, having heard that it was the custom to fatten



A HAPPY NATIVE.

up the wives of the king and princes to such an extent that they could not stand upright, paid a visit to the king's eldest brother. On entering the hut, he found the old chief and his wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, while in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk. Speke was received by the prince with great courtesy, and was especially struck by the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife.

She could not rise. So large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung like large loose bags. Then came in their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They were delighted in looking over his picture-books and making enquiries about them. The prince, pointing to his wife, observed: "This is all the product of those pots, as, from

early youth upwards, we keep those pots to their mouths, being the custom of the court to have very fat wives."

The king, having supposed that the travellers had been robbed of all their goods, was delighted with the liberal presents he received, above all that of a coat of handsome scarlet broadcloth. He told them that they might visit every part of his country, and when the time arrived for proceeding to Uganda, he would escort them to the boundary.

Altogether, Rumanika was the most intelligent and best-looking ruler the travellers met with in Africa. He had nothing of the African in his appearance, except that his hair was short and wooly. He was fully six feet two inches in height, and the expression of his countenance was mild and open. He was fully clothed in a robe made of small antelope-skins and another of dark cloth, always carrying, when walking, a long staff in his hand. His four sons were favorable specimens of their race, especially the eldest, named Chunderah. He was somewhat of a dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than his brothers. From the tuft of wool left unshaven on the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except when his arms and neck were decorated with charmed horns, strips of otter-skins, shells, and bands of wool.

Amusement in the Palace.

He was fond of introducing Friz, Speke's head-man, into the palace, that he might amuse his sisters with his guitar, and in return the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karague music. The youngest son was the greatest favorite, and on one occasion, the travellers having presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, were much amused with the dignified way in which he walked off, having coaxed them on to his fingers.

Rumanika, contrary to the usual African custom, was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely on milk, merely sucking the juice of boiled beef. He scarcely ever touched plantain wine or beer, and had never been known to be intoxicated. The people were generally excessively fond of this wine, the peasants especially drinking large quantities of it.

One of the most curious customs which Rumanika holds in his character of high priest, is his new-moon levee, which takes place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon the king adorns himself with a plume of feathers on his head, a huge white beard descending to his breast. He takes post behind a screen. Before him are arranged forty long drums on the ground, on the head of each of which is painted a white cross. The drummers stand each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their

leader, who has a couple of small drums slung round his neck. The leader raises first his right arm and then his left, the performers imitating him, when he brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, they doing the same, until the noise is scarcely to be endured. This having continued for some hours, with the addition of smaller drums and other musical instruments, the chiefs advance in succession, leaping and gesticulating, and shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign. Having finished their performance, they kneel before him, holding out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, then, retiring, make room for others.

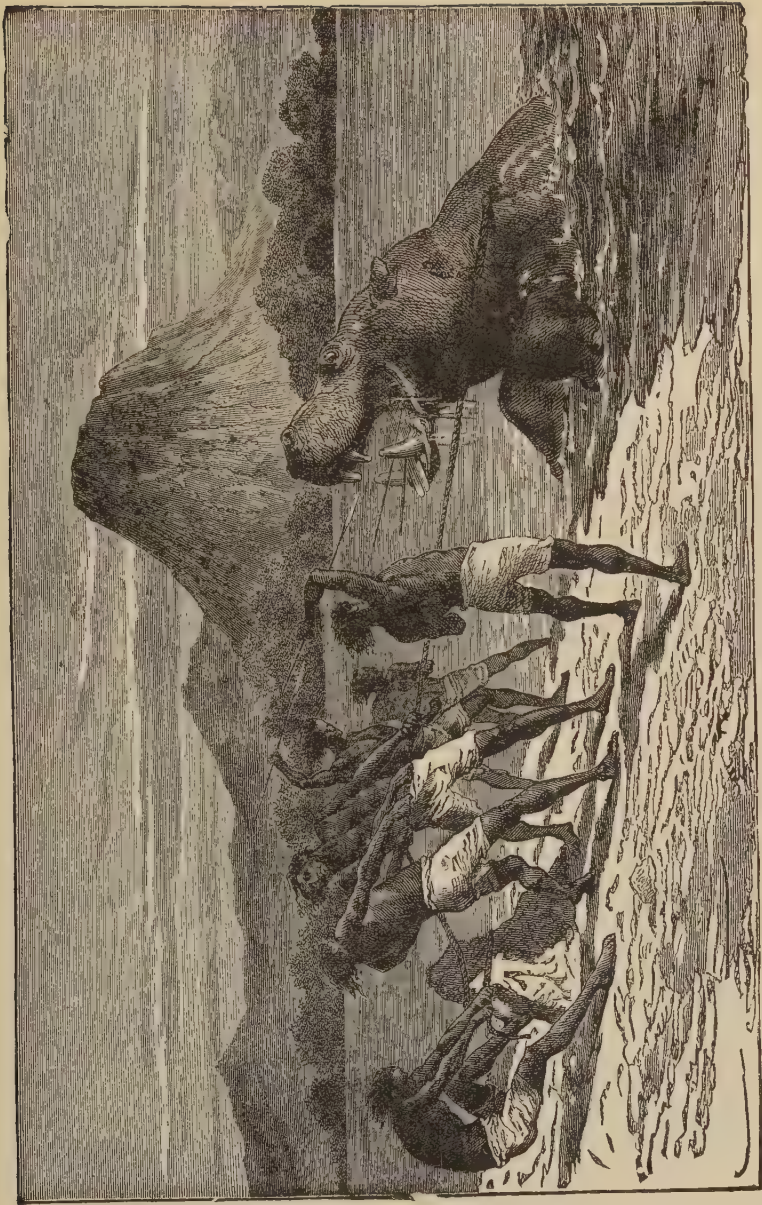
Civilized as the country is in some respects, marriage is a matter of barter between the father and the intended husband, the former receiving cows, slaves, sheep, etc., for his daughter. Should, however, a bride not approve of her husband, by returning the marriage gifts she is again at liberty. The chief ceremony at marriages consists in tying up the bride in a skin, blackened all over, and carrying her with a noisy procession to her husband.

Measuring a Very Fat Lady.

The ladies of this country lead an easy life in many respects, their chief object, apparently, being to get as fat as possible. Many of them succeed wonderfully well, in consequence of their peculiar constitution, or from the food they eat being especially nutritious. Five of Rumanika's wives were so enormous that they were unable to enter the door of any ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. One of his sisters-in-law was of even still greater proportions. Speke measured her; round her arm was one foot eleven inches; chest, four feet four inches; thigh, two feet seven inches; calf, one foot eight inches; height, five feet eight inches.

He could have obtained her height more accurately could he have had her laid on the floor; but, knowing the difficulties he would have had to contend with in such a piece of engineering, he tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertion, was accomplished, when she sank down again, fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat before them, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is one of the first duties of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. The features of the damsel were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball.

The women turn their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads it is usual to purchase a certain quantity of food, which shall



LANDING AN ENORMOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

be paid for by a belt of beads that will go round the waist. The women of Karague being on an average twice as large round the waist as those of other districts, food practically rises a hundred per cent. in price. Notwithstanding their fatness their features retain much beauty, the face being oval and the eyes fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are modest not only wearing cow-skin petticoats, but a wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelop their whole bodies, merely allowing one hand to be seen.

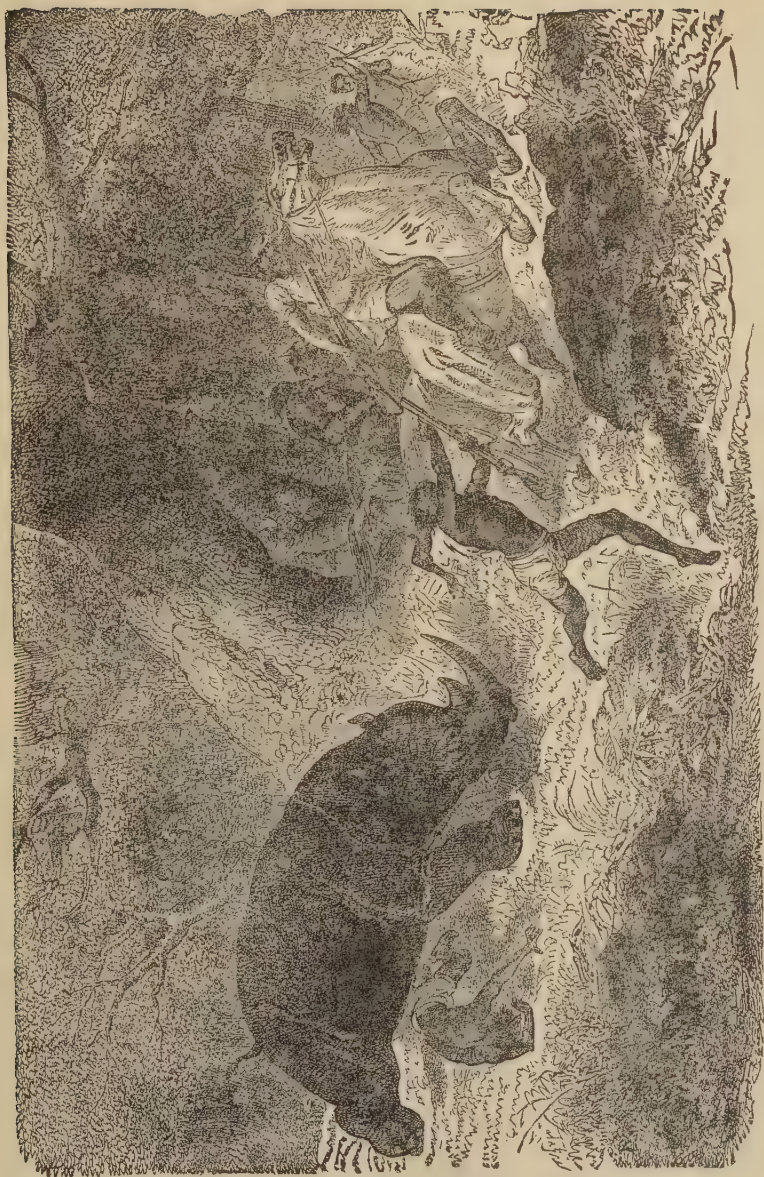
The travellers were allowed to move about the country as they liked, and the king sent his sons to attend on them, that they might enjoy such sport as was to be found. They heard of no elephants in that district, but harte-beestes, rhinoceros, and hippopotami were common.

Desperate Battle With the River-horse.

The exciting capture of the last-named beast furnishes material for many exciting tales of adventure. A traveller alludes to the custom the natives have of throwing sand into the animal's eyes. Blinded for the time, smarting, and assailed at his most sensitive point, the hippopotamus plunged back into the stream to lave his eyes, and the natives could not withstand his strength, even if the now doubled and firmly twisted together harpoon lines would have borne the strain, so they slacked away as he pulled, waiting until he was quiet to haul away again, and drag him to the bank. To this the out-manœuvred brute was foolishly nothing loath, and, having cleansed the sand from his eyes, rushed back to the fight, his black and savage heart eager for the destruction of his tormentors. Again, however, was he put to flight as before. Streaming with blood, spouting it in torrents from his mouth and through his nostrils, although he crunched the lance shafts like so many straws, yet the blades remained deep in his throat and vitals, whilst many a deadly thrust had been given behind his shoulder-blades.

So the fight went on for nearly two hours, the huge animal's attacks being always frustrated by the sand-throwing, while every appearance he made above the water was the signal to receive numerous fresh wounds. At length, fairly exhausted, his fierce energy and mighty strength alike subdued, he was dragged and held as far out of the water as it was possible to pull so great a weight; what was gained was retained by taking a round-turn with the end of the rope about a neighboring piece of rock, and then the animal was secured. The natives value the hippopotamus for his hide, his flesh, and his ivory.

One day Captain Grant saw two harte-beestes engaged in a desperate combat, halting calmly between each round to breathe. He could hear,



INFURIATED RHINOCEROS ROUTING HIS FOES

even at a considerable distance, the force of every butt as their heads met, and, as they fell on their knees, the impetus of the attack, sending their bushy tails over their backs, till one, becoming the victor, chased the other out of the herd.

Several varieties of antelope and the mountain gazelle were seen bounding over the hills. Pigs abounded in the low grounds, and hippopotami in the lake.

Captain Speke went out in search of rhinoceros, accompanied by the prince, with a party of beaters. In a short time he discovered a fine male, when, stealing between the bushes, he gave him a shot which made him trot off, till, exhausted by loss of blood, he lay down to die. The young princes were delighted with the effect of the Englishman's gun, and, seizing both his hands, congratulated him on his successes.

A second rhinoceros was killed after receiving two shots. While pursuing the latter, three appeared, who no sooner sighted Speke, than they all charged at him in line. His gun-bearers, however, were with him, and, taking his weapons, he shot the three animals in turn. One dropped down a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom of the hill. One kept charging with so much fury that they could not venture to approach till Speke had given him a second ball, which brought him to the ground. Every man then rushed at the creature, sending his spear or arrow into his sides until he sank like a porcupine covered with quills.

The Wonderful White Man.

The heads were sent to the king, to show what the white man could do. Rumanika exhibited the greatest astonishment, declaring that something more potent than powder had been used; for, though the Arabs talk of their shooting powers, they could not have accomplished such a feat. "It is no wonder," he added, "that the English are the greatest men in the world."

Rumanika, like great men in other countries, had his private band. The instruments were of a somewhat primitive character, while the musicians differed in appearance considerably from those of America. The most common instruments are the drums, which vary greatly in size: one hung to the shoulder is about four feet in length, and one in width. It is played with the fingers, like the Indian "tom-tom." The drums used at the new-moon reception are of the same shape, but very much larger. The war-drum is beaten by women. At its sound the men rush to arms, and repair to their several quarters. There are also several stringed instruments. One of these, which Captain Grant de-

scribes, was played by an old woman ; it had seven notes, six of which were a perfect scale. Another, which had three strings, was played by a man : they were a full, harmonious chord. A third instrument called the "nanga," formed of dark wood, in the shape of a tray, had three crosses in the bottom, and was laced with one string, seven or eight times, over bridges at either end.

The prince sent the best player to be found to entertain his guest. The man entered, dressed in the usual Wanyambo costume, looking a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of his



PECULIAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

hut, he took a "nanga" from under his arm and began playing, his wild yet gentle music with words, attracting a number of admirers. It was about a favorite dog, and for days afterwards the people sang that dog song.

They have two wind instruments, one resembling a flageolet, and another a bugle. The latter is composed of several pieces of gourd, fitted one into another, in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin.

Rumanika's band was composed of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles, and the other two hand-drums. On the march they form in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, swaying their bodies in time

to the music, while the leader advances with a curiously active step, touching the ground alternately with each knee. They also, when the king rested on a march, or when out hunting, played before him, while he sat on the ground and smoked his pipe.

The Wahuma, like most Africans, have great faith in the power of charms, and believe that by their means persons can be rendered invulnerable. They also believe in the constant presence of departed souls, supposing that they exercise a good or evil influence over those whom they have known in life. When a field is blighted or a crop does not promise well, a gourd is placed in the pathway; passengers set up a wailing cry, which they intend as a prayer to the spirits to give a good crop to their mourning relatives. Rumanika, in order to propitiate the spirit of his father, was in the habit of sacrificing annually a cow on his tomb, and also of placing offerings on it of corn and wine. These and many other instances show that, though their minds are dark and misguided, the people possess religious sentiments which might afford encouragement to missionaries of the gospel.

A Merry Christmas.

The commencement of 1862 found the travellers still guests of the enlightened king. Hearing that it was the English custom on Christmas Day to have an especially good dinner, he sent an ox. Captain Speke in return paid him a visit. He offered him the compliments of the season, and reminded him that he was of the old stock of Abyssinians, who were among the oldest Christians on record, and that he hoped the time would come when white teachers would visit his country, to instruct him in the truths which he and his people had forgotten.

Active preparations were now made for the departure of the travellers, but unhappily Captain Grant was suffering from so severe a complaint in one of his legs, that he was compelled to remain behind, under the protection of the hospitable sovereign, while Speke set off for Uganda.

About the middle of January a large escort of smartly-dressed men, women, and boys, leading their dogs and playing their reeds, under the command of Maula, arrived from Mtesa, King of Uganda, to conduct the travellers to his capital. Maula informed them that the king had ordered his officers to supply them with everything they wanted while passing through his country, and that there would be nothing to pay.

Speke set forth, in the hopes that before long he should settle the great Nile problem for ever. It was, however, not believed that he would be able to proceed north from Uganda, Rumanika especially declaring that he would be compelled to return to the southward.

Passing through a remarkably rich country, famous for its ivory and coffee productions, they descended from the Mountains of the Moon to an alluvial plain, where Rumanika keeps thousands of cows. Once elephants abounded here, but, since the increase of the ivory trade, these animals had been driven off to the distant hills.

They soon reached the Kitangule River, which falls into the Victoria Nyanza. It was about eighty yards broad and so deep that it could not be poled by the canoe-men, while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour. It is fed from the high-seated springs in the Mountains of the Moon. Speke believed that the Mountains of the Moon give birth to the Congo as well as the Nile, and also the Shire branch of the Zambesi.

Frightening Away the Devil.

The country through which they passed was a perfect garden of plantations, surprisingly rich, while along the banks of the river numberless harte-beestes and antelopes were seen.

At a village, where they were compelled to stop two days, drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing went on the whole time, during the night as well as day, to drive the "phopo," or devil, away. In front of a hut sat an old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of beer in their laps, while people came, bringing baskets full of plantain squash and more pots of beer. Hundreds of them were collected in the court-yard, all perfectly drunk, making the most terrific uproar.

The king sent messengers expressing his desire to see the white man. Speke now sent back to Grant, earnestly urging him to come on if he possibly could, as he had little doubt that they would be able to proceed across the country to the northward. On approaching the capital, a messenger came to say that the king, who, by the way, is our old friend Mtesa, was so eager to meet the white man that he would not taste food until he had seen him.

Speke won his favor by blistering and doctoring him. He managed to keep up his own dignity by refusing to submit when improperly treated. He also gained great credit with the monarch by exhibiting his skill as a sportsman; and Mtesa was delighted to find that after a little practice he himself could kill birds and animals. He did not, however, confine himself to shooting at the brute creation, but occasionally killed a man or woman who might have been found guilty of some crime.

A Black Queen.

After he had been some time in the palace, he was introduced to the queen dowager. Her majesty was fat, fair, and forty-five. He found her

seated in the front part of her hut, on a carpet, her elbow resting on a pillow. An iron rod, like a spit, with a cup on the top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands were placed before the entrance, and within the room four sorceresses, or devil-drivers, fantastically dressed, with a mass of other women, formed the company. They being dismissed, a band of musicians came in, when beer was drunk by the queen, and handed to her visitor and high officers and attendants. She smoked her pipe, and bid Speke to smoke his. She required doctoring, and Speke had many opportunities of seeing her, so completely winning her regard that she insisted on presenting him with various presents, among others a couple of wives, greatly to his annoyance. She appeared to be a jovial and intelligent personage.

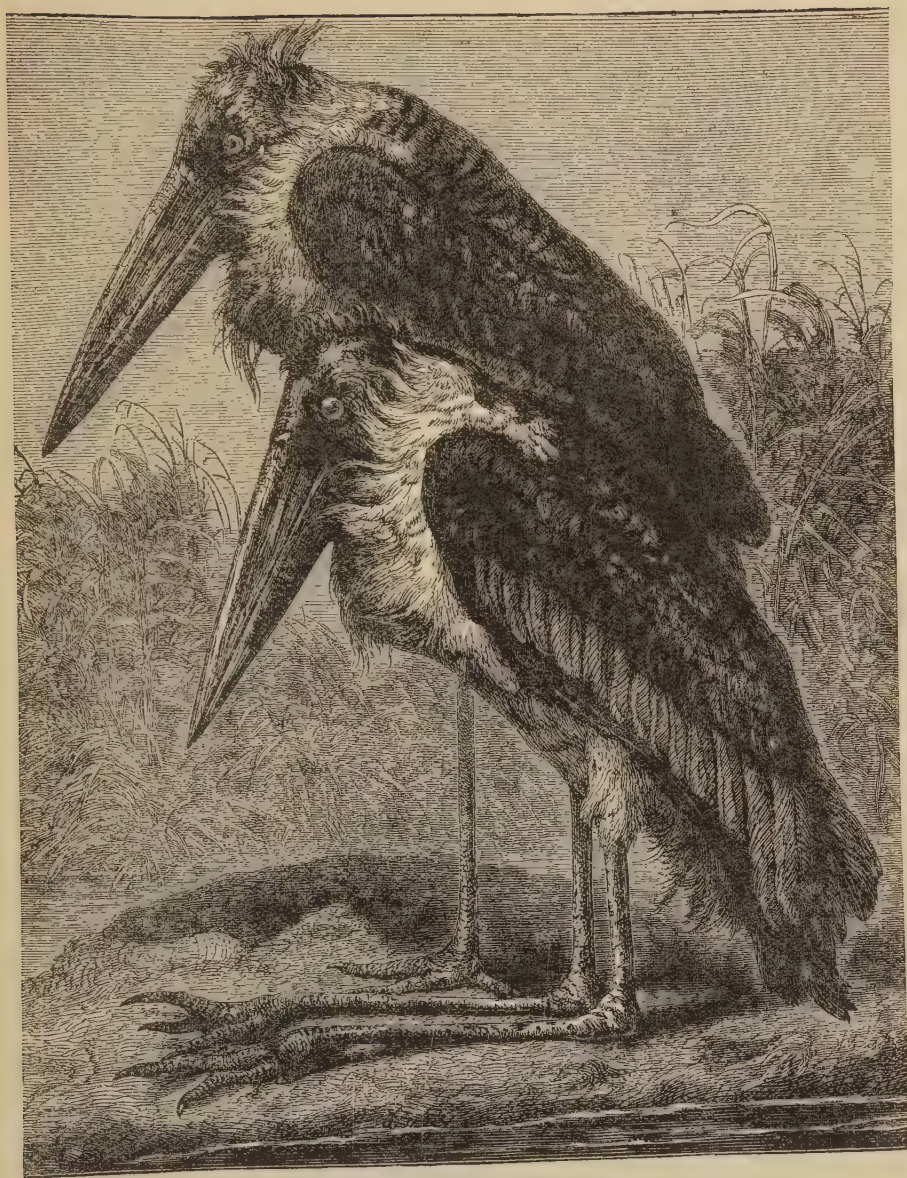
On his next visit the king told Speke that he had wished to see him on the previous day, and begged that whenever he came he would fire a gun at the waiting hut, that he might hear of his arrival. The king was much pleased with a portrait Speke made of him, as also with his colored sketches of several birds he had killed, but was still more delighted with some European clothes, with which he was presented.

When Speke went to visit him, he found his Majesty dressed in his new garments. The legs of the trousers, as well as the sleeves of the waistcoat, were much too short, so that his black feet and hands stuck out at the extremities as an organ-player's monkey's do, while the cockscomb on his head prevented a fez cap, which he wore, from sitting properly. On this visit twenty new wives, daughters of chiefs, all smeared and shining with grease, were presented, marching in a line before the king, and looking their prettiest, whilst the happy fathers floundered on the ground, delighted to find their darling daughters appreciated by the monarch. Speke burst into a fit of laughter, which was imitated not only by the king but by the pages, his own men chuckling in sudden gusto, though afraid of looking up.

The King Makes a Capture.

The king at last returned Speke's visit. Having taken off his turban, as Speke was accustomed to take off his hat, he seated himself on his stool. Everything that struck his eye was admired and begged for, though nothing seemed to please him so much as the traveller's wide-awake and mosquito curtains. The women, who were allowed to peep into Bana's (the white man's) den, received a couple of sacks of beads, to commemorate the visit.

A few days afterwards he was accompanying the king when an adjutant-bird was seen in a tree. The king had a gun Speke had given



CURIOUS ADJUTANT-BIRD

him, but he had little more than one charge of powder remaining. Speke had left his gun at home. The king at the second shot killed the bird, greatly to his delight. He insisted upon carrying the bird to show to his mother.

Before entering the palace, however, he changed his European clothes for a white goat-skin wrapper. Directly afterwards a battalion of his army arrived before the palace, under the command of his chief officer, whom Speke called Colonel Congou. The king came out with spear and shield in hand, preceded by the bird, and took post in front of the enclosure. His troops were divided into three companies, each containing about two hundred men. After passing in single file, they went through various evolutions. Nothing, Speke says, could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued. Each man carried two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy. They thus moved in three lines of single rank and file at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent to give their strides the greater force. The captains of each company followed, even more fantastically dressed.

Astounding Dress.

The great Colonel Congou had his long, white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with white hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and the helmet covered with rich beads of several colors, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, from the centre of which rose a stem, tufted with goat-hair. Finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent protestations of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded.

Speke was now, towards the end of May, looking forward to the arrival of Grant. To propitiate the despot he sent a compass, greatly to the delight of Mtesa, who no sooner saw it than he jumped and yelled with intense excitement, and said it was the greatest present Bana had ever given him, for by this he found out all the roads and countries.

It had been arranged that Grant should come by water; but the natives, fearing to trust themselves on the lake, brought him all the distance on a litter. At length, the sound of guns announced the arrival of Grant, and Speke hurried off to meet his friend, who was now able to limp about a little, and to laugh over the accounts he gave of his travels.

The travellers forthwith began to make arrangements for proceeding on to Unyoro, governed by Kamrasi, of despicable character and considered merciless and cruel, even among African potentates, scattering



GRANT'S RAPID JOURNEY FROM KARAGWE

death and torture around at the mere whim of the moment; while he was inhospitable, covetous, and grasping, yet too cowardly to declare war against the King of the Waganda, who had deprived him of portions of his dominions. The Waganda people were, therefore, very unwilling to escort the travellers into his territory; and Colonel Congou declared that if compelled to go, he was a dead man, as he had once led an army into Unyoro.

The travellers' great object was to reach the spot where the Nile was supposed to flow out of the Victoria Nyanza, and proceed down the stream in boats.

By July the arrangements for their journey were made. The king presented them with a herd of cows for their provisions, as well as some robes of honor and spears, and he himself came out with his wives to see them off. Speke ordered his men to turn out under arms and acknowledge the favors received. Mtesa complimented them on their goodly appearance and exhorted them to follow their leader through fire and water, saying that, with such a force, they would have no difficulty in reaching Gani.

Pushing Forward.

It was arranged that Grant should go on to Kamrasi direct, with the property, cattle, etc., while Speke should go by the river to examine its exit from the lake, and come down again, navigating as far as practicable.

They now commenced their march down the northern slopes of Africa, escorted by a band of Waganda troops, under the command of Kasora, a young chief. They had proceeded onwards some days, when Kari, one of Speke's men, had been induced to accompany some of the Waganda escort to a certain village of potters, to obtain pots for making plantain wine. On nearing the place, the inhabitants rushed out. The Waganda men escaped, but Kari, whose gun was unloaded, stood still, pointing his weapon, when the people, believing it to be a magic horn, speared him to death, and then fled.

After passing through a country covered with jungle, Speke reached the banks of the Nile. The shores on either side had the appearance of a highly-kept park. Before him was a magnificent stream, six or seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks—the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles, basking in the sun—flowing between fine, high, grassy banks, covered with trees and plantations. In the background herds of harte-beestes could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, Florican and Guinea fowl rising at their feet.

The chief of the district received them courteously, and accompanied Speke to the Isamba Rapids.

The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac, while here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bare places of red earth could be seen. There, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, floating about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks Speke looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which, by dividing its waters, became at once both dam and rapids. "The whole scene was fairy-like, wild and romantic in the extreme," says Captain Speke.

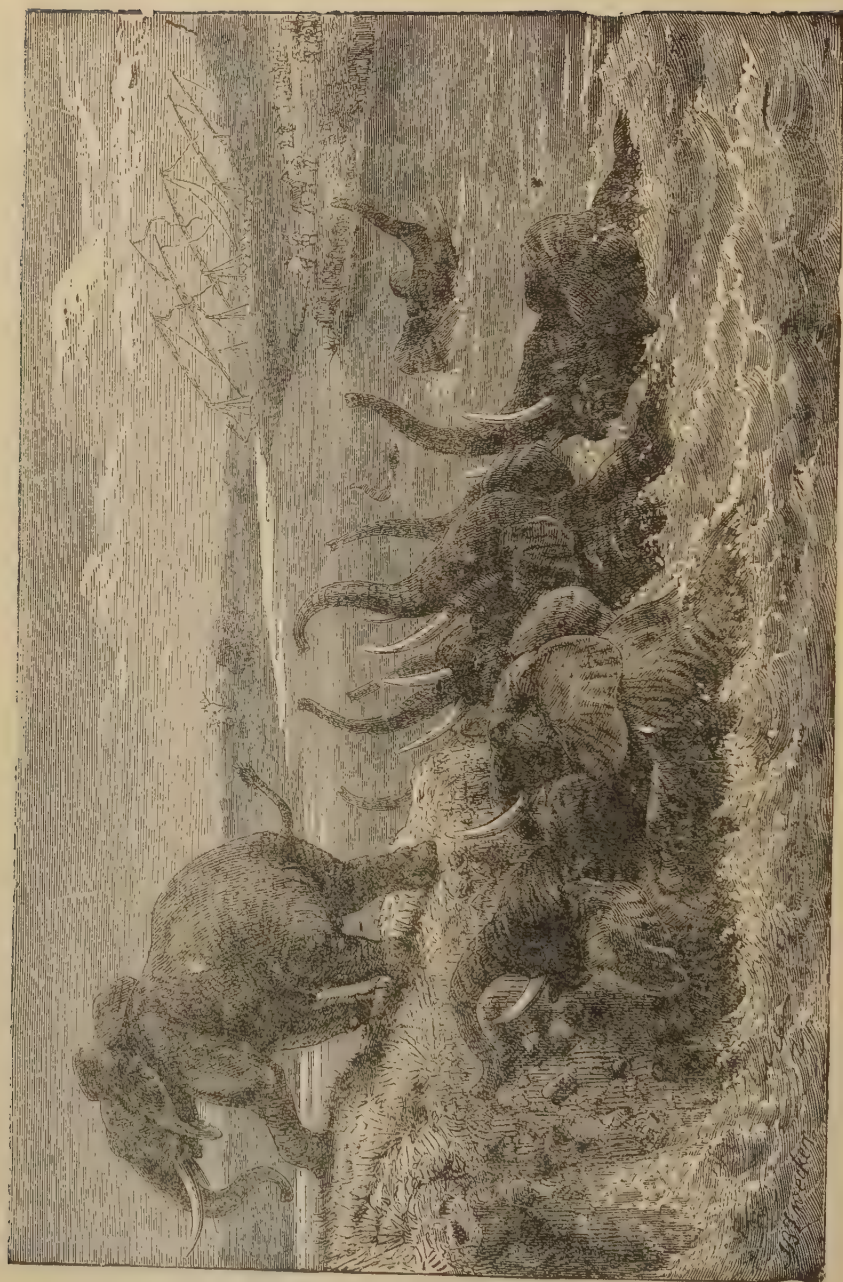
Proceeding southward they reached the Rippon Falls, by far the most interesting sight he had seen in Africa.

"Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected, for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks; still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours. The roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the fishermen coming out in boats, and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small grassy-topped hills, with trees in the intervening valleys and on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

Here, then, he had arrived at what he considered the source of the Nile—that is, the point from where it makes its exit from the Victoria Nyanza; and he calculated that the whole length of the river is, thus measuring from the south end of the lake, two thousand three hundred miles.

Singular Conveyances.

He and his party now returned northward, and reached Urondogani again in August. The difficulty was next to obtain boats. The fishermen, finding that the strangers were to be supplied with fish by the king's order, ran away, though the cows they had brought furnished the travellers with food. At length five boats, composed of five planks lashed together and caulked with rags, were forthcoming. Speke, with his attendants, Kasora, and his followers embarked, carrying goats, dogs, and kit, besides grain and dried meat. No one, however, knew how many days it would take to perform the voyage.



ELEPHANTS ESCAPING FROM THEIR PURSUERS.

Tall rushes grew on either side of the broad river, which had in places a lake-like appearance. The idle crew paddled slowly, amusing themselves by sometimes dashing forward, and then resting, while Kasora had the folly to attack the boats of Wanyoro he met coming up the river.

The frontier line was crossed on the 14th, but they had not proceeded far when they saw an enormous canoe of Kamrasi's, full of well-armed men, approaching them. The canoe turned, as if the people were afraid and the Waganda followed. At length, however, the chased canoe turned, and the shore was soon lined with armed men, threatening them with destruction. Another canoe now appeared. It was getting dark. The only hope of escape seemed by retreating. Speke ordered his fleet to keep together, promising ammunition to his men if they would fight. The people in one boat, however, were so frightened that they allowed her to spin round and round in the current.

Brutal Attack by Natives.

The Wanyoro were stealing on them, as they could hear, though nothing could be seen. One of the boats kept in shore, close to the reeds, when suddenly she was caught by grappling-hooks. The men cried out "Help, Bana! they are killing us." Speke roared in reply: "Go in, and the victory will be ours." When, however, three shots were fired from the hooked boat, the Wanyoro fled, leaving one of their number killed and one wounded, and Speke and his party were allowed to retreat unmolested.

Speke, after proceeding up the river some distance, determined to continue the journey by land, following the track Grant had taken. Grant's camp was reached, and the next day a messenger arrived from Kamrasi, saying that the king would be glad to see them, and the march was ordered to Unyoro.

The frontier was again passed, when the country changed much for the worse. Scanty villages, low huts, dirty-looking people clad in skins, the plantain, sweet potato and millet forming the chief edibles, besides goats and fowls. No hills, except a few scattered cones, broke the level surface of the land, and no pretty views cheered the eye. They were now getting to a distance from the rain-attractive influences of the Mountains of the Moon, and vegetation decreased proportionately. Their first halt was on the estate of the chief Kidjwiga. Scarcely had they been established than a messenger came from Mtesa, with a party of fifty Waganda, arrived to enquire how Bana was, and to remind him of the gun and other articles he had promised to send up from Gani.

The natives ran off as they passed through the country, believing them

to be cannibals. They supposed that the iron boxes which the porters carried on their shoulders each contained a couple of white dwarfs, which were allowed to fly off to eat people. They, however, gained confidence, and soon flocked around the Englishmen's huts.

On arriving at the end of their day's march, on the 2d of September, they were told that elephants had been seen close by. Grant and Speke therefore, sallied forth with their guns, and found a herd of about a hundred, feeding on a plain of long grass. Speke, by stealing along under cover of the high grass, got close to a herd, and fired at the largest. The animals began sniffing the air with uplifted trunks, when, ascertaining by the smell of powder that the enemy was in front of them, they rolled up their trunks, and came close to the spot where he was lying under a mound. Suddenly they stopped, catching scent of the white man, and lifting their heads high, looked down upon him. Speke was now in a dangerous position, for, unable to get a proper front shot at any of them, he expected to be picked up or trodden to death. As he let fly at their temples, they turned round and went rushing away at a much faster pace than they came.

The explorers at length reached Khartoum, having sailed down the Nile, and were soon at Berber.

The two travellers, whose adventures we have thus far followed, embarked for England, on the 4th of June, on board the "Pera," where they safely arrived, after an absence of eleven hundred and forty-six days.

His friends had shortly afterwards to mourn Captain Speke's untimely death, from his gun accidentally going off while at shooting.

Speke was the first European who saw the Victoria Nyanza, while the adventurous and hazardous journey he and Grant performed together deservedly places them in the first rank of African travellers. They also opened up an extensive and rich district hitherto totally unknown, into which the blessings of Christianity and commerce will soon be introduced.

CHAPTER VIII.

STANLEY'S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AFRICA.

Remarkable Scenery in Central Africa—Masses of Rocky Mountains—Foliage Bright with all the Colors of the Rainbow—Rank Growths of Rushes and Grass—Varieties of Animal Life—The Guinea fowl—The Sacred Ibis—The Long-legged Stork and Heron—The Wonderful Shoebill—Primeval Forests and Running Streams—Fine Specimens of Flowers—Perpetual Moisture—The Negro's Taste for Honey—The Fish-eagle—Majestic Flight—An Old Bird—The Eagle Contending for its Mate—Remarkable Claws—Turtle Doves and Golden Pheasants—Crows and Hawks—Fairy Antelopes—Grave-looking Monkeys—Beautiful Valleys and Hill-sides—The Beautiful in Nature Marred by Human Cruelty—Cities Built by Insects—Waves of Rolling Land—Villages of African Tribes—Stanley's Description of Tanganyika—Remarkable Lake—Lovely Landscape—A Native Bird—Famous Ibis—A Feathered Idol—Stanley's Glowing Description of Tropical Scenery—Desert of Sahara—Terrific Sand Storms—Whirlwinds of Dust—Fire in the Air—Extraordinary Storm Pillars—Remarkable Reptile Tribes—The Curious Gekko—Brilliant Insects—The Traveller's Pests—Remarkable Trees and Plants—The Wild Ox—The Wild Pig—Ten Kinds of Antelopes—Elegant Animals—Swift Punishment—Famous Gorilla—Inveterate Thieves—Quick Retreat—The Orang-outang—Arms Longer Than Legs—Formidable Foe—Pursuit of the Orang-outang—Swinging Easily from Tree to Tree—Expert Climber—Hiding Among the Leaves—The Young Orang—A Motherly Goat—Clever Monkey—Saucy Pet—A Little Thief—An Animal Very Human.

STANLEY gives the following description of the scenery of Central Africa: Unyamwezi is a wide undulating table-land, sinking westward toward Tanganyika. Any one taking a bird's-eye view of the land would perceive forests, a purple-hued carpet of foliage, broken here and there by barren plains and open glades, extending toward every quarter of the heavens. Here and there rise masses of rocky mountains, towering like blunt cupolas above the gentle undulations of the land, on to the distant horizon. Standing upon any projecting point, a scene never before witnessed meets the view. Nothing picturesque can be seen; the landscape may be called prosaic and monotonous; but it is in this very overwhelming, apparently endless monotony that its sublimity lies.

The foliage is bright with all the colors of the prism; but as the woods retreat towards the far distance, a silent mystical vapor enfolds them, and bathes them first in pale, and then in dark blue, until they are lost in the distance. But near the lake all is busy life. The shore

immediately adjoining the Lake of Ugogo is formed by a morass of at least sixty feet wide, and extending on every side. It is an impenetrable tangle of luxuriant sedge and rushes, where the unwieldy hippopotamus, going his nightly rounds, has left his watery footsteps imprinted in the swamp. Numerous buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, boars, kudu antelopes, and other animals come here at nightfall to quench their thirst.

The shores and surface of the lake are alive with an amazing number of aquatic birds—black swans, ducks, sacred ibises, cranes, and pelicans; high overhead, watchful for their prey, hover kites and fish eagles; while the shore is vocal with the loud call of the guinea-fowl, the hoarse scream of the toucan, the cooing of the pigeons, the hoot of the owl mingling with the cry of the snipe and wild fowl rising from the long grass by the water's edge. These shores are also the paradise of the long-legged stork and the heron, the saddle stork, the marabout, an ugly bird, in spite of its wonderful and costly feathers, the giant heron, while the curious stilt-bird, or shoebill, of Africa, one of the most singular birds of the globe, inhabits the more northern marshlands, vast impenetrable morasses of the White Nile, and some of its tributaries. This bird has a bulky body, a thick neck, a large head and a curiously formed bill, not unlike a clumsy wooden shoe. Its color is an ashy gray, with jet black wing feathers.

The shoebill is the giant of the wading birds and is found in pairs or smaller societies as remote as possible from human habitations, mostly in the impenetrable swamps of the White Nile and some of its tributaries. At the approach of man it flies away, and when frightened by shots it rises to a great altitude and never returns to its swamps as long as there is any suspicion of danger. This bird selects for its breeding place a small elevation in the reeds, either immediately on the border of the water or in the swamp, mostly where surrounding water renders an approach difficult.

Wonderful Luxuriance.

The flora concentrates all its luxuriance in the first months of the rainy season, leaving the autumn, when the grass of the steppes is withered, to fare less richly. The scenery varies much less than in the most monotonous districts of our own country, but it has nevertheless its alternation of clustering groves of bushes, its clearings with noble trees more than thirty or forty feet in height, its luxuriant undergrowth broken by grassy reaches or copses of tall shrubs.

Palms play a subordinate part in this scenery; the fan palms are found clustered together in groves; and in the marshy steppes grows the



STRANGE AFRICAN SHOEBILL

prickly date, perhaps the primitive type of the date palm. Then come the leather-leaved fig trees of every kind, and among them the grandest monuments of African vegetation, the sycamores, together with large-leaved tamarinds.

Very characteristic of the country are the patches of primeval forests, watered by running streams, and known by the name of galleries. The soil is unusually rich in springs of water, which keep up a perpetual overflow of the brooks; and while in the northern districts the rivers have to find their way across open lowlands where the volume of water soon diminishes, and is lost in the parched earth, the country here is like a well-filled sponge. The result of this abundant moisture is that the valleys and fissures of the earth through which the water flows, whether in the form of little brooks and streamlets, or of great rivers, are clothed with all the majesty of a tropical forest; while an open park-like glade, the chief feature of which appears at the first glance to be the amazing size of its foliage, fills up the higher-lying spaces between the water-courses and the galleries. The number of distinct types of trees, and the variety of forms among the undergrowth, is very great. Trees with large trunks, whose height throws into the shade all the previously seen specimens of the Nile flora, not excluding the palms of Egypt, are here found in serried ranks, without a break, and beneath their shelter the less imposing platforms are arranged in terraces.

Magnificent Forests.

In the interior of these virgin forests, leafy corridors, rivalling the temple walls of Egypt, lie veiled in deep perpetual shadow, and are spanned by a triple roof of foliage, rising vault above vault. Seen from without, the galleries appear like an impenetrable wall of the densest leafage, while from within corridors of foliage open out in every direction beneath the columns of the tree stems, and are filled with the murmuring voice of springs and water-courses.

The average height of the roof of leaves measures from seventy-five to ninety feet; but very often these galleries, seen from without, by no means produce the imposing effect which is felt from within in looking up from the depth of the valley or the water-side; because in many places the depression of land or water which makes up the gallery or tunnel-like character of the scene scarcely allows half of the forest to rise above the level ground, many galleries being entirely sunk in the depression. Great tree trunks, thickly overgrown with wild pepper, rise from the depths, and support wide-spreading branches draped with lichens and mosses, above which towers the remarkably fine tree called the elephant's

ear, which grows in rich abundance. High up on the branches are seen the very large nests built by the "tree-termites."

Other tree stems, long since dead, serve as supports for colossal vines, and with their impenetrable festoons form bowers as large as houses, in which perpetual darkness reigns. From the depths of the brushwood gleam flame-red blossoms, and rivalling them in splendor are seen tall shrubs bearing large orange bell flowers. The eyes may roam in every direction, and meet with nothing but this unbroken impenetrable greenery. There where the narrow pathways wind along, partly through and partly under the tangle of shrub and bush ascending the valley wall, bare roots of trees form the supports which hold the loose friable earth together. Mouldering trunks, covered with thick mosses, are met with at every step, and make our advance through these waves of massive greenery anything but easy. The air we breathe is no longer that of the free sunlit steppe, or of the cool leafy paths without; it is the heavy, humid atmosphere of our green-houses. There prevails a constant moisture, produced by the breath of the woods itself, and which it is impossible to escape.

A Taste for Honey.

The Negroes belonging to the caravan, while prowling through the backwoods in search of anything eatable, lighted here upon an important discovery; their cry of triumph guided us to the place where they stood clustered together round a tree, very busy with their firebrands. They had discovered in the hollow stem a large quantity of honey, and were preparing to secure their treasure with great indifference to the results of their attack. Honey, wax, and even the little bodies of the honey-makers slain in the combat, were swallowed down by the Negroes without any distinction.

One of the birds peculiar to some parts of Central Africa, and mentioned by Stanley, is the fish-eagle. The best known and largest is the white-headed eagle. The length is about three feet, and the extent of wings seven feet; the female is somewhat larger. Its usual food is fish, but it eats the flesh of other animals, when it can get it and often seizes quadrupeds and birds of inferior flight, and when pressed by hunger will feed on carrion. The flight of this bird is very majestic; it sails along with extended wings and can ascend until it disappears from view, without any apparent motion of the wings or tail; and from the greatest height it descends with a rapidity, which can scarcely be followed by the eye. The power of wing is not more remarkable than the consummate skill with which the strong pinions are made to cut the air.



FISH-EAGLES CONTENDING FOR A PRIZE.

These birds live to a great age. They are generally seen in pairs and the union seems to last for life. The attachment of the old birds to their young is very great. The breeding season commences about March and though each male has but one mate during its entire life, many and fierce are the battles, which arise about the possession of these spouses. It is a singular circumstance in the formation of this bird that the outer toe turns easily backward, so as on occasion to have two of the toes forward and two backward, and it has a much larger claw than the inner one. This, and the roughness of the whole foot underneath, are well adapted for the securing of its prey. During the spring and summer months the osprey is frequently seen hovering over the rivers for minutes without visible change of place. It then suddenly darts down and plunges into the water, whence it seldom rises again without a fish in its talons. When it rises in the air it shakes off the water and pursues its way towards the woods.

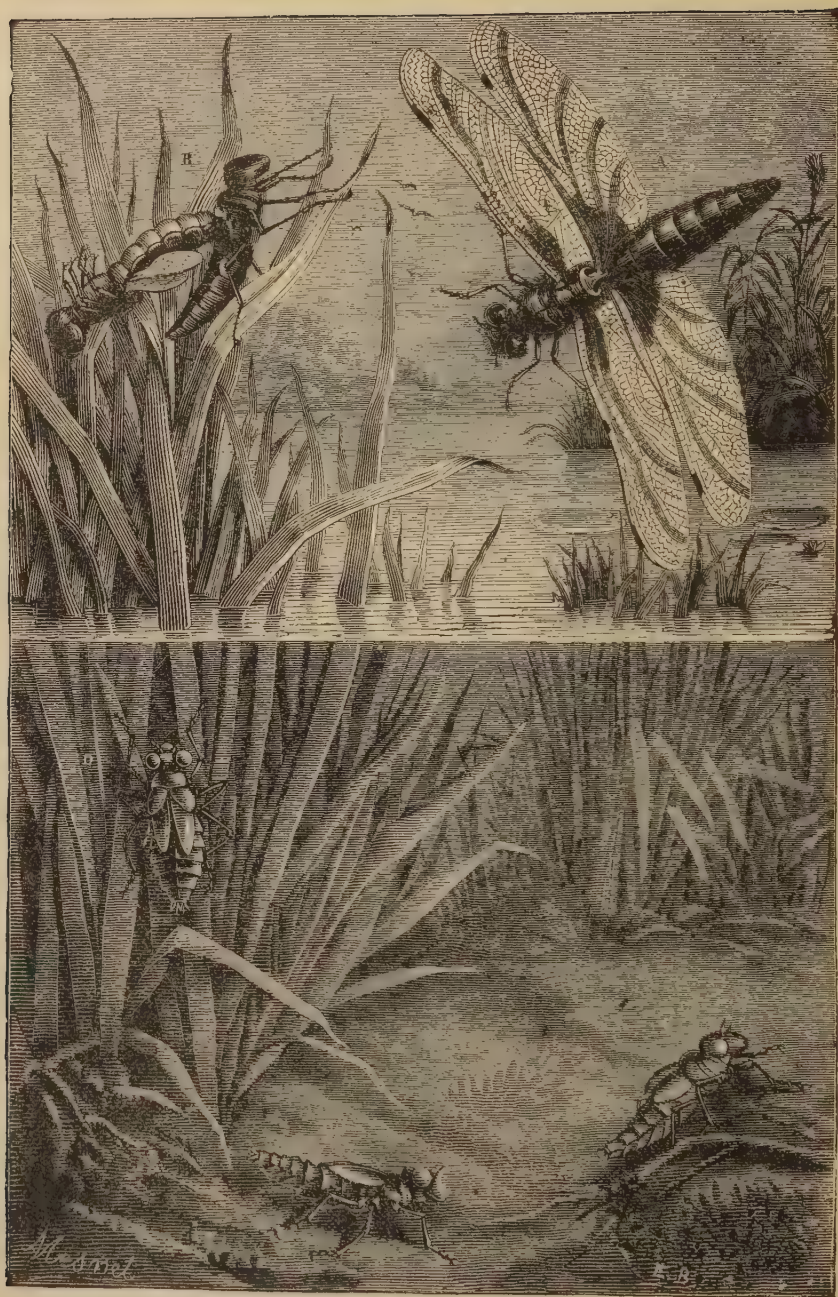
In one part of his first expedition, Stanley refers to the attractive views which greeted him on every side.

Forest-clad Slopes and Beautiful Valleys.

Our traveller was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics.

Crossing the Ungerengeri, a beautiful river with a broad fertile valley, and passing through the narrow belt of country which is all that is left to the warlike remnants of the once powerful Wakami tribe, the intrepid traveller entered the territory of the Wadoe, a people full of traditions, who have always defended themselves bravely against the encroachments of neighbors and the invasions of marauders. The region they inhabit might well have been guarded by them with jealous courage.

Speaking of it, Mr. Stanley says: It is in appearance amongst the most picturesque countries between the coast and Unyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forests, tipped by the light fleecy clouds, through which the warm glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in a quickening radiance which brings out those globes of foliage that rise in tier after tier along the hill-sides in rich and varied hues which would mock the most ambitious painter's skill. From the winding paths along the crest of ridges the traveller may look down over forest-clad slopes into the deep valleys, and across to other slopes as



LIFE AND METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DRAGON-FLY. *a.*—THE PERFECT INSECT. *b.*—THE INSECT CASTING OFF ITS WORN-OUT NYMPH'S SKIN. *c d.*—LARVÆ AND NYMPHS.

gayly clad, and other ridges where deep concentric folds tempt him to curious wanderings by their beauty and mystery and grandeur. But those lovely glades and queenly hills told saddest stories of cruel deeds and wrongs irreparable. It is the old story: envious evil eagerly invades with its polluting presence those sacred spots where all is loveliest; infernal malice mars with strange delight what is beautiful and pure.

Cities Built by Insects.

Further on the caravan passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveller continually; and on across plains dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines, where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze—the various scenes of southern Ukonongo—

“Where the thorny brake and thicket
Densely fill the interspace
Of the trees, through whose thick branches
Never sunshine lights the place”—

the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars, one of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forests and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes and perilous chasms all unite to form that climax of wildness and beauty, “the hunter’s paradise.” It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses, and the two days of rest were turned to good account by Mr. Stanley in testing the virtue of his fine rifles on the masters of the domain.

The surface stratum of the country is clay, overlying the sandstone, based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders and huge domes and lumpy masses; ironstone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and bits of coarse ore have been found in Unyanyembe by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot.

“Waves of Rolling Land.”

During the rains the grass conceals the soil, but in the dry seasons the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide streets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred “black jacks” deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or hedged in, whilst a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth hills,

spotted with sunburnt stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle, varying from two to twelve miles in length, and, as in other parts of Africa, the country is dotted with "fairy mounts"—dwarf mounds—the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the debris of insect architecture. Villages, the glory of all African tribes, are seen at short intervals rising only a little above their impervious walls of lustrous green milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; whilst in the pasture lands herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled and high-humped, like Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep, dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty.

It is astonishing what luxury is conveyed into the heart of Africa by Arab merchant-princes. The fertile plain about their villages, kept in the highest state of cultivation, yields marvellous abundance and endless variety of vegetables, and supports vast herds of cattle, and sheep and goats innumerable; while just above the houses the orange, lemon, papaws and mangoes may be seen thriving finely.

Add to these the tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths as they need for their own use, brought from the coast every year by their slaves; associate these with a wealth of Persian carpets, most luxurious bedding, complete services of silver for tea and coffee, with magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers; and we have a catalogue out of which our imagination produces pictures of luxury that, amid the wildness and rudeness of that barbarous land, seem more like the magician's work than tangible realities, which await the worn-out traveller across six hundred miles of plains and mountains and rivers and swamps, where a succession of naked, staring, menacing savages throng the path in wonder at a white face.

A further description of some of the tropical birds mentioned by Stanley will prove of interest to the reader who wishes to obtain a correct idea of the wonders abounding in Africa.

A Native Bird.

Guinea-hens are peculiar to Africa, where they frequent woods on the banks of rivers, in large flocks. They feed on grains, grasshoppers and other insects. When alarmed they attempt to escape by running, rather than by flight. The common guinea-hen is slate colored, covered all over with round white spots and is about the size of the common fowl. They are very noisy and troublesome, always quarreling with the other



DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE FOREST.

inmates of the poultry yard, and they are hard to raise from the delicacy of the young and their liability to disease.

Their flesh is of fine flavor and their eggs are excellent. They are great feeders, requiring to be fed beyond what they can pick up by themselves, and are apt to injure tender buds and flowers. The crested guinea-fowl or pintado has a crest of black feathers and the body black with blue spots; the mitred pintado has the head surmounted by a conical helmet and is black, white spotted.

The four species of pintado hitherto known are all natives of Africa and of islands adjacent to the African coast. Their mode of feeding is similar to that of the domestic poultry. They scrape the ground with their feet in search of insects, worms or seeds. The females lay and hatch their eggs nearly in the same manner as the common hens. The eggs, however, are smaller and have a harder shell. Buffon states that there is a remarkable difference between the eggs of the domestic guinea-fowls and those which are wild; the latter being marked with small round spots, like those on the plumage of the birds, and the former being, when first laid, of a quite bright red and afterwards of the faint color of the dried rose.

The young birds, for some time after they come into the world, are destitute of the helmet or callous protuberance, which is so conspicuous on the heads of the old ones. The guinea-fowl is a restless and clamorous bird. During the night it perches on high places and if disturbed, alarms every animal within hearing by its cry. These birds delight in rolling themselves in the dust for the purpose of ridding themselves of insects.

The Famous Ibis.

This is another African bird. There are about half a dozen species of this wading bird, including three in the United States. The red or scarlet ibis is about twenty-eight inches long, its bill six and one-half inches, and the extent of its wings a little over three feet. This bird, whose color is a uniform bright scarlet, is found in South America and the West Indies. The white ibis, or white curlew, whose plumage is pure white, is very common in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, occasionally straggling as far north as New Jersey. Its flesh has a very fishy taste and is rarely eaten except by the Indians.

The glossy ibis, a smaller species, is about twenty-one inches long. Its general color is chestnut-brown, with the back and top of head metallic green, glossed with purple. It exists in great numbers in Mexico and has been found as far north as Massachusetts. Of this genus



BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT

there are about twenty species found in the warmer parts of Africa, Asia and South America, one of which is the Sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. It is about as large as a domestic fowl, and is found throughout Northern Africa.

This bird, which was reared in the temples of ancient Egypt and was embalmed, frequents overflowed lands and dry plains and feeds on frogs and small aquatic lizards. It is a migratory bird, appearing simultaneously with the rise of the Nile and departing as the inundation subsides. It is a remarkable fact, that the ibis does not visit Egypt regularly any more as of old, breeding in the Soudan. As soon as it arrives there it takes possession of its well-selected breeding places, from which it undertakes excursions in search of prey. It is not afraid of the natives and can often be seen among the cattle herds picking up a grasshopper here and a frog or lizard there. Dr. Brehm met, on his travels up the Blue Nile, so many of this beautiful bird, that he was able to kill twenty of them within two days. The female lays three to four white eggs of the size of duck eggs. The bird is easily domesticated and is found in many zoological gardens of Europe and America.

A Feathered Idol.

In Egypt the ibis was regarded with great veneration by the ancients, who kept them in their temples, and embalmed them after their death, thousands of their remains are still found in the burial places amid the ruins of ancient Egypt. Various reasons have been given for this custom, some saying that the ibis destroyed the noxious serpents which were so numerous in that country; others that there was supposed to be some analogy between the plumage of the bird and one of the phases of the moon; while a third opinion is that the birds were regarded with favor, because, their annual migration into Egypt taking place at the period of the rising of the Nile, they were considered as the harbingers of that event.

Stanley's glowing descriptions of tropical scenery find a striking contrast of the account given of the African desert, and the perils which often overtake travellers who attempt to cross it.

The plain of Sahara is the great typical desert. Its name comes from an Arabic word, which means *the plain*. Not that the great desert is by any means an unbroken plain, or destitute of great variety in its physical characteristics. The true sandy desert occupies but a relatively small portion of the space marked upon our maps as the desert of Sahara; and even upon the surface of this "true" desert the distribution of sand is very unequal. The stratum of the sand in some parts is so thin that the

underlying limestone is visible through it. The sandy region attains its greatest extent in the Libyan desert, and masses of sand still drift in from the Mediterranean, to settle down upon a bed which in a recent period was buried beneath the waves of the sea. These sand floods extend westward to Tripoli. Near that town the sandy stretches are varied by plantations of palm trees and fields of corn; true deserts of yellow sand, passing like a yellow ribbon from west to east, between fields of wheat and barley.

Terrific Sand-storms.

The western Mongolian desert contains plains of sand perfectly corresponding with those of the Sahara and the Arabian desert. Mounds of loose sand are blown together and scattered again by the wind: a mere breeze is enough to wipe out all trace of a long caravan crossing the waste. The sand is so extremely fine and light, that in sudden storms of wind trenches of thirty or forty feet deep are hollowed out, and swelling waves are raised like those of the Libyan desert, making the journey tedious and difficult to the camels as they cross the shifting plain.

It is true that large stretches of the plain of Sahara are covered by waves of sand, which were once sandy bars and dykes of the sea; but the whole desert is by no means the product of the ocean alone. Very much of the sand is of local origin, formed from the soil of the desert plain by the sudden changes of temperature and the action of the wind. There are many such centres of sand radiation, and the mechanically powdered fragments of rock are found in every phase of transition from crumbled stone to fine drift-sand. The ground above Khartoum, to the west of the Nile, consists partly of rose-colored granite, and the whole surface of the rifted slope of rock is bestrewn with fragments of different sizes.

Dust whirlwinds of considerable size are sometimes observed in the Russian steppes; but the best known phenomena of this kind are the high sand pillars of Sahara. Even in Australia these rotary dust pillars are met with, generally being seen upon shadowless plains. It is thought that these Australian whirlwinds are the channels which carry the heated air from the ground to the higher strata.

Fiery Wind.

Instead of the rolling waves and cool breezes of the sea, this funereal region only gives out burning gusts, scorching blasts which seem to issue from the gates of hell; these are the simoon or poison-wind, as the word signifies in Arab. The camel-driver knows this formidable enemy, and

so soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hands to heaven, and implores Allah; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish-black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes and throat.

The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travellers have no chance of safety except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge. Entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms; it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyses when it was traversing the desert.

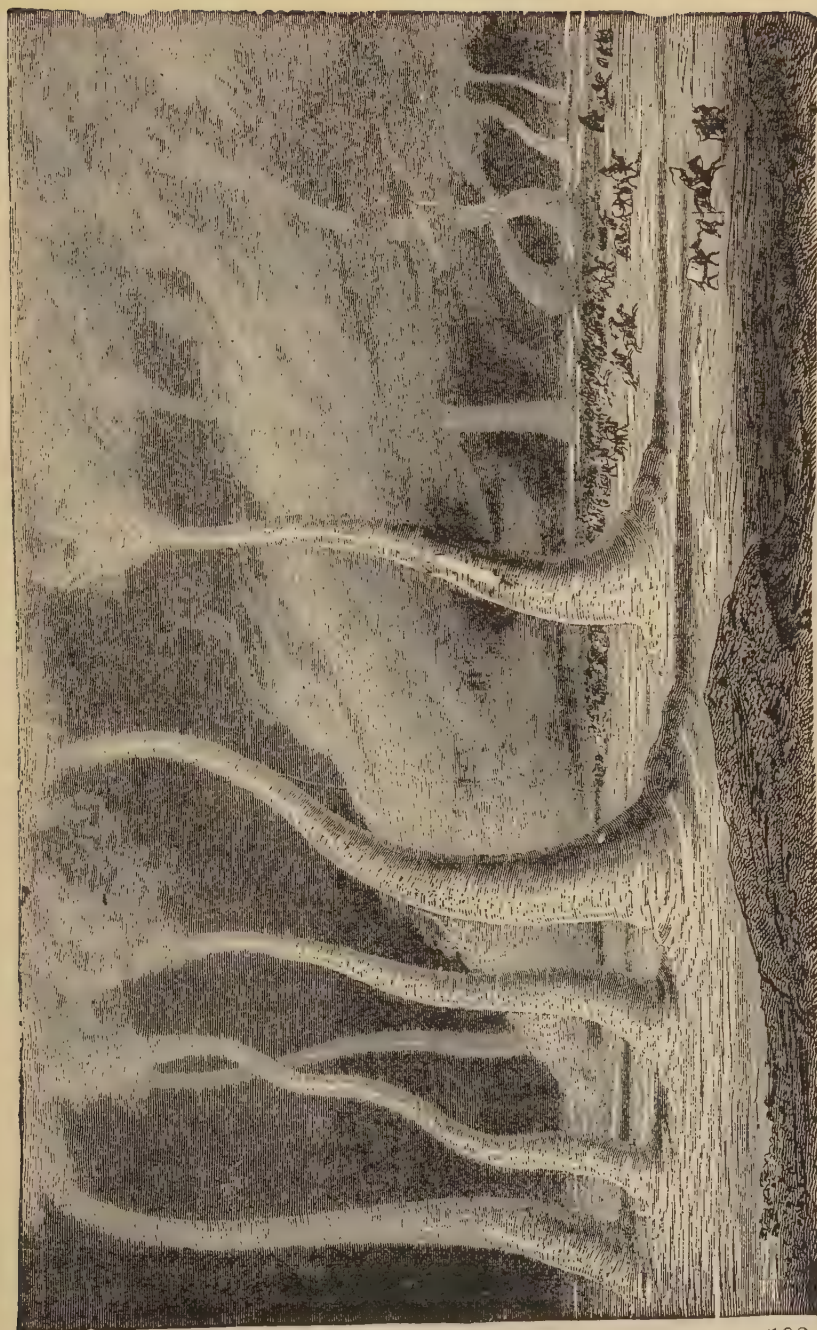
Camp, in his charming work on the Nile, describes in the following terms one of these desert tempests. It comes towards one, he says, growing, spreading, and advancing as if on wheels. Its overhanging summit is of a brick color, its base deep red and almost black. In proportion as it approaches it drives before it burning effluvia, like the breath of a lime-kiln. Before it reaches us we are covered with its shadow. The sound it makes is like that of a wind passing through a pine-forest. So soon as we are in the midst of this hurricane the camels halt, turn their backs, throw themselves down, and lay their heads upon the sand. After the cloud of dust comes a rain of imperceptible stones, violently hurled about by the wind, and which, if it lasted long, would quickly flay the skin from those parts of the body unprotected by the clothes. This lasted five or six minutes, and was frightful. Then the sky became clear again, and gave the same feeling of sudden change to the eye as a light suddenly brought into a dark place.

Extraordinary Storm Pillars.

Whirlwinds are generally preceded by a sultry, oppressive air; sometimes by absolute calm; but the state of the wind never appears clearly connected with the phenomena. The storm pillars vary greatly in form the sand columns being generally funnel-shaped, and the water-spouts like a pipe surrounded at the base by whirling vapors and foaming water. The height and diameter are also variable; some of the highest have been estimated at 6,000 feet. In many cases the damage caused by the water is of such a kind as to show that there has been an influx of air from every side toward the base of the column.

But hurricanes, cyclones, and all the rush and roar of the elements, are not more wonderful than the curious forms of animal and insect life abounding in the Dark Continent.

The reptile tribe is represented here by some of its most distinguished



COLUMNS OF DESERT SAND FORMED BY A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

members. The monitor-lizard crawls along the river banks; the mountain-monitor frequents the desert; a beautiful turtle lives in the Nile. Along the furrows and trenches, nimble bright-colored lizards bask in the sun, and the slippery skink burrows in the wall of almost every house. Along the walls of the houses dart and glide the nocturnal little gekkoes, the greedy but otherwise inoffensive "fathers of leprosy" Here and there upon the trees is seen the changeful play of color of the familiar chameleon, while other reptiles, often brightly-colored, and some of them more than a yard long, love the desert solitudes. Egypt was always famous as the land of snakes. It has about twenty varieties, poisonous and non-poisonous. As in the days of Moses, so in our own times, there are a large number of snake charmers; the snakes which they use in their performances, especially the once sacred viper, urau snake, and the Egyptian spectacle snake, are always first deprived of their fangs. The snake most frequently depicted by the ancients is the very deadly and dangerous horned viper.

Brilliant Insects.

In the great insect world Africa has many forms which are known in other parts of the world. Day butterflies are scarce, while moths are more abundant. The beetles are not exactly numerous, but among them are some very fine specimens of brilliant beetles, sand beetles, and dermestids. The commonest are the blackbeetles, but the best known of all is the sacred scarabee beetle of Egypt, which is so frequently represented upon monuments and gems.

A characteristic scene of animal life, often to be observed both in Central and South Africa, are the manœuvres of a company of these droll little creatures busily employed rolling up manure into globes as large as a walnut, pushing and thrusting each other aside until the great business is completed, and then, with their heads bent down to the earth, rolling away the work of their feet to bury it in a convenient place. The beetle rolls up these balls to feed its young, and deposits its eggs in them. In the theological symbolism of the ancient Egyptians, these "pills" are compared to the substance of which the world was formed, and which was also represented as globular. The beetle itself is looked upon as the principle of light and creative force, which, in union with the sun, infuses into matter the germs of light and creation, as the beetle deposits its eggs in the ball. The deity Ptah (that is, the forming and impelling force) then gives to these germs their form, and creates the heavens and the earth.

The wasp tribe is also represented by many fine and large varieties.

The bee is nearly akin to our own, and has often been introduced into other countries. Ants, locusts, and cockroaches are at times great pests. The common house-fly is nowhere more bold and importunate, and succeeds only too completely in rendering an otherwise pleasant life most



AFRICAN GEKKO OR WALL-LIZARD.

disagreeable. The stinging gnat is just as bad, and its unceasing hum is almost more calculated to drive a new-comer to despair than its painful, burning sting.

At certain times its worm-like larvæ abound in all standing waters, swarm in the drinking water, which can only be drunk when strained

through a cloth, or, as is the usual practice with the poorer classes, through the coat-sleeve held between the pitcher and the lips. Vermin are only too abundantly represented; fleas, bugs, and lice of every kind abound, besides scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and leeches, and those implacable tormentors of animals, horse-flies and gnats. The monotonous character of the whole country is perceptible throughout its flora and fauna, for in almost every class of the animal world the number of varieties is comparatively small.

Brambles and Donkeys.

We now turn our attention to the country lying eastward toward the Red Sea. The path lies through a desert, which is not, however, wholly destitute of vegetation; where, after abundant rain, the valleys are transformed into verdant pasture lands. The vegetation is most abundant from February to April, but the almost tropical heat destroys one plant after another, leaving only the more deeply rooted growths for the summer months. The plateau-like western portion of the desert resembles, both in its appearance and vegetation, the Libyan desert, and is very poor in vegetable life. By far the most common plant of these regions is the desert bramble, a half-shrub, with flowers like its kindred plant, the radish; it is this plant especially which, when seen from afar, gives to the valley the appearance of green meadow-land.

The wise Egyptian donkey, notwithstanding the preference shown by his European kindred for thistles, is prudent enough to keep at a respectful distance from this plant, which the hard-mouthed dromedary can eat with great relish; chewing the prickly masses without losing one drop of blood; he even swallows with delight the thorns of the acacia. In many places a plant resembling broom grows freely; it is a long branched, almost leafless bush, much liked by camels.

Shadowy groves of tamarisk, frequented by many birds and insects, often surprise us in the midst of the most barren solitudes; and wherever the soil has received any moisture, willows and rushes refresh the eye of the traveller. Cassia ranks high among the list of medicinal plants found in the desert, and colocynth, with its creeping cucumber-like stems, filled with fruit resembling our apple, first green and then turning yellow, is found along all the outskirts of the valleys. The natives have a wholesome awe of the drastic remedy, and scarcely ever touch the gourd fruit; while the Bedouins remove the inside pith and seeds, and fill it with milk, to take it next day as a remedy.

The date palm, it is true, is seldom seen, and then only in a half-wild state; but the fig tree is found laden with fruits. The fruit of the cape



GIGANTIC BEETLE

tree tastes like an odd mixture of sugar and mustard; and the traveller is refreshed by the pleasant acid of the sorrel, the berries of the lycium, a thorny plant. The coast flora of the desert is very peculiar, and depends upon the salt vapors rising from the sea. The dense woods of the shore are famous in travellers' descriptions; they stand out in the sea itself, and are only dry at low tide. Ships are laden with its wood, which is used for fuel, and many camels live entirely on its great laurel-like leaves. The coast is covered in some places to great distances by saltpetre shrubs, and by many other saline plants.

The traveller who is forced to provide himself with food by his rifle in the chase devotes his attention chiefly to the wild oxen, wild pigs, and different kinds of antelopes which provide him with eatable food when there are no tame creatures, such as goats, sheep, fowl, and fish to be met with. The latter case, however, is seldom experienced, for domestic animals are sure to be found wherever there are Negro settlements.

The wild ox is the same as the short-horned breed, also found in East Africa. The wild pig, which is also found, and frequently makes its appearance in herds, is known as the long-eared pig. Its color is a dark yellowish red. The flesh is pleasant as food, and is liked also by Negroes. The wild pigs are generally caught by the help of spears and pits dug to ensnare them. These traps make certain parts of the woods rather dangerous to walk in, and the traveller has to submit blindly to his guides, who are taken from the adjoining neighborhood, and who know exactly where such traps are laid. In the east and the south, this "most beautiful of all possible pigs" is replaced by the bush pig, while the whole of Central Africa is the home of the clumsiest and ugliest of all known bristly animals, the wart-hog.

Elegant Animals.

There are at least ten kinds of antelopes in the forests of Gaboon and the district of the Ogowe, from the elegant little dwarf antelope, which stands scarcely twenty inches high, to the white-striped antelope of Bango, which reaches the size of a fallow deer. Large herds of these animals, which are so frequently found in the open plateaus of Central Africa, are naturally unknown in the dense woods of the western part of the continent. From the exceptional character of the animals, their extreme shyness and speed, they are very hard to capture in the chase, and even the Negroes generally catch them only in pits. Indeed, a successful hunt, with a large amount of booty, is a very rare occurrence. Although the woods are filled with game, the traveller seldom comes across them, and it is a mistaken notion to imagine that one has but to enter the high

woods of the Tropics, and fire away right and left, in order to bring home an abundance of food.

Of the larger beasts of prey, the leopard is represented ; it is met with all along the west coast, and is erroneously termed a tiger. It is very abundant in certain districts, and particularly dangerous to the herds of goats and flocks of sheep belonging to the factors and the Negroes ; indeed, it sometimes attacks men. When our traveller was spending a few days in a village of Banschaka, it happened that a woman who went late at night to a well about half a mile from the huts did not return, and on the following day evident traces of the disaster were discovered. It was, as usual, firmly believed among all the Negroes of the west coast, that the event was not in the natural order of things, but that some one in the village, transformed into a leopard, had devoured the woman.

Swift Punishment.

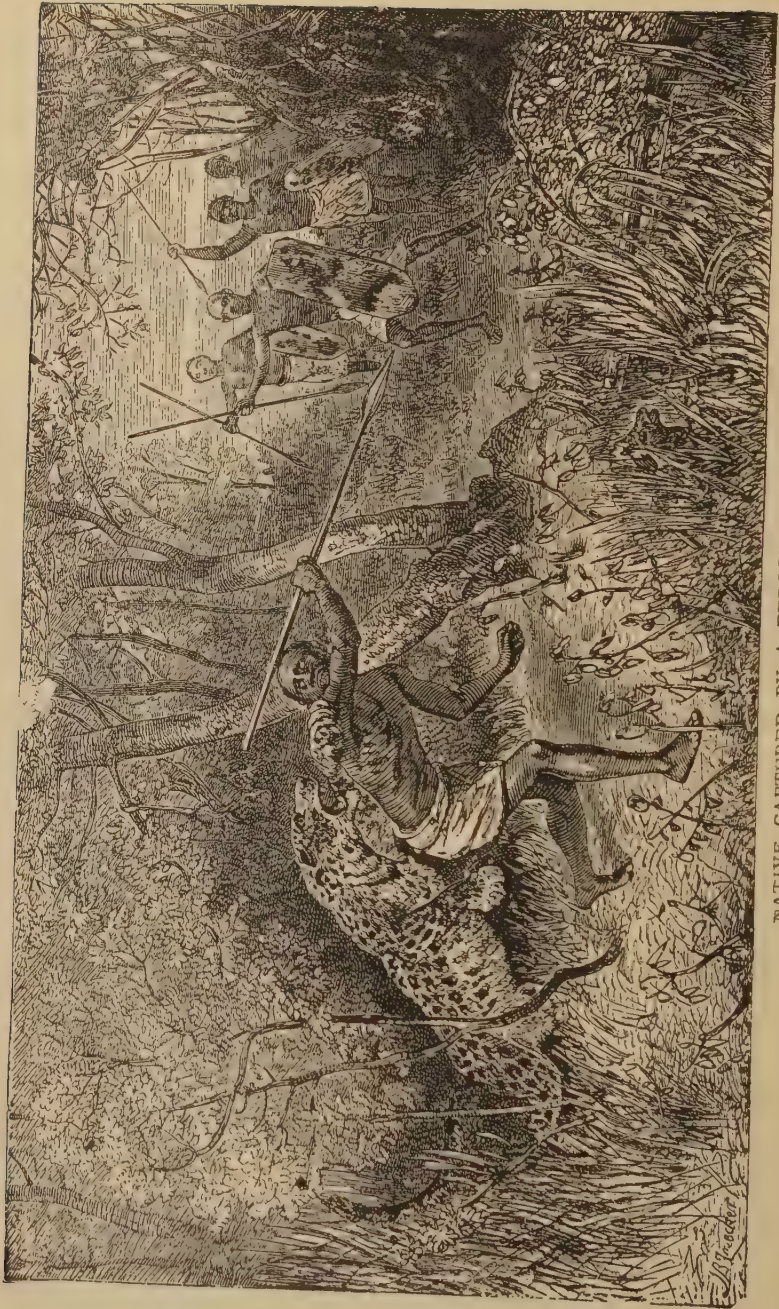
The family of the unhappy woman went to the priest and magician of the place, who soon discovered the culprit, and sentenced him to eat the poisonous bark of a tree, which paralyzes the action of the heart, and occasions certain death if it is not speedily expelled from the system.

It may be readily imagined that accidents frequently occur in the great African hunts, as it is quite impossible to speculate upon the species of animals that may be driven into the net. One day a native was suddenly attacked and was killed by a leopard within a mile of my station. The grass had been fired, and the animals instinctively knew that they were pursued.

The man went to drink at a stream close to some high bushes, when a leopard pounced upon him without the slightest warning. A native who was close to the spot rushed up to the rescue, and threw his spear with such dexterity that he struck the leopard through the neck while it had the man in its mouth, killing it upon the spot. The man was immediately brought to me, but the lungs were lacerated, and he died during the night.

On another occasion five men were wounded (two fatally) by a lioness, which fought so gallantly that she at length escaped from her assailants with two spears in her body. I was not present on that occasion, but I have frequently admired the pluck of the natives, who attack every animal with the simple hunting-spear, which of course necessitates a close approach.

The Negroes eat everything in the shape of flesh, except the feline beasts of prey. Some of the smaller kinds of felines are as dangerous to poultry as are the large species of falcons and eagles. With respect



NATIVE CAPTURED BY A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD

to several kinds of flesh which are considered by us to be uneatable, we may say that different kinds of monkeys, porcupines, large rats, crocodiles, and other creatures, are used for food. It is very singular that the Negroes do not understand the milking of their domestic animals, and were above measure astonished when the explorers' servants milked the goats, and gave the milk to their master; and the Negroes often surrounded him in crowds to see him eat hens' eggs, a diet quite new to them, although they ate numbers of the large round eggs of the turtle, and the still larger crocodile eggs.

Mosquitoes abound everywhere, and next to them ranks an insect which has only been known in Africa during the last ten years—the sand flea, which is said to have been brought by the crew of a Brazilian ship who were suffering from them. They multiplied with incredible rapidity. The animalculæ enter the skin beneath the toe-nails, where they lay a bag of eggs as large as a pea; and the difficulty is to remove this bag without breaking it. If this is done, the wound soon heals; but if not, painful sores are the result, and the process of healing is very slow. Another interesting insect is the giant beetle, Goliath, an insect measuring nearly four inches. This black velvety beetle, marked with white on its upper side, is at home throughout all Africa; and, with its kindred types, forms one of the principal treasures of our collections, being so much in request that twenty-five dollars is paid for a fine specimen.

The Famous Gorilla.

The most interesting animals of these countries are beyond all doubt the gorilla and the chimpanzee. The gorilla is the largest of the man-like apes, an animal rather shorter, but considerably more broad-shouldered than a strong man. Although the gorilla was mentioned more than 2,000 years ago, by Hanno, the commander of a Carthaginian fleet, it is even now very imperfectly known. If the statements respecting the strength and savageness of the gorilla are only half true, there is little prospect of ever being able to bring over full-grown specimens to America; and the young gorilla presented to the zoological garden of Berlin unfortunately fell a victim to the foreign climate. Even the skin skeleton, and remains of the gorilla preserved in spirits, are ranked among the greatest treasures of our Natural History Museums.

The second representative of the African man-like apes is comparatively frequent, and is well-known under the name of the chimpanzee, though few full-grown specimens have been brought to this continent; it is much smaller, slenderer, and more elegantly built than the gorilla, and often measures sixty inches in length. While the gorilla frequents



the densest woods, and is only found in the lands near the coast, the chimpanzee inhabits the whole of the West African sub-division, and seems to prefer being near the open clearings of the forests; both kinds of ape feed principally on fruits, nuts, and the young shoots of trees, perhaps also on roots.

As to the mental qualities of the chimpanzee in captivity, much has been written, and it is agreed that the animal may be ranked among the most highly gifted of its race. It not only learns to know its master, to love its friends, and avoid its enemies; it is not only inquisitive, but actually desirous of knowledge. Any object which has once excited its attention increases in value as soon as it has learned how to use it, the chimpanzee is cunning, self-willed, but not stubborn, desiring what is good for itself, betraying humor and caprices; one day cheerful and excited, another depressed and sullen.

A Very Human Animal.

When ill, it is patient under the surgeon's knife; and, according to Brehm, if not entirely human, has a great deal of the human within it. It cannot therefore excite our surprise that the natives of West Africa are of opinion that the chimpanzees were once men, who, on account of their bad qualities, have been thrust out from human companionship; and still persisting in yielding to their evil impulses, have gradually sunk to their present degraded condition. Less is known of the chimpanzee in a state of freedom; like the gorilla, it does not live in troops, as do other monkeys, but in pairs, or even alone; it is only occasionally that the young are seen to assemble in larger bands. The chase is difficult. From twenty to thirty skilled hunters are required for the pursuit. To them is entrusted the difficult commission of climbing up the trees for more than eighty feet, trying to outdo the chimpanzee in speed, and to capture it in the nets, after which it is easily despatched by lances.

When thus brought to bay, the apes defend themselves with savage fury, sometimes snatching the spears from the hunter's hand, and striking out wildly right and left; and even more dangerous than this method of defence is the grip of their pointed teeth, and the amazing muscular power of their nervous arms. Here, as in the woods on the western coast, legends are current of their carrying off human beings, and of the curious nest which it is said they build of leafy branches in the crest of the forest trees.

We must not omit to mention the smaller kinds of apes; for although they are very numerous in all the primeval woods of the tropical belt of Africa, they are principally found along the west coast and near the

Upper Nile. The name sea-cats, by which they are sometimes known, was given centuries ago to these merest and prettiest specimens of the monkey tribe, because they were brought over the sea to Europe, and because something in their shape resembles the cat. The favorites of the children, the nimble, quarrelsome, amusing inhabitants of our menageries and zoological gardens, which sometimes win from the grave man of science a smile, belong to this category. The greyish green monkey, the slate-colored, white-bearded Diana, the ill-tempered black monkey, the reddish huzzar monkey, and numerous other kinds, are included in this family.

It is a real pleasure to meet with a band of these monkeys in the forest; it is a wild chaos of busy life, crying and fighting, quarreling and reconciliation, climbing, running, pilfering and plundering, grimacing and contortion. They recognize no leader of their commonwealth, except the strongest of their race; they acknowledge no law but that enforced by the sharp teeth and strong hands of their chief; they consider that no danger can exist from which he is not able to set them free; they adapt themselves to every position, have no fear of drought or famine, and spend their lives in perpetual activity and merriment. Their chief characteristic is the combination of most amusing earnestness with boundless frivolity, which accompanies the beginning and end of all their pursuits.

Inveterate Thieves.

No tree crest is too high, no treasure too safely hidden, no property too respected, for their attacks. It is therefore not astonishing that the natives of East Soudan only speak of them with unutterable contempt and anger. "Only think, sir, the clearest proof of the godless nature of monkeys may be seen in their never bowing before the word of God's ambassadors: all other creatures honor and revere the prophet; Allah's peace be upon him! The monkeys despise him. The man who writes an amulet, and hangs it up in his field to keep off the hippopotamus, the elephant, and the monkeys from devouring his fruit and injuring his property, always finds that the elephant alone pays any heed to the warning signal; that is because he is a righteous beast, while the ape has been transformed by the wrath of Allah into an abomination to all men; a child of the unrighteous one, just as the hippopotamus is the forbidding image of the loathsome sorcerer."

But for the impartial spectator it is an attractive and interesting spectacle to watch a band of monkeys setting off upon their predatory expeditions. The audacity they displayed used to delight me as much as it

enraged the natives. Under the leadership of the old veteran father of the tribe they approach the corn fields, the females carrying their young before them, instead of on their backs; the young ones, to make themselves perfectly secure, twist their short tails round the tail of their lady mother. At first they approached with great circumspection, travelling generally from one tree top to another.

The old leader goes first, the others following exactly in his steps, not only seizing the same trees, but the same portion of the same branch. From time to time the leader climbs the highest tree, and surveys the country with careful glances: if his examination is satisfactory, the good news is announced to his followers by a low gurgling sound; if not, the usual warning is given. When close to the field, the band descends the tree, and hastens in vigorous leaps towards its paradise, and then the work begins with indescribable rapidity. First of all they lay in a stock. Quickly are the clusters of maize and ears of durrah torn down and stuffed into the mouth, until the cheeks are distended to the uttermost, and not until these storehouses are full do the marauders allow themselves any relaxation. They then begin to be more particular and dainty in the choice of their food. All the ears and clusters are carefully sniffed and examined after being broken off; and if, as is often the case, they do not come up to the required standard, they are at once thrown away. It may be safely said that of nine clusters which are gathered, only one is eaten; and generally the epicures only take a grain or two out of each ear, and then throw the rest away.

Quick Retreat.

All the members of the band place implicit confidence in the care and prudence of their leader. The latter often rouses himself from the most dainty morsel to attend to his duties, standing upright on his hind legs, and looking keenly round. After each survey he announces the result either by the gurgling sound, which indicates that he has seen nothing disquieting, or by the peculiar inimitable quivering cry of warning. When that sound is heard, his followers are gathered together in a moment, the mothers call their young ones, and all are at once ready for flight. The retreat is accomplished without the slightest sign of terror or cowardice.

The gorilla and monkey tribes appear to be closely allied to the orang-outang, found in some of the tropical islands. We here quote from the interesting narrative of a tropical traveller, who captured several orangs:

This monkey is found in Borneo, and thither Thursday (Thursday was

a native)—now grown more civilized and more indispensable—and I turned our faces. We took passage on a craft going out with Chinese laborers, and a hard voyage we had of it, with head winds and a heavy sea. But at last, ten days late, we arrived at Saraouak, and immediately inquired of the native hunters where we could best find the game for which we were in search. They advised the Sadong River, running to the east from Saraouak, and bordered its entire length with dense forests. I hired a Dyak porter to carry our provisions, and we set out. Two days later we were floating on the river, and my ardent desire was about to be gratified.

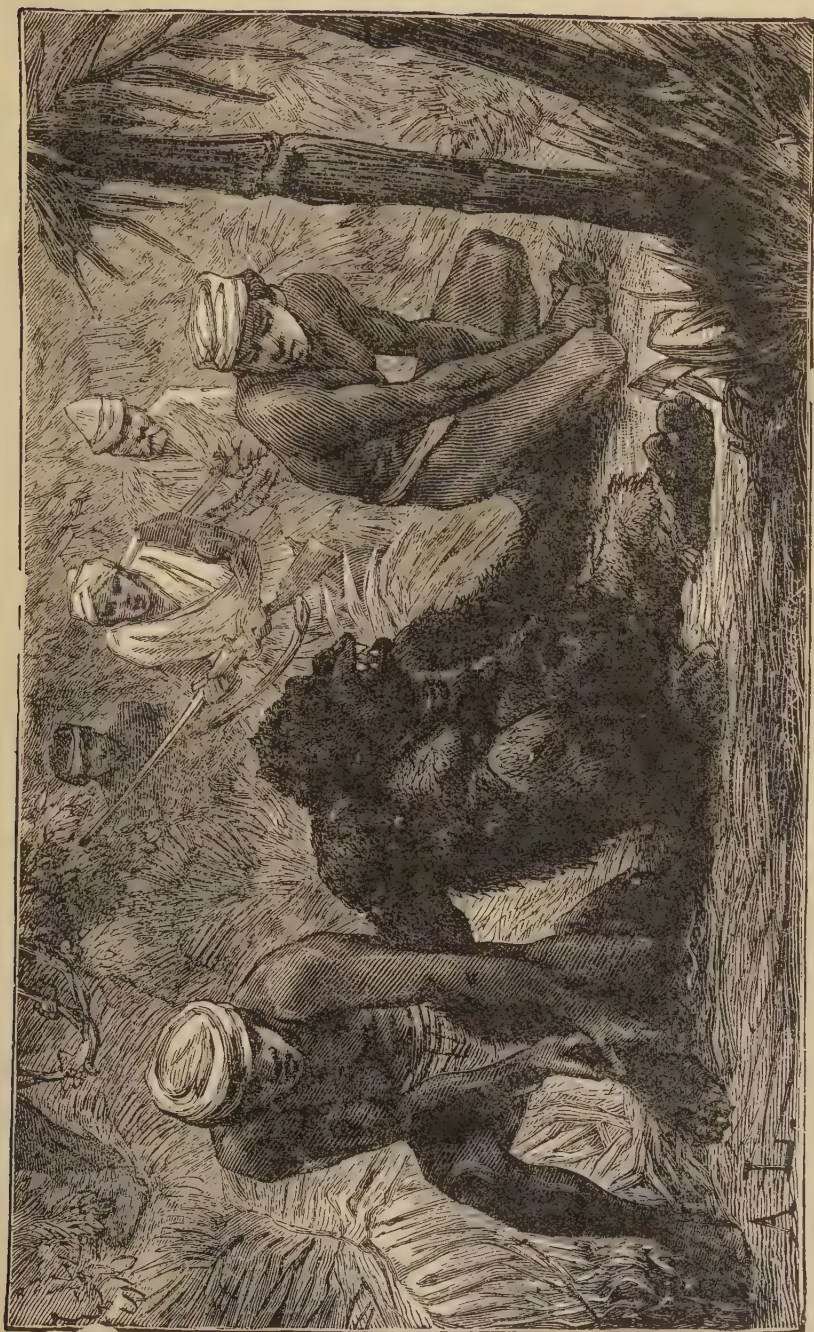
Arms Longer than Legs.

Orang-outang is a word meaning in Borneo, "Man-of-the-Forest," and is applied to what is now a species of small stature, rarely five feet high, but of stalwart build, the body being often in circumference two-thirds of the height. His arms are a quarter longer than his legs, so that when travelling on all fours his attitude is half upright; but he never really stands on his legs like a man, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. When young his color is tawny, but he grows black with years.

The orangs live in couples in the most secluded parts of the forest, and are never active, like the chimpanzees, but sit all day with their legs round a branch, their heads forward in the most uncomfortable attitude, occasionally uttering mournful sounds. When pursued they climb slowly up a tree, and at night sleep in the huts built to cover their young, of which they are very careful, and whose wants they supply with almost human tenderness and devotion. When taken young they are susceptible of taming and domesticating, like the chimpanzee, but as they grow older they become cross and violent, and, curiously enough, the forehead—prominent in the adult—becomes retreating in later years.

Formidable Foe.

After waiting some days without seeing any orangs, my native guide advised our going away from the river, deeper into the unbroken forest, and this we did, a two days' march. One morning, just as I had killed and was examining a queer wild pig, I heard a rustling in the leaves over my head, and looking up, was paralyzed with surprise to see, some twenty-five or thirty feet above me, an enormous orang-outang quietly seated on a tamarind branch, watching me and grinding his teeth. My porter was making me elaborate signals of distress which Thursday translated into advice to shoot the beast, who was old and fully grown with my explosive-ball rifle.



ORANG-OUTANG CAPTURED

"He says he is an evil one," added Thursday, "and that the old orangs are very dangerous and will attack a man at sight."

"All right," I replied. "If he offers to attack us, I will stop him promptly with a bullet."

It is true that one of my most ardent desires was to obtain a skeleton of a fully-developed orang-outang, but I decided to postpone the gratification of it until I should have watched the animal's movements in a state of absolute freedom. I told my men to clap their hands and shout to scare him, but all he did was to sit and grind his teeth; and I was almost persuaded to try my Dyak's advice, when the orang-outang coolly grasped a branch hanging near, and swung himself slowly from tree to tree without any apparent effort, about as fast as we could walk beneath. We followed him until the dense undergrowth made the path impracticable. An athlete would have performed this trapeze act with, perhaps, more grace, but nothing could surpass the indolent ease with which he left us behind.

Must Kill or be Killed.

This was my first interview with this peculiar animal; and the superstitious Dyak assured Thursday, relating numerous parallel cases, that as I had not killed the orang, the orang would certainly kill me. He said he had known a great many travellers who had been attacked by them and killed, and that I would soon join their number, although he confessed that he had never himself been present at such a misfortune.

One morning, as I was returning from a long walk through the woods in search of insects, one of my boys came running toward me, shouting with excitement, "Quick, take your gun! a large orang, a large orang!"

He had only breath enough left to tell me the animal was up the path toward the Chinaman's camp, and I hurried in that direction followed by two Dyaks. One barrel of my gun was loaded with ball, and I sent Charley—the boy—back to camp for more ammunition, in case I should find the game had kindly waited for me. We walked carefully, making almost no noise, stopping every now and then to look round ourselves, until Charley rejoined us at the spot where he had seen the orang, and I put ball in the other barrel and waited, sure that we were near the game. In a moment or two I heard a heavy body moving from tree to tree, but the foliage was so thick we could see nothing.

Finally, fearing I might lose him entirely, I fired at guess into a tree in which we thought he must be. For so large an animal he moved with remarkable swiftness and silence, but I felt sure, if we could follow his

general course, we should eventually catch sight of him in some more open bit of forest. And so it proved.

Cutting Down the Tree.

Just at the spot where he had first been seen by Charley, and to which we had now got back, his tawny side and black head appeared for an instant; I saw him cross the path, dragging one leg as if it had been broken. At any rate, he could not use it, and he took refuge between two branches of a lofty tulip-tree, sheltered from sight by the thick growth of glossy leaves. I was afraid he would die up there, and I should never get him or his skeleton. It was no use trying to get the Dyaks to climb the tree and cut the branch from under him; they were afraid, and said so. We tried to dislodge him with all sorts of missiles, but in vain. Finally we started to cut down the tree; but when the trunk was severed the tree only leaned over, and was held in that position by innumerable tough vines running to a dozen neighboring trees. It would take us all night to cut them all down; still, we began the work, which almost immediately gave the tree such a shaking that down came the gigantic orang with a tremendous thud. When we came to measure him, we found him a giant indeed, stretching from hand to hand over six feet. When he fell the Chinamen lashed him to a litter and carried him into camp, where it took Charley and myself all day to clean his skin and boil the flesh from his skeleton. From this and many similar experiences I have become convinced that, in spite of stories to the contrary, the orang-outang never attacks man. His policy is always flight, and to my own testimony is added that of all the Chinese wood-cutters whom I met in Borneo; and the island is full of them.

A Young Orang.

Soon after this a young orang fell into my hands, and I determined to rear him if I could. I started the Dyak off in search of a goat, and told him not to return until he found one. Meanwhile I mixed sugar, bread, and water together, and, although at first he declined it energetically, he soon sucked it from my finger with a decided gusto. It proved, however, too strong food for so young a stomach, and I was just beginning to think he would die on my hands, when the Dyak, followed by a Chinaman and a goat, came into camp. The Chinaman was sharp at trading; but finally, after pretending that I cared nothing whatever about his goat, and after long haggling on his part, starting at one hundred rupees (twelve dollars and fifty cents) and coming down to five, the goat became mine, and the little orang-outang obtained a step-mother that soon rivalled its own mother in tenderness. She nursed it and caressed



APES AMONG THE TREES

it exactly as if it had been her own, and a very pretty sight it was. He soon grew large enough to travel on his own sturdy legs, at any sudden alarm running quickly back to his nurse and clinging to her with his sinewy fingers.

When he strayed away out of her sight in the woods, it was really pathetic to hear her bleatings and his answering cries. He had gradually come to know me, and he treated us all with the greatest gentleness. When he was three months old I began to give him bananas, of which he was very fond, and he afterward became accustomed to other fruits; but nothing ever pleased him like the goat's milk.

He learned very quickly, and at five months knew all objects in my tent by name, bringing to me anything I called for, which was certainly more than many children of two or even three years could have done. But with the latter, development progresses with giant strides after that age, while with an orang it ceases. What an animal is at one year of age he always remains.

A Clever Monkey.

One morning a Chinaman came to offer for sale a tiny monkey which he had partially tamed. This little animal looked like a pygmy beside my young orang, but he could do a variety of things, like feeding himself, etc., that the larger was not yet up to. So I bought him, and put them in the same hut, where they soon became fast friends; the monkey, on account of his more perfectly developed faculties, being easily master.

When he wanted to sleep nothing would do but that the orang must lie down too, and let him pillow his head on him. But there was another side to this; for the orang-outang looked upon him as a kind of doll, invented for his particular enjoyment, and when he felt in playful mood, he would seize the monkey by the ear or the neck or the tail, and swing him round and hold him in any uncomfortable position at his own sweet will. The monkey would rage and even weep, but only interference on our part would stop this rough treatment. He learned early, as all animals do, to distinguish the members of our party and their relations, and, as master, he always treated me with respectful obedience.

I taught him to eat rice boiled in milk, and to use a spoon and bowl like his little friend, who, by the way, was fond of stealing from him all he safely could. They were both gluttons, and nothing amused Thursday more than to set them quarrelling over some bit of choice fruit. As the orang's teeth grew, his temper and character became more pronounced, and, like an ill brought-up child, he wished all around him to give way to his whims.

He had no consideration whatever for the Dyak, who washed and tended him with the greatest patience, but tried to pull his hair and bite him whenever the mood seized him. I named him Joseph and the monkey Jack—after my chimpanzee friend—and they answered promptly to their names when called, without mistake. I was proud of them and their accomplishments, and tempted to send them home to some naturalist, but chance prevented. You should have seen them—Jack, a napkin round his neck, seated at a corner of the table eating slowly with fork and spoon, like any well-taught child: Joseph, with a napkin over his arm, waiting upon him as solemnly as an English butler. To be sure, they stole the best fruit—but then, no one is perfect! It was with a real pang that I left these little fellows behind with a friend, to whom I gave them on my departure from Borneo.

Perhaps this is the only case on record of the growth in captivity of a young orang-outang, and it is interesting to note in what ways he resembled a child. When very young he lay nearly always on his back, with his legs in the air, and when he wanted anything he simply put his head back and howled till he got it. When he first began to walk it was with the same timid hesitation that a child does, and when he succeeded in taking a few steps without falling, he glanced at us with a very human look of triumph. The appearance of the goat always caused him a high degree of satisfaction, expressed, again like a child on the entrance of its mother, by little sighs of contentment. I may say, indeed, that up to the age of four or five months I saw nothing different in him from what I have remarked in a child except that difference of development mentioned before.

CHAPTER IX.

A FAMOUS AFRICAN HUNTER.

Thrilling Incidents in the Life of Baldwin—A Man of Rare Attainments—~~Boat~~
Hunter—Kaffirs and Hottentots—Terrible Drought—Two Stately Giraffes—A
Rickety Old Wagon—Trouble With an Ancient Musket—Greedy Kaffir—Hostile
Natives—Loud Talk and Bluster—The Land for Brilliant Sport—Troop of
Elephants—The Buffalo and Rhinoceros—Bright and Burning Sun—Story of a
Little African—Swimming a Turbid River—In Pursuit of a Huge Elephant—
Crashing Through the Thicket—Hunter Charged by an Elephant—Fat Meat and
Half-starved Natives—Immense Beasts Disappear Like Magic—Canoes Upset
and their Crews Drowned—Race of Savages Always at War—Covetous Chief—
An Open Air Dinner—Kaffir Girls for Waiters—Description of Kaffir Beauties—
Roasted Giraffe for Dinner—An Unscrupulous Rascal—Trying to Get the Best of
the Bargain—In Pursuit of Elands—Riding at a Slashing Pace—Floundering
Among Pit-falls—Another Encounter With Elephants—Perilous Situation—In
Close Contact With an Immense Beast—Shots That Went Home—A Famous
Bird—Pathetic Death of a Dog—Combats With Tigers—Exciting Events in the
Jungle—Indiscriminate Combat—Savage Charge by a Buffalo—Caught Among
Prickly Thorns—Beast that Cannot Be Driven—Chase of the Giraffe—Unique
Animal—Eyes of Wonderful Beauty—Elegant Roan Antelope—Crisis of Fate—A
Herd of Harrisbucks—The Plumed Ostrich—Ingenious Method of Getting
Water—Ostrich Chicks—Not Particular as to Food.

AS our object is to present every phase of life in the Continent of
Africa, not merely following those great explorers whose aim is
to make discoveries, prepare the way for commerce, and change
the character of the savage races, but to also follow the adven-
tures of the chase, we present some remarkable incidents in the life of
William Charles Baldwin, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society,
whose graphic description of his life in South Africa may well be re-pro-
duced here and will certainly be read with absorbing interest.

Mr. Baldwin was not only a scholarly man, well fitted by natural attain-
ments to hold the position of member of the Royal Geographical Society,
but he was a very spirited hunter, a man fond of the jungle and the plain,
a man of great nerve and endurance, and probably no hunter in Africa
can tell so many thrilling tales as he. To some of these we now invite
the reader's attention, and we shall allow Mr. Baldwin to narrate his
adventures in his own language.

He says: I am now left entirely to my own devices in the deserts of
South Africa, with three Kaffirs, two Hottentots, a driver and after-

rider, a wagon, eighteen oxen, a cow and calf, five horses and seven dogs, with guns, powder and lead, beads, wire, and supplies of tea, coffee, meal, etc., for a twelvemonth at least.

It is a great change to find myself entirely alone after the row and racket of hitching up eleven wagons daily, but it is my own doing, and from my own choice. This is the beginning of the new Kaffir chief's reign; he is talking very largely, and has succeeded in frightening my Hottentots considerably, and they come to me with long faces to know what I will do. My answer is, "Hitch up at once, and get through his country as quick as possible." A full complement of elands and giraffes have fallen to our rifles, and a lion killed one of our oxen one pitch dark night and escaped unhurt.

Terrible Drouth.

I bought for beads about 600 lbs. of Kaffir corn, and the wagon is very heavy. The poor oxen are much to be pitied, having to drag it through deep, heavy sand, under a broiling sun, without one drop of water to cool their throats for two days. We must travel most of the night, too, as in the heat of the day they cannot move. A drop of cold, clear, sparkling water would be the greatest luxury that could be set before me just now; what we do get is stagnant, muddy stuff, from pits made by the Kaffirs, which they carefully fence round with hack-thorns to keep the game from drinking them dry. Two stately giraffes walked yesterday parallel with the wagon, not more than 400 yards off, for nearly half an hour, and we did not molest them, as we had a superabundance of flesh for men and dogs.

This has been almost the driest season ever known, and travelling in this thirst-land is no easy matter; you must undergo great hardships and much anxiety for your poor live-stock. I have sad misgivings about my wagon, which is twenty-seven years old, and very shaky and rickety; but perhaps, with the aid of green hides and rhinoceros skin, she may hold together. There are hardships enough in travelling in the thirst-land without the anxiety of fearing lest your old wagon should leave you in the desert far from any human assistance. I believe I have almost every other requisite for exploring the continent—health, strength, a constitution well inured to the climate, a constant supply of good spirits, a knack of gaining the good-will of the Kaffirs, natives, and Hottentots, who will go anywhere and do anything for me, as I always lend a hand at anything, and study their comforts as well as my own. I have no ties of kindred or friends here to make me wish myself among them. I never weary with vain regrets, but always make myself happy, and endeavor to

make the best of everything, and interest myself in the journey throughout.

I have now got a two-grooved rifle, the most perfect weapon I ever handled. It shoots perfectly true with any charge of powder, but the recoil will, I fear, twist me out of the saddle.

The reader will perceive that Baldwin is narrating events as they were recorded in his journal from day to day.

Trouble With an Old Musket.

A Kaffir brought an old musket to be mended, and, in botching away at the lock, I succeeded in breaking it in two places beyond my skill to mend. Although I tried to explain to him that it was accidental, and that I was doing all I could to assist him without any compensation, and had worked unremittently at it for near two days, and that it was useless to him when he brought it, and consequently it was no worse now, he would listen to nothing: I had broken his gun, and I must give him another; and, being a great man, brother to Chapeau, the captain, and having a strong force at command, I was forced to submit, take his old useless musket, and give him one three times the value. There is no arguing with a Kaffir; he said that Wilson, a white man, did the same—that is, broke his gun in endeavoring to mend it, and instantly went to the wagon and gave him a new one. I do not doubt that he did so, as he had a lot of muskets. In the Kaffirs' eyes a gun is a gun.

A party of Bamangwatos followed the wagon, well armed with spears, axes, bows and arrows, and two guns, saying that I must not hunt in their country until I first paid them for leave to do so; and that if I did not do so, and persisted in hunting, they would kill us all. My fellows talked very big, especially Auguste, a large, powerful Kaffir, saying that if they wanted to fight they must come on; we were quite ready for them at any moment, having plenty of guns and powder. I said nothing, but let things take their course, and merely ordered the wagon to go on, and left the Bamangwatos to do whatever they thought best. At night I served out plenty of powder and bullets, a watch was kept, and every man had his gun handy. My fellows talk largely, but what they would do in case of an actual skirmish I don't know. I don't place much confidence in one of them, nor do I fear the Kaffirs, unless they can catch me unprepared—and I and my gun are constant companions.

A Land for Brilliant Sport.

This river appears of immense breadth; nor do I see any possible way of crossing it, as I do not know where the stream runs to, and, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but reeds so tall and thick

that it is impossible to force your way through them. There is safe harbor here for all the game and wild animals in South Africa. I never saw anything like it, and my Hottentots say it is the same all the way to Lake Ngami, about thirteen days from here in a wagon. It is not far, but the sand is so heavy that the oxen can only take slow and short stages. We have plenty of good water now, but the frightful annoyance from mosquitoes at night counterbalances this advantage. I know of no country in the world that can compare with Africa for brilliant sport, but it must be confessed that this part of it is a sandy desert only fit to keep a few miserable goats in existence. There is not a bite of grass now except along the edge of the reeds, but then it is winter. Although the sun is overpowering in the day, it is very cold in the early mornings and at nights, and it requires a considerable amount of courage to get from under the blankets before sunrise.

I found yesterday the fresh trail of a troop of elephants, some very large bulls and cows intermixed, and tracked them to the water. Last night all the dogs were made fast, and small fires only allowed, as we were by far too near the elephants' trail with the wagon; but, luckily, the wind was right, and John and I went this morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, to find out whether the elephants had drunk last night, but they had not. I wait quiet to-day in hopes they may come to-night; if not, I shall take the old trail and go in quest of them to-morrow, for if they don't come to-night they must find water somewhere else, as they must drink every second night at the longest.

There is plenty of buffalo, giraffe, and rhinoceros, but this is not what I want. The elephants are wary, and very hard indeed to come at, as they are now so much sought for, and every savage knows the value of the ivory. I have tried fishing to-day, as I dare not fire a shot for fear of frightening the elephants, who cannot be far away; but the water was too clear and the sun too bright to do any good.

A Little African.

One day I bought, for the identical old musket before mentioned that I was forced to take in exchange, and which I had managed to patch up with an old nail and the sinews of a buck, a little Masara boy—a waddling infant, certainly not more than two years old, but with an intelligent countenance, and not yet starved—whom I named Leche; and he is a fine, quick little fellow. I am now quite fond of him. A gang of Bamangwatos, returning from hunting jackals, lynxes, wild cats, and skins of all kinds, had picked up this poor little urchin. They remained all night by my wagon, and the one who called himself owner brought



HERD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS

him to me. My interpreter told me that if I did not take him they were just as likely to leave him as not, if they got tired of carrying him across the desert; and knowing the fate in store for him, even if they got him home—the slave of a Bamangwato, who live from hand to mouth themselves—I took compassion on him, and rescued him from their hands.

One afternoon we unhitched close to the river, within a few hundred yards of where elephants had drunk the previous night, and we made all ready for a hunt in the morning; and I was awakened at dawn by hearing loud cries from the Masaras, over the river, that the elephants had drunk there in the night. We swam the horses over with the aid of a canoe. The river is about 300 yards across, but the bottom is good, and the stream is not strong. The water is deliciously cold and clear—a great treat in this desert land.

A Huge Monster.

We took up the trail on the opposite side of three bulls, not, however until the bones had been cast, and the witch-doctor or prophet had foretold that we should find them, and that I should shoot a fat bull, with one long and one short tusk. I followed silently in the rear of the men, through a thick thorny bush. I had a presentiment that we were near them, and took my gun from the Kaffir's hands; and not three minutes afterward I saw, from the gesticulations of the Masaras, they had seen them. The dogs were slipped, and all was quiet for some time, when I heard one bark, followed immediately by the trumpeting of a bull. I made the best of my way in the direction, when I was turned by a voice shouting, "Come here, Natoo," and made for him.

I heard a shot behind me, turned at once, and caught sight of the retreating monster. The bush being uncommonly dense, I was fearful of losing him, and fired, striking him in the thick of the thigh, and he took up a position in a thicket, trumpeting and charging the dogs in all directions, making a loud crashing. Unfortunately, the cap was driven into the nipple at the first shot, and I lost some time in trying to get it out, and broke the point of my knife, but I eventually succeeded with a strong needle which I had in my hat. There were five men with guns, but no one had ventured into the bush to give him a shot; and the Kaffirs, no doubt, thought me afraid likewise; but when I was sure of my gun, I rode in, taking care to have a clear passage for a speedy exit. When within about twenty-five yards, he threw up his trunk and came direct toward me.

The horse stood still as old Time, and I gave him a conical ball, five to the pound, backed by six drachms of fine powder, on the point of the

shoulder-blade. Flesh and blood could not stand before such a driver; and, staggering and stumbling forward a few yards, he pitched right on his head within fifteen yards of me; then my brave followers immediately rushed in and gave him a volley as he lay on his broadside, and it was all over with him.

Though the other elephants could not have been far off, all hunting was over for that day, as the sight of so much fat meat was irresistible to the half-starved Masaras; and nothing I could offer would induce them to take up the trail of the other bulls, so they will live to fight another day.

Large Herd of Elephants.

We crossed the river at dawn of day; not, however, until I had paid a bag of powder and a bar of lead for the use of two old canoes, which, however, were indispensable to us. We took up the trail of a large herd of elephants, and followed it unremittingly till within two hours of sunset, straight away from the river, to a thick grove of mapani-trees, the leaves of which very much resemble the beech, and are even now, in the depth of winter, green and luxuriant. Here we found a large herd of fifty or sixty, all cows and calves. They were feeding, but, on seeing us, they disappeared like magic; and when the dogs got among them, they spread in all directions. I shot, also, an old bull buffalo, and the Masaras and Makubas, though well wearied, made a night of it—that is, did not stop eating until morning; consequently, only two, that we sent for water, were able to work the next day.

The next morning we found a troop of eleven or twelve bull elephants in a thick hack-thorn bush on the banks of the river. As they crashed away, I rode hard in their rear, shouting lustily, and singled out the largest bull. I rode close, and he cleared a path for me. He turned to see who had the audacity to ride so near, for the horse's nose touched him, when I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, and cleared out of his path. In reloading I lost him, and, cantering on his trail, he very nearly caught me, as he had stopped and turned round just where the path turned suddenly and sharply to the right, and I was almost under his very trunk ere I saw him. He was lying in wait, and made a terrific charge, trumpeting furiously; the horse was round like a top, and away I went, with both rowels deep in his flanks as I threw myself on his neck. It was a very near shave; his trunk was over the horse's hind quarters. I went through bush that, in cool blood, I should have pronounced impenetrable, but did not come off scathless; my poor hands are shockingly torn, and my trowsers, from the knee, literally in shreds, though made of goatskin. After giving the elephant two more bullets I



CHASED BY AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT

lost him. The dogs were frightened to death, and would not leave the horse's heels.

Boat Crews Drowned.

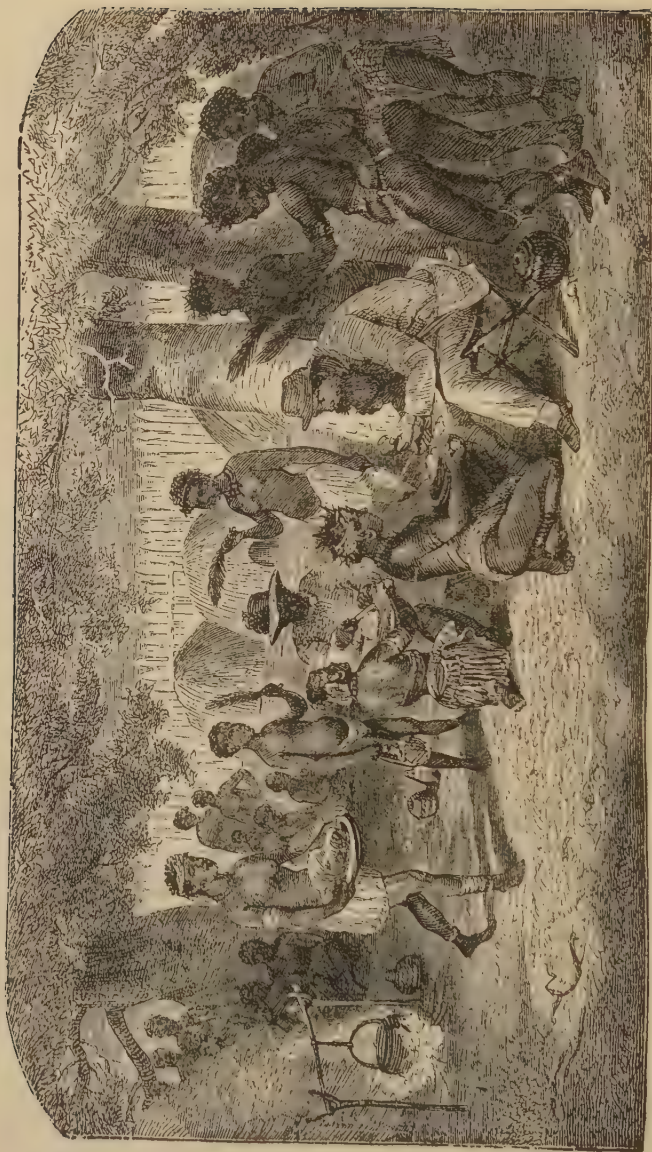
The country all around appears to be a perfect flat, very unhealthy and uninteresting, with a lot of rubbishy reeds at this end, but it is wooded to the banks on the other side, and most of the way round. I gather from the natives that it is a three days' ride round the lake, but that the tsetse render it impossible for horses. The natives are afraid to cross in their frail canoes, as when a wind rises the water is very rough. Three canoes were swamped not long since, and their crews drowned. Not far from the southern point, the road the wagons take to Walvish Bay, there is a high ridge of rocks, Lechulatebe's strong-hold in case of an attack. These Kaffirs are always at war, cattle being the prime object. I could only get a very bad view of one end of the lake, but I must confess that I was disappointed in it. The chief went with me, and by the aid of an interpreter, gave me all the information he could, and was very kind and obliging.

He is not a bad fellow at heart, I think, but a dreadful beggar, and very covetous. He appears to have no idea of being refused anything he fancies, gives you nothing in return, wants your things on his own terms, and asks outrageous prices for his. He is young, active, an elephant-hunter himself, a good shot, and possesses good guns. On our return I swam the river, which is about 300 yards wide, and he invited me to dinner. We dined in the open air, and were attended by the prettiest girls in the kraal, who knelt before us and held the dishes from which we ate.

Kaffir Beauties.

They wear no clothing but a skin around their loins; their legs, arms, necks, and waists are ornamented with beads of every variety, and ivory, brass, and copper bracelets. Finer-made girls than some of the well-fed Kaffirs, I suppose, are not to be found. They have small hands and feet, beautifully-rounded arms, delicate wrists and ankles; their eyes and teeth unsurpassable, and they are lithe and supple as a willow wand.

They say perfect happiness does not exist in this world, but I should say a Kaffir chief comes nearer to it than any other mortal; his slightest wish is law; he knows no contradiction; he has the power of life and death in his hands at any moment, and can take any quantity of wives and put them away at pleasure; he is waited upon like an infant, and every wish, whim, and caprice is indulged in to the fullest extent; and



DINING WITH THE KAFFIR CHIEF

he has ivory, feathers, and karosses brought to him from all quarters, which he can barter with the traders for every article of luxury.

Our dinner consisted of roasted giraffe, swimming in fat and grease. I always do in Rome as Rome does—eat (if I can) whatever is set before me, and shut my eyes if I feel qualmish. Nothing approaches the parts most relished by the natives in richness of flavor, and racy, gamy taste. The Kaffirs know well the best parts of every animal, and laugh at our throwing them away. But enough; I enjoyed my dinner. Perhaps a person with a delicate stomach might have found fault with the means used to fasten on the lids of the different dishes; but the native plan is an excellent one, as everything is kept warm, and nothing can boil over or escape. Everything was scrupulously clean; and jackals' tails, waved in abundance by the many slaves in attendance, kept away the flies.

Shrewd Rascal.

I afterward exchanged my hat with the captain for a pair of leather crackers, but had to give beads, knife, fork, and spoon into the bargain. The rascal had no conscience; and after plaguing me till I promised to give him some tea for the second time, for I had sent him about a pound on my arrival, he immediately dispatched a messenger for an immense earthenware jar, which would hold at least two chests, and was highly indignant at the pigmy appearance of the tea I put in it. He then plagued me for meal; and when I offered to exchange with him for corn, provided he gave me two measures for one, he declared there was none in the state; he lies like a trooper, and only laughs when you find him out. He appears to be very good-tempered, however; but all Kaffirs have great self-command, and they rarely, if ever, come to blows.

Continuing his account of exciting adventures of the chase, Baldwin says: To-day I have been successful in bringing to bay a splendid fat eland cow. Accompanied by January on old Snowdon, two of my men, and seven Bakalahari, we sallied forth, and soon found fresh trails, which the Kaffirs followed in the most indefatigable manner; they led us in a regular circle. Though we maintained a dead silence, the elands must have got our wind, as we found from the trail they were off at full speed. January then took up the trail, holding on fast by the pommel with one hand, and kept it in the most marvellous manner at a canter, wherever the bush would permit of it, for three or four miles at least. I followed in his wake, my horse Ferus (fearless), who is in excellent condition, pulling hard. I should have called a halt, but the trail led homeward. January still kept on at a canter through the thick bush. At



HEADLONG CHASE OF THREE ELANDS

length I got sight of three cows; the rest of the party had done their duty, it was now my turn: I contented myself by keeping them in sight till we got into a much more open part, when I let Ferus make play, and we went at a slashing pace over everything. The elands led me in among the Kaffir pitfalls, and I steered my nag wherever the fence was thickest, as being safest, and he jumped like a stag, and in a very short brush singled out and ran right into the best cow, when I fired from the saddle

Narrow Escape.

One morning I found five bull elephants, gave chase, and singled and drove out the largest, and gave him a couple of pills to make him quiet; he shortly turned and stood at bay, about forty yards off, and then came on with a terrific charge. My newly-purchased horse, Kebon, which I was riding for the first time, stood stock still, and I intended to give the elephant my favorite shot in the chest, but at every attempt to raise the gun for the purpose of so doing my horse commenced tossing his head up and down, and entirely prevented me from taking aim. During my attempts to pacify and steady him, the bull charged, and I fired at random, and whether the ball whistled uncomfortably near the horse's ear or no I can't say, but he gave his head so sudden a jerk as to throw the near rein over on to the off side; the curb-chain came undone, and the bit turned right round in his mouth.

The huge monster was less than twenty yards off, ears erected like two enormous fans, and trumpeting furiously. Having no command whatever of my horse, I dug the long rowels in most savagely, when Kebon sprang straightforward for the brute, and I thought it was all up; I leaned over on the off side as far as possible, and his trunk was within a few feet of me, as I shot close by him.

I plied the rowels, and was brought again to a sudden stand by three trees, in a sort of triangle; a vigorous dig, and he got through, my right shoulder coming so violently in contact with one of the trees as almost to unhorse me, slewing my right arm behind my back, over my left hip. I know not how I managed to stick to my gun, 14 lbs. weight, with my middle finger only hooked through the trigger-guard, my left hand right across my chest, holding by the end of the reins, which, most fortunately, I had in my hand when I fired, and in this fashion he went at a tearing gallop through a thick tangled bush and underwood mostly hack-thorns, over which my nag jumped like a buck. He was very nearly on his head three or four times, as the soil was very heavy, sandy, and full of holes.

The monster was all this time close in my wake; at length I got clear

from him, and he turned and made off in the opposite direction at his best pace. As soon as I could pull up, which I managed after performing three or four circles, I jumped off, righted my bridle, and went after him like the wind, as he had a long start, and I was afraid of losing him in thick bush. After giving him ten shots, and sustaining three more savage charges, the last a long and silent one, far from pleasant, as my horse had all the puff taken out of him, and he could only manage to keep his own before the brute, to my great satisfaction he at length fell, to rise no more. I had long been quite exhausted, and could not even put a cap on the nipple. One of my men turned up about an hour after; he



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

said he fired all his powder away, giving his elephant sixteen bullets to no purpose; but the horse looked quite fresh, and both barrels were loaded, and every man has a perfect right to form his own opinion as to the reason why and wherefore.

Elephant hunting is the very hardest life a man can chalk out for himself. Two blank days, riding five hours at a foot's pace to a ravine, where the Masaras tell you they have drunk; sleeping in the bush with nothing to eat; a drink of muddy water in the morning, out of a dirty tortoise-shell, which serves for breakfast, dinner, and supper; all day in the saddle, under a broiling sun, following after three half-starved Masaras in

greasy, tattered skins, who carry a little water, which is nauseous to a degree, and never seeing life the whole day. Two days like this, followed by two successful ones, is about what you may expect.

Nothing more miserable and dirty can be conceived than a Masara encampment. It consists of temporary half-thatched sheds, and a few bushes stuck in here and there to break the wind, with half-putrid dried flesh, water vessels, and shreds of old skins hung up in the surrounding trees. My trusty after-rider brings two or three armfuls of grass, and makes my couch in the most eligible corner, with my saddle for a pillow, and here I court sleep till daybreak, lying close to a green wood fire, the smoke of which passes over you when you lie close to the ground, and keeps off the mosquitoes.

There is something quite overpowering in the deathlike stillness of the forest at night—a brilliant sky, innumerable stars, bright and twinkling, dusky figures in all possible attitudes lying around, the munching of our faithful horses, which are tied to trees all night, and frequently the jackal's cry, the hyena's howl, the occasional low growl of a lion, or the heavy tramp and crash in the bush of a herd of elephants, with a scream which can be heard at an immense distance. This is the way our nights are usually passed in the bush, and the most light-hearted fellow in the world, when all alone for months, must have occasional fits of despondency.

A Famous Bird.

Full of thorns and bruises, and half dead from thirst, I off-saddled Kebon, knee-haltered him, and then lay under the shade of a tree, having not the most remote idea as to my whereabouts, shouting and firing blank powder to bring up the Masaras. To add, if possible, to the many mishaps, my horse had strayed, and I had to follow his trail, and did not overtake him for nearly a mile, and then I was obliged to retrace my own footsteps, which was not so easy. I had not long returned when one of my men turned up, and he led the way back at a trot on foot, distancing all the Masaras, and just at sunset got to the wagon, where I first got a drink. Such days as these are rather more than sport.

I was much amused by watching the tickbirds trying to alarm an old white rhinoceros that we were approaching from under the wind, quite ignorant of his danger. They ran into his ears and fluttered about his eyes, keeping up an incessant chirping, but he would not be warned till we got above wind, when he elevated head and tail, snuffed, trotted, and snorted, and went away in grand style at a swinging trot. We had better game in view; but to-night I am going to watch the water, as the moon is high, and then he must be more wary. My fellows have just made

a hole at the edge of the water, as game is very scarce, and we are hard up for meat.

My poor dog Gyp, I grieve to say, was taken by a tiger. I had ridden forward to water, and she came after me. It was night, and a native heard the scuffle, and poor Gyp's last breath, which left her carcase, not in the shape of a yell, but rather of a fierce angry whine that she could not gripe the brute in return. She was the gamest of the game, and had numberless escapes, wonderful, lucky, or providential, whatever you like to call them. Except my perfect Juno, I had sooner the fate had happened to any other of the pack.

Combat with Tigers.

Baldwin does not give any extended account of hunting the tiger, but we are able to present a spirited account from a traveller of an exciting tiger hunt, which took place in India.

At break of day, he says, we set out in an imposing array. Twelve elephants, brilliantly trapped, bore the rajah, the principal officers of his suite, and your humble servant, lying, like the Romans at their feasts, on our backs, under the howdahs. Beside us lay several good rifles, and behind each of us, his eyes bandaged, a guepard, or hunting tiger. This curious animal, half-tiger, half-leopard, is famous for his extraordinary eyesight, his speed in running, and his courage in attack. At the same time he is a thoroughly good-natured and submissive companion, and makes a capital hunter besides.

There were some hundred men in the party, besides porters, servants, and cooks, and we journeyed by short stages in really royal style. No one ever complains of the sleepy slowness of an elephant's gait. You enjoy the scenery, you are rocked by his gentle movement into the happiest frame of mind, and you "get there."

After three days of this ideal travelling, one of our advance couriers came in to say that a tiger was reported in the neighborhood of one of the near villages, and we all prepared for an exciting day. I had my rifles cleaned and my ammunition and knives inspected, and resolved to give a good account of myself. We found that the tiger carried off daily a bull from the fields, and escaped with it into a densely grown marsh a few miles away. At least such was the story, if we chose to believe it.

Exciting Events Ahead.

Hardly had we reached the locality before the guepards gave unequivocal signs that they detected the presence of our game. Armed with spears, the men began to beat the bushes, much as if they were simply after hares. Still, as they did not seem to mind the danger, I could not

see why I should worry about them, though I sat ready with gun in rest on my elephant's back.

The plan was successful: for two enormous tigers bounded out of the high underbrush like young cats. Our men's cries and the general hubbub confused them and made them lose their heads, and they ran back



A PERILOUS POSITION.

and forth without any plan or method. Suddenly one of them sprang at my elephant with wild fury, as is their favorite method of attack. I came to the rescue with my rifle, and hurled the brute upon the ground, and the elephant placed his ponderous feet, one on its flanks and one on its head! I felt a violent jerk and shock, and heard the cracking of bones

like the sound of a tree broken by the force of the tempest; and I saw the beast flattened under the weight of the massive pachyderm.

The latter, proud of his deed, never lost his dignity or temper for an instant, and I showered caresses and sugar upon him in reward for his prompt courage. Meanwhile the other tiger had not remained inactive. He had succeeded in bringing down a young elephant, on which was mounted a son of the rajah, now on his first hunt; the latter, however, had the good sense to desert his mount, and leave the poor thing to its fate.

Desperate Battle.

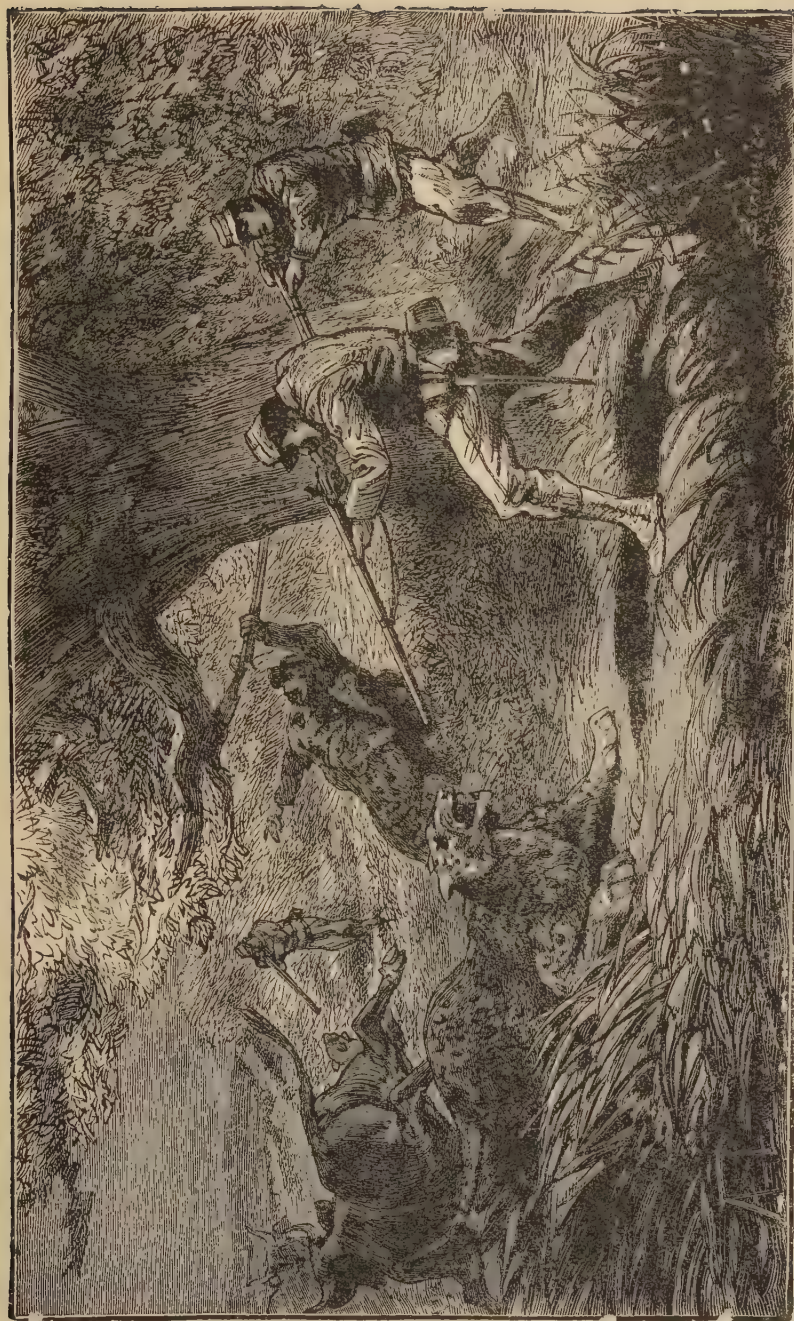
Immediately we all let loose our guepards, which fell upon the prey with their sharp teeth and indomitable courage. The fight became general; the wounded tiger held its own against the numerous foe, putting several *hors du combat*, laying them open with its fearful claws, or meeting its fangs in their throats. The struggle was intense, and the rajah's enjoyment of it was too, for he would not let me end it with a shot from my good rifle. After some minutes of this kind of thing he gave his men a signal, and they surrounded the combatants and with their spears put an end to the tiger, and drew off the limping guepards.

The foregoing narrative will serve to show what startling risks are run by hunters in the Tropics. Baldwin's experiences are evidence of this, and we again quote from his thrilling account.

I hardly know, he says, what I have done the last fortnight; I have been five consecutive days in the saddle without finding elephants; I am now three days on my road back again—a weary, long journey, without water so far, and I shall be obliged to wait for rain before I can get out, besides which the ravines are now full of a poisonous herb, which is certain death in a few hours to oxen, so that we are obliged to be most cautious. Painter, one of my horses, was left behind yesterday for dead; thirst and the intense heat of the sun had, to all appearance, finished him; but, to my amazement, he turned up again this morning, having found his way in the night to our old place.

Chased by an Infuriated Buffalo.

The best of my stud, Ferus, yesterday got desperately staked in the breast. A wounded buffalo, which I was trying to drive, charged me most savagely, and none other but Ferus could have brought me safely out. It was a near thing for about one hundred yards, and when she was not two yards from my horse's tail, taking advantage of an opening in the bush, I wheeled half round in the saddle, and gave her a bullet through her right ear and grazed the top of her back, without, however,



TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH TIGERS

doing her any harm; but she shortly gave up the chase, when I reloaded, dismounted, and brought her down. It was among hack-thorns, and my clothes were completely torn off my body. We had not a bite of anything at all at the wagon, and no near probability of getting anything, therefore I was rash, as a buffalo is a beast you cannot drive

The nipple of my gun broke short off in the worm the other day, and I tried every means to get it out for some time without effect, only making matters worse by breaking a plug short off that I had been hardening and shaping to fit all day. At last I made a drill bore, and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and she is now none the worse. We are obliged to load heavily for South African game; six drachms are my smallest dose, and my powder this year is excellent.

I think it hardly possible for the country to be or look worse than now, and my poor oxen and horses have fallen off fearfully. All the water-courses are dried up, and we only get a small quantity of water at the fountains after hard digging, and the little grass there is terribly dry. In the early mornings, evenings, and night, it is so cold that there is ice in all the water-vessels, while the days are intensely hot; from ten to four it is hardly possible to travel; we sometimes have high and often hot winds; game of all sorts is as thin as deal boards, and the fare, consequently, very indifferent.

Chase of the Giraffe.

Let me give an account of a day's adventure with giraffes.

I took a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and saddled up. I rode old Bryan, a tall, narrow-built, ewe-necked, remarkably long, blue-skimmel horse, resembling very much in appearance the animal we went to hunt, but with a great depth of shoulder and breadth of chest, and good girth, and some capital points about him, though an ungainly, ugly brute, and very heavy in hand, with a tender mouth. We shortly met six Kaffirs, who told us they had seen fresh trail of a troop of giraffes, and turned back to show us. We followed the trail some four miles, through thorns, and very stony and bad travelling, ascending the different heights to try to see them, but always following the trail as fast as the Kaffirs could keep up. I saw them first, full 500 yards off, seven or eight of them, and, on whistling for Swartz, one of my men, they immediately took right away, with a tremendous start.

We made good play, at a swinging gallop, right through bush and stones, and, after a long burst, I came within twenty yards of them, when Bryan stopped in fear and trembling of the huge unwieldy brutes. I plied him sharply with the spurs, and got him once more under way,



NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WILD BUFFALO

keeping above the wind, as the giraffes have a strong effluvia, which frighten horses unused to them. We came out on the clearing, Swartz forty or fifty yards in advance of me, and as far behind the giraffes. The sight of the other horse gave Bryan confidence, and he bounded away in good style, and was alongside instantly, when they again dashed into thick bush; here Swartz turned out a cow, the very one I had set my mind on, and I at once took after a large bull. Now he bounded away, with his tail screwed round like a corkscrew, and going in one bound as far as I went in three.

"He Went Bang into a Bush."

Bryan crashed through everything, and I lost my hat and tore my hands, arms, and shirt to pieces. At length I got nearly alongside him, and fired, hitting him high in the neck, and taking no effect whatever on him. Here I got a pull on Bryan and managed to reload, still going on at a smart gallop, and once more got alongside, and, in trying to pull up to dismount, he went bang into a bush, which brought him up short, and he went to back out, the giraffe getting 100 yards in advance. I soon made up the lost ground, and headed him, endeavoring to turn him, but he slewed round like a vessel in full sail, bearing down almost on the top of me, with his huge fore legs as high in the air as the horse's back. I had lots of chances to dismount, but had no command of my nag; his mouth was dead; but not a sign of flagging about him. I steered him close alongside on the near side, held out my gun in one hand, within two yards of the giraffe's shoulder, and fired. The gun shot over my head, half breaking my middle finger, and down came the giraffe, with a tremendous crash, with his shoulder smashed to atoms. I must have had a heavy charge of powder in, as I loaded at random.

Bryan was as still as a post instantly, and I lost not a moment in off-saddling him ere I inspected my giraffe, and then put the saddle-cloth over my bare head, as the sun was intensely hot. I must have run nearly five miles through hack-thorns and stones of all sizes, as straight as the crow flies. Swartz killed his cow, about a mile back, with one shot, about one hundred yards off. We cut off his mane and tail as a trophy, and the tongue and marrow-bone for immediate use; and Swartz and John coming up, we went to his giraffe, which was the fattest, for meat. The Kaffirs were there, and I offered them some beads to find my hat.

I dispatched all the Kaffirs and dogs for meat early in the morning, as it was late when we got back the previous night. The meat is really tender and good. I followed my giraffe about twenty yards in the rear

for a mile at least, the stones rattling past my head occasionally. Whenever the ground favored, and I made a spurt, he did the same, appearing to have no end of bottom; and Bryan could not come up with him, though he strained every nerve, and he has a long, swinging gallop, and leaves the ground fast behind him.

Till within the last century, the very existence of this magnificent animal was doubted by civilized peoples—at least, it was no more believed in than the unicorn. Who can wonder at the incredulity of the people? I have seen an animal, said a traveller, with the skin of a leopard, the head of a deer, a neck graceful as the swan's; so tall, that if three tall men should stand on each other's shoulders, the topmost one could



A RACE FOR LIFE.

scarcely reach its forehead; and so timid and gentle that the merest puppy by its bark could compel the enormous creature to its utmost speed, which excels that of the hare or greyhound!

This was all the traveller knew of the giraffe, and he told it, and when folks heard or read, they winked, wagged their heads, as do knowing people while exercising their leading faculty, and flatly refused to be "gulled" by any such "traveller's tale." Suppose, however, the traveller had known as much about the giraffe as *we* know, and related it? Suppose, in addition to the particulars respecting the animal's shape and size, the traveller had told our great grandfathers that the tongue of the giraffe was such a wonderful instrument that, protruded a foot from the

mouth, it was used as a grasper, a feeler, and an organ of taste; that the giraffe's tongue was what in many respects the elephant's proboscis is to that ponderous animal? That the giraffe's nostrils, oblique and narrow, were defended even to their margins by strong hairs, and surrounded by muscular fibres, by which they can be hermetically sealed, effectually preventing the entrance of the fine sand which the suffocating storms of the desert raise in such clouds that man, with all the appliances suggested by his invention, must flee from or die? That the giraffe's beautiful eyes, lustrous and prominent, were so situated that he could, without moving his head, sweep the whole circle of the horizon on all sides, behind, before, every way, so that for any enemy to approach unawares was impossible?

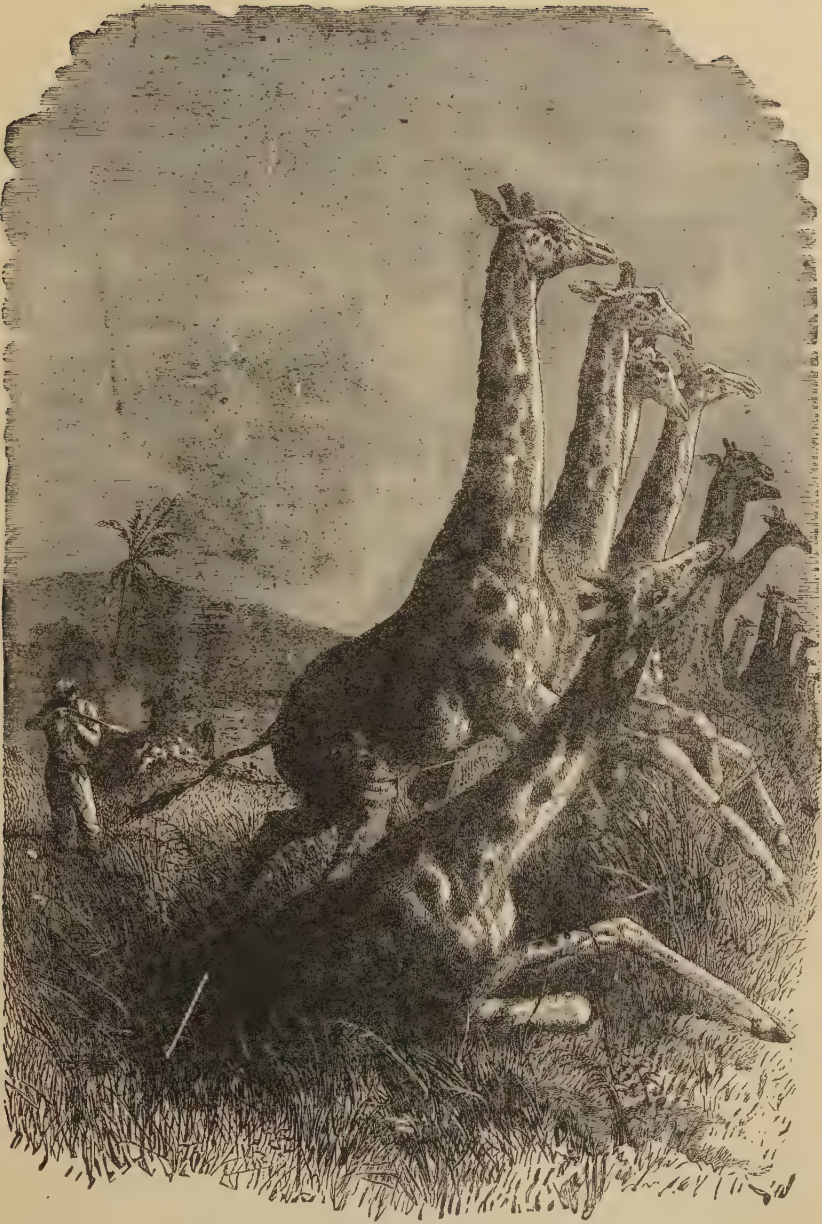
I much question, if the traveller had related these wonders to our great grandfather—who was a stout-headed man and not to be trifled with—whether he would not have found himself behind a bedlam-grating in a very short time.

Besides these mentioned, the giraffe possesses other features equally peculiar. The first impression one receives on viewing the animal is, that its fore-legs are considerably longer than its hinder ones. This, however, is illusory. The walk of the giraffe is not majestic, the neck stretched in a line with its back giving it an awkward appearance. When, however, the animal commences to run, all symptoms of awkwardness vanish, though its progression is somewhat peculiar. The hind-legs are lifted alternately with the fore, and are carried outside of and far beyond them; while the long black tail, tufted at the end like a buffalo's, is curled above the back, and moves pendulum fashion exactly as the neck moves, giving the creature the appearance of a curious and nicely-adjusted piece of machinery.

Elegant Roan Antelope.

Soon after my adventure with the giraffes I fell in with a single roan antelope, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving a full account of the chase from first to last, as it will long live in my remembrance. I saw him first coming along at a swinging gallop, evidently startled by something, and endeavored to cut him off, galloping hard and keeping a tree between us. I got within 100 yards, jumped off, and missed him like a man going broadside past me; swallowed my disgust as well as I could, reloaded, and gave chase.

A stern chase is always a long one, and at the end of about three miles I could not perceive I had gained a yard on him. The bush getting thicker, I rode 100 yards wide of him, hoping I might gain ground



GIRAFFES FLEEING FROM A HUNTER.

on him unperceived, and as he burst once more into the clearing I had bettered my position fully 100 yards, which he perceived, and put on the steam once more, and I was just pulling up in despair, when I saw his mouth open, and heard his breath coming thick and fast on the wind. He was evidently much blown, but my good nag had likewise nearly all the puff taken out of him. The ground being frightfully stony, he had to change his legs, alter his stride, and hop about like peas on a platter; still I had faint hopes, if I was favored by the ground, I might get a long shot at him. I nursed my nag to the best of my judgment, roweling him well, but holding him fast by the head, and endeavoring still to keep a spurt in him whenever the ground favored, and in this manner I maintained my distance, about 200 yards behind the antelope, which I now perceived to be shortening his stroke as he was nearing the steep bank of a dry river.

Crisis of Fate.

Now or never! I spurred my horse, and he put on a capital spurt, and, as he is an admirably-trained shooting horse, I could rely on his pulling up in ten yards, and I never checked him till within twenty yards of the bank. The magnificent old buck seemed to know, by instinct, that this was the crisis of his fate, and tore away on the opposite bank harder than ever, making the stones clatter and fly behind him. In the twinkling of an eye I stood alongside of my nag, steadied myself, gave one deep-drawn breath, planted my left foot firmly in front, raised my gun, and fired the moment I got the ivory sight to bear upon him, making an admirable shot.

Not long after this I had a glorious day on my horse Jack. He carried me well up to a troop of roan antelopes, when my gun, unfortunately, missed fire. Saw a splendid old bull harrisbuck, but lost sight of him in trying to get below the wind, and never saw him again. Rode far, climbing to the top of the hills; at length saw about twenty-two harrisbucks; got below the wind and within 300 yards, when they took the alarm. I had a very long chase of five miles, at least. The ground being so bad, and my horse blind, I could only go steadily; at length, got them at advantage, and put Jack's powers to the test.

He galloped strong and well, and as they were thundering down a pass between two mountains, through a dry ravine, I got within three lengths of the hindmost buck. The pace was tremendous. One magnificent old bull I had set my heart on, and was close to him. Jack drew up short just on the brink of the ravine, and, in my hurry to jump off, I got my foot fast in the stirrup. I had my back to the bucks, and when I had



HERD OF HARRISBUCKS IN FULL FLIGHT.

extricated my foot I had lost my bull. I fired at a large black and tan cow, and either missed her altogether or gave her a bad shot.

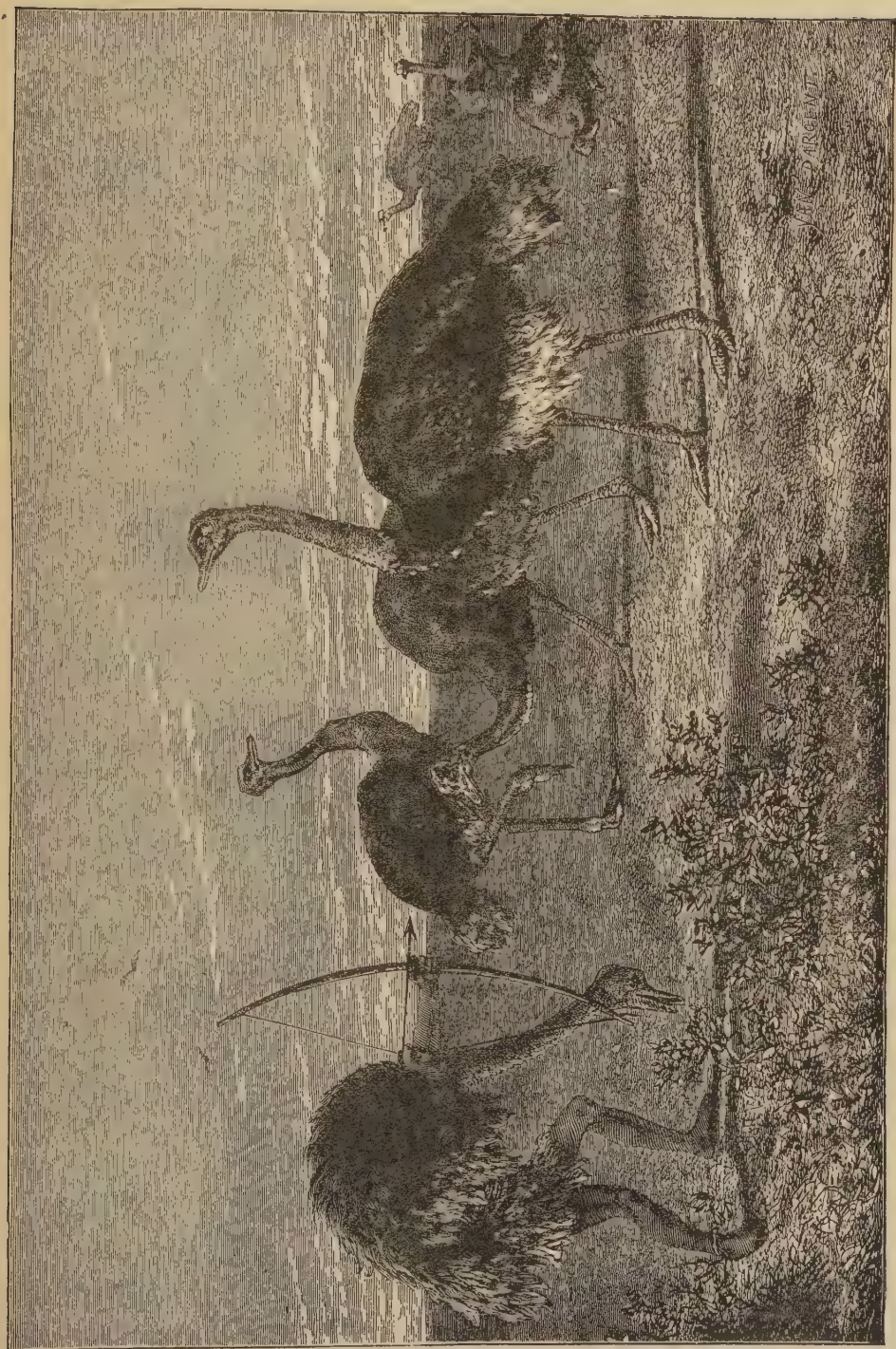
"It was Fine Work at Times."

In the middle of the chase I almost jumped into an ostrich nest, but I could not think about eggs then. On returning to the wagons I heard my horse Bryan was very sick; he had wandered away from the wagons, and we lost him, though I followed the trail till dark. I luckily heard from two Kaffirs that they had seen a horse's trail on the path going back at the break of day. Inyous, one of my party, and myself started in the direction the Kaffirs told us, and, thinking it not improbable we might be away three or four days, I put a cap, box of salt, and a dry eland's tongue in my pocket, and Inyous carried two pounds of beads. On finding the trail eighteen hours gone, I pressed two Kaffirs from a kraal near by into the service. It was fine work, at times, tracking him out. We had many checks, and all spread out and made our casts in a most systematic style, your humble servant hitting off the trail three times, but Inyous and one Bushman Kaffir did the most of the hunting.

Once I had all but given him up on flinty, rocky ground: we cast around in every direction for an hour and a half to no purpose, and followed the trail for more than 300 yards on our hands and knees, the faintest imaginable track being all we had to guide us—a small stone displaced or a blade of grass cut off; so we kept on till we again got to sandy ground, when we took up the running four miles an hour, and about midday we found him. I need not say how rejoiced I was to see him.

The Plumed Ostrich.

Respecting the degree of intelligence displayed by the wild ostrich, the opinions of travellers are at variance, some ascribing to it the most complete stupidity, and others giving it credit for unusual vivacity and cunning. Livingstone evidently inclines to the former opinion. He says, "It is generally seen feeding on some quiet spot where no one can approach him without being detected by his wary eye. As the wagon moves along far to the windward, he thinks it is intending to circumvent him, so he rushes up a mile or so from the leeward, and so near to the front oxen that one sometimes gets a shot at the silly bird. When he begins to run, all the game in sight follow his example. I have seen seen this folly taken advantage of when he was quietly feeding in a valley open at both ends. A number of men would commence running as if to cut off his retreat from the end through which the wind came, and although he had the whole country hundreds of miles, before him by



CURIOUS MODE OF CAPTURING OSTRICHES

going to the other end, on he madly rushed to get past the men, and so was speared. He never swerves from the course he once adopts, but only increases his speed."

In taking the eggs, the natives, if they wish to continue drawing on the nest, are obliged to use considerable caution. It is common enough, even when the hatching period is close at hand, for the whole of the proprietors of a nest to wander away from it in search of food, a circumstance that has doubtless given ground for the erroneous supposition that the bird in question leaves her eggs in the sand, trusting to the sun for their vivification. When the native finds a nest of eggs so abandoned, he procures a long stick and rakes them out all but one or two; if this is managed cleverly, and the wind has been favorable, the bereaved bird will neither scent the thief nor be aware of her loss, but go on laying for months, from June to October, supplying the Bushman with newly-laid eggs with the precision and regularity of the hens of our own farms and homesteads.

Ingenious Method for Getting Water.

Even the shell of the ostrich egg is an item of the utmost importance in the domestic economy of the wandering Bushman. It provides him with plates and dishes and drinking-cups, and, more important still, with a convenient vessel in which to carry that first essential to existence, water, across the vast and thirsty plains of Africa. The singular and ingenious method of collecting water into these shells from the reedy and shallow pools is thus graphically described by Dr. Livingstone:

"The constant dread of visits from strange tribes causes the *Bat-kalahari* to choose their residence far from water, and they not unfrequently hide their supplies by filling the pits with sand and making a fire over the spot. When they wish to draw water for use the women come with twenty or thirty of their water-vessels in a bag or net on their backs. The water-vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Then applying the mouth to the thin end of the reed they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw.



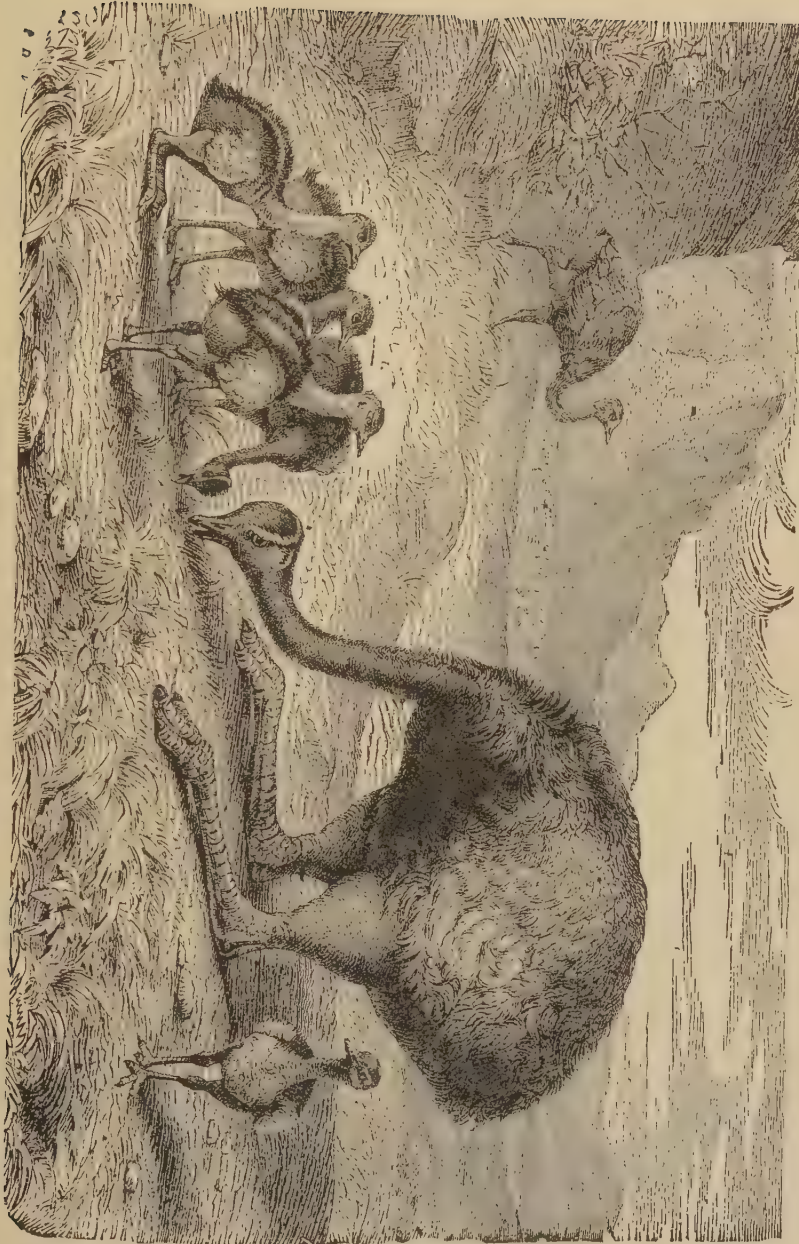
EXCITING CHASE OF THE WILD OSTRICH.

"An intelligent Bakwain related to me how the Bushmen effectually outwitted a party of his tribe which lighted on their village in a state of burning thirst. Believing, as he said, that nothing human could subsist without water, they demanded some, but were coolly told by these Bushmen that they had none, and never drank any. Expecting to find them out, they resolved to watch them night and day. They persevered for some days, thinking that at last the water must come forth; but, notwithstanding their watchfulness, kept alive by most tormenting thirst, the Bakwains were compelled to exclaim, 'Yak! yak! these are not men; let us go.' Probably the Bushmen had been subsisting on a store hidden underground, which had eluded the vigilance of their visitors."

Ostrich Chicks.

The newly-hatched chicks are about as large as pullets, and as soon as they escape from the shell are able to walk about and follow their parents. The cock-bird, it seems, is just as able and certainly as willing to take charge of his children as the hen. Dr. Livingstone says, "I have several times seen newly-hatched young in the charge of the cock, who made a very good attempt at appearing lame in the plover fashion, in order to draw off the attention of pursuers. The young squat down and remain immovable when too small to run far, but attain a wonderful degree of speed when about the size of common fowls. The color of the ostrich chick is a blending of gray and white, and harmonizes admirably with the color of the plains it is in the habit of traversing. Its external covering at this stage of its existence is neither down nor feathers, but a substance more resembling the bristles of the hedgehog spread scantily over its body."

Should a Bushman discover a nest when a long distance from home, he is of course desirous of securing the precious eggs; but how is he to carry them? Pockets he has not, he is equally barren of pocket-handkerchief, and he does not invariably wear either a hat or a cap. Under such circumstances, dear reader, you or I would just take one in each hand and one under each arm, and walk off, regretting that we were unable to secure any more. But the Bushman has a "dodge" almost as ingenious as it is unscrupulous. He takes off his trowsers, tears a strip off the waistband, secures the bottom of each leg therewith, and is at once provided with a commodious double bag which he fills with eggs, and contentedly trots home with his bare legs scorching in the sun. The Bushman has implicit confidence in powdered ostrich egg-shell as a preventive of eye diseases, and should his cattle be afflicted with strangury he will grind up a bit of the potent shell, mix it with vinegar, pour it



SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICH AND YOUNG

down the throat of the ox, and next morning the brute is sound again—at least, so says the Bushman.

Although there are no authenticated instances on record of the ostrich ever having eaten so indigestible a thing as a "great horse-shoe," the obtuseness of taste displayed by the giant bird is very remarkable. Methuen in his "Life in the Wilderness," when speaking of a female ostrich that came under his immediate attention, says: "One day a Muscovy duck brought a promising brood of ducklings into the world, and with maternal pride conducted them forth into the yard. Up with solemn and measured strides marched the ostrich, and, wearing the most mild, benignant cast of face, swallowed them all one after another like so many oysters, regarding the indignant hissings and bristling plumage of the hapless mother with stoical indifference."

Although it has always been known that the ostrich could be domesticated, it was not until within a comparatively recent period that this bird was supposed to possess any utility. Now the world is wearing ostrich feathers. These, which certainly are very graceful and attractive, are sold in all the great markets of the world, and are worn very extensively. Of course there is a fashion in feathers as there is in everything else, and at certain periods there is a greater demand for ostrich plumes than at others.

An attempt has been made in California to domesticate the ostrich, and on a limited scale there are farms on the Pacific coast for the purpose of raising ostriches with a view to obtaining their feathers. These farms have been, so far, attended with a good degree of success.

CHAPTER X.

GALAXY OF RENOWNED EXPLORERS.

Great Gorilla Hunter—Du Chaillu in the Jungles—First Gorilla Captured by a White Man—Formidable Monster—Ghastly Charms—Battle with a Bull—Hunter Tossed on Sharp Horns—The Camma Tribe—A very Sick Man—Infernal-looking Doctor—Snake Bones and Little Bells—Extraordinary Performance to Find the Sorcerer—Huge Fraud—Andersson in Africa—Guides Lose Their Way—Lives of the Whole Party at Stake—A Search for Water in All Directions—Necessity of Returning Without Delay—Two Men Exploring the Country for Water Left Behind—Suffering of Men and Animals from Thirst—Grand and Appalling Conflagration—Magnificent Spectacle—Cattle One Hundred and Fifty Hours Without a Single Drop of Water—Troop of Elephants—A Watch by Night—Wild Animals at a Water Course—Battle Between a Lion and Lion Hunter—Dogs and Natives—Exciting Hunting Scene—One Hundred Natives in the Field—Cameron in the Dark Continent—Illustrious Explorer—Expedition from Sea to Sea—Important Discoveries—Agreement Between African Explorers—Stanley's Fame Assured.

PAUL B. DU CHAILLU has made himself famous, not only by his travels extending into new and hitherto unknown regions, but also by his adventures with the animals of the Tropics. Especially are we indebted to Du Chaillu for his graphic account of the gorilla, and for the captures he made at the risk of his own life and the lives of those who shared his exploits. This remarkable animal has been made known to the world mainly by the thrilling accounts of Du Chaillu.

The following is Du Chaillu's narrative of the capture of his first gorilla:

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, at least so appearing, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance: meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

A Formidable Monster.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defence, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way,



TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH A GORILLA 249

the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women. This evening we had again gorilla stories—but all to the same point already mentioned, that there are gorillas inhabited by human spirits.

The young athletic Negroes, in their ivory hunts, well know the habits of the gorilla. He does not, like the lion, sullenly retreat on seeing them, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting the conflict, and clutches at the foremost of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage, his green eyes with their glaring fire, his open mouth and fierce-looking teeth, the savage hand-like claws which form the end of his lower extremities, all render him an object of terror. When he is pursued, as he is sometimes by daring natives who are his natural enemies, he will defend himself with the utmost courage, and has been known to attack his foes with indescribable fury.

Continuing his account of the adventures of the chase, Du Chaillu narrates what happened to one of his men. It is a wonder the poor native did not lose his life.

Hunter Tossed by a Bull.

I started out early to try and get a shot at some buffalo which were said to be in the prairie back of the town. Ifouta, a hunter, accompanied me, and met with an accident through losing his presence of mind. We had been out about an hour, when we came upon a bull feeding in the midst of a little prairie surrounded by a wood which made our approach easy. Ifouta walked around opposite to where I lay in wait, that if the animal took alarm at him it might fly toward me; and then began to crawl, in the hunter fashion, through the grass toward his prey. All went well till he came near enough for a shot. Just then, unluckily, the bull saw him. Ifouta immediately fired. The gun made a long fire, and he only wounded the beast, which, quite infuriated, as it often is at the attack of hunters, immediately rushed upon him.

It was now that poor Ifouta lost his presence of mind. In such cases, which are continually happening to those who hunt, the cue of the hunter is to remain perfectly quiet till the beast is within a jump of him, then to step nimbly to one side and let it rush past. But Ifouta got up and ran.

Of course, in a moment the bull had him on his horns. It tossed him high into the air once, twice, thrice, ere I could run up, and, by my shouts, draw its fury to myself. Then it came rushing at me. But my guns do not hesitate, and, as I had a fair shot, I killed it without trouble.



"IT TOSSED HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR, ONCE, TWICE, THRICE"

Ifouta proved to be considerably bruised, but, on the whole, more scared than hurt; and when I had washed him off in a creek near by, he was able to walk home.

When Du Chaillu was among the tribe called Camma, he had a curious experience with a doctor who was celebrated for detecting evil spirits and healing the sick. He says:

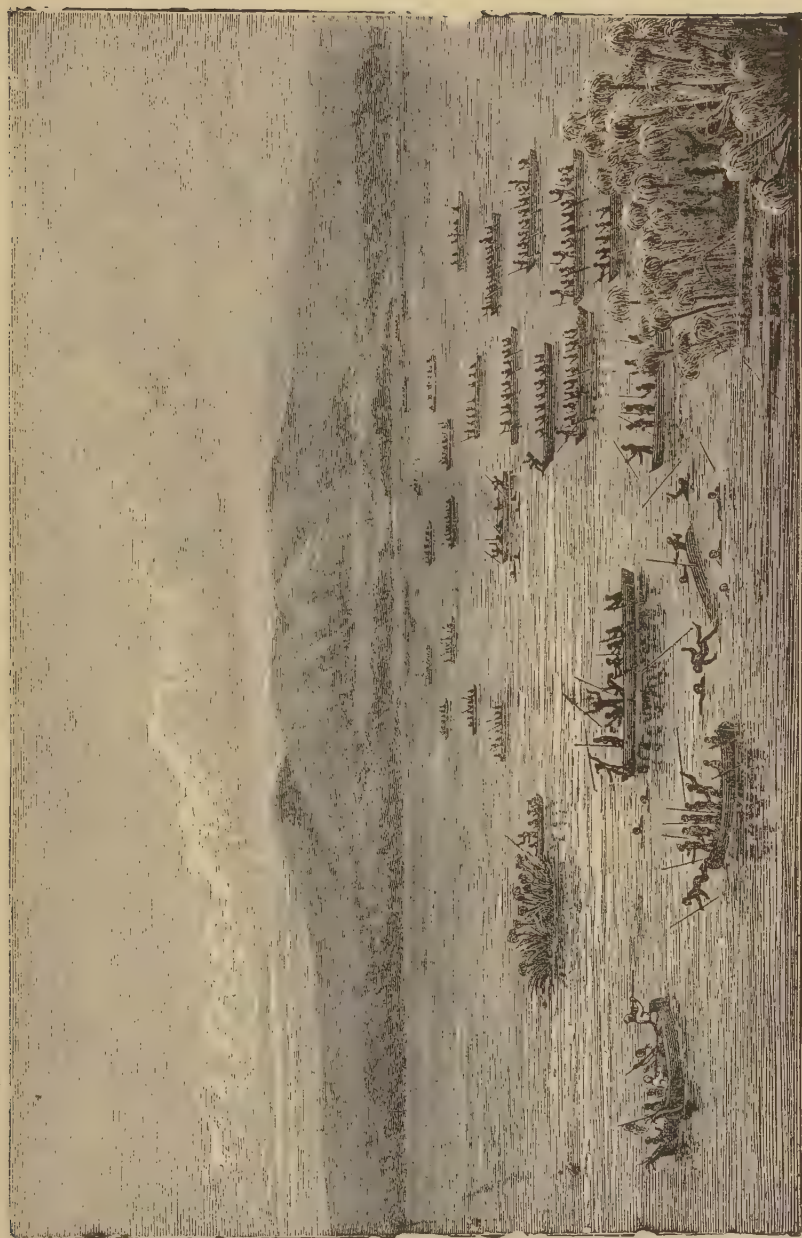
Ishungui, the man who had faithfully taken care of my house, lay at death's door. He had gone out on a fishing excursion, caught cold, and had now a lung fever. I knew when I saw him that he must die, and tried to prepare his mind for the change. But his friends by no means gave him up. They sent for a distinguished doctor, and under his auspices began the infernal din with which they seek to cure a dying man.

Infernal Looking Doctor.

The Camma theory of disease is that Okainboo (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and accordingly they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head; fire off guns close to his ears; sing, shout, and dance all they can. This lasts till the poor fellow either dies or is better—unless the operators become tired out first, for the Camma doctors either kill or cure.

Ishungui died. He left no property, and his brother buried him without a coffin in a grave in the sand, so shallow that, when I chanced upon it some days after, I saw that the wild beasts had been there and eaten the corpse. The mourning lasted but six days; and, as there were no wives or property, so there was no feast. The relatives of the deceased slept one night in his house, as a mark of respect; and then all that remained was to discover the person who had bewitched the dead man. For that a young man, generally healthy, should die so suddenly in course of nature was by no means to be believed.

A canoe had been dispatched up to the lake to bring down a great doctor. They brought one of the chief's sons, a great rascal, who had been foremost in selling me an idol, and who was an evident cheat. When all was ready for the trial, I went down to look at the doctor, who looked literally "like the devil." I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe, from the nose upward, divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass and also a cord, which held a box



NATIVE FLEET ATTACKING AN EXPLORING PARTY

against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast and were exposed about his person; and all these were charmed, and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells around his body.

A Huge Fraud.

He sat on a box or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations; as also several skins, to which little bells were attached. Near by stood a fellow beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who, after continuing their incantations for quite a while, at last came to the climax. A native was told to call over the names of persons in the village, in order that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorcery. As each name was called the old cheat looked in the glass to see the result.

During the whole operation I stood near him, which seemed to trouble him greatly. At last, after all the names were called, the doctor declared that he could not find any "witch-man," but that an evil spirit dwelt in the village, and many people would die if they continued there. I have a suspicion that this final judgment with which the incantations broke up was a piece of revenge upon me. I had no idea till next day how seriously the words of one of these Ouganga doctors is taken.

The next morning all was excitement. The people were scared: they said their chief was not willing to have them live longer here; that he would kill them, etc. Then began the removal of all kinds of property and the tearing down of houses; and by nightfall I was actually left alone in my house with my boys, both of whom were anxious to be off.

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Another explorer who has gained a world-wide fame and deserves to be ranked with such heroes as Stanley, Emin Pasha, Speke and Grant, and others, is Andersson, who gives us a graphic account of his travels. Several of his remarkable experiences we here reproduce, and the reader will doubtless confirm the opinion that these are of special interest. One extraordinary part of his travels in the Tropics relates to the privations and sufferings which he and his party underwent from lack of water. The reader must remember that travellers in the Tropics very often suffer

from extreme thirst. Andersson's experience in this respect is one of the most remarkable on record. The following is his vivid account of it.

On the second evening, or on the third after leaving Okaoa, I saw the guides suddenly halt and look about them, as if undecided how to pro-



A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

ceed. They had a short time previously declared that we should reach water that night. My suspicions were therefore at once aroused, or rather my heart misgave me. "Surely," I muttered to myself, "the fellows are trying to deceive us, or they have lost their way!" The one conjecture was as bad as the other. For a few seconds I remained

silent; but, seeing them still wavering, I advanced, and in a voice trembling with rage and distress, thundered out, "Where is the water, men?" adding, with my fowling-piece presented at the head of the acting guide, "If you don't bring us to water before noon to-morrow, you die. Proceed."

It soon became obvious, however, that they had lost themselves, and that, under such circumstances, threats would only tend still more to confuse them. I consequently, as they were wandering to and fro like men groping in the dark, and the night was fast closing upon us, sounded a halt to bivouac. That night was perhaps the most painful one in my life. I felt most keenly that not only the issue of the undertaking, but the lives of my party, were at stake. The agony I suffered is indescribable; yet, lest I should frighten my attendants, I did not betray the deep emotions that agitated me. They had, nevertheless, already taken the alarm; dismay—nay, despair—was depicted on every countenance, but, be it said to their credit, not a murmur escaped them. Supposing the place we were in search of should not be found, the nearest water, Okaoa, was three long days' journey off. Could this place be reached in safety in our present weak state? I dared scarcely answer the question. The possible answer seemed too awful to dwell upon.

Lost in the Wilderness.

Sleep was that night, of course, out of the question, and before break of day I was in the saddle in search of water, having first dispatched three different parties on the same errand in as many directions. I returned to the camp after eight hours' sharp riding and walking, my horse completely done up—unsuccessful! My approach was watched by the men at the wagon with feverish anxiety; there was no need of words; my face told but too plainly my complete failure. One of my men who had also been absent on a similar mission, soon joined us, equally successful. Two parties were still absent, and on their efforts rested now all our hopes; but hour after hour elapsed without any news. The sun set, yet no men. The shadows of evening crept upon us, yet no men. The moon rose, yet no men.

Our anxiety was at its height. Had the men found the water, or had they lost themselves in this fearful and death-boding wilderness? Should I wait for the return of daylight before finally deciding on what course to pursue, or should I face back at once? These and many others were the distracting thoughts that crowded in rapid succession on my giddy brain. The delay of a night would occasion the loss of another day, and



LEOPARD AND ANT-BEAR IN MORTAL COMBAT

then, just suppose the absent parties unsuccessful in finding water, what would be the result? Apparently inevitable destruction.

Terrible Sufferings.

The oxen had now been four days without water, and their distress was already very great. Their hollow flanks, drooping heads, and low, melancholy moans, uttered at intervals, told but too plainly their misery, and went to my heart like daggers. My poor horse was no longer an animated creature, but a spectre of himself—a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The change that had come upon him during the last twenty-four hours was incredible. From time to time he would put his head into the wagon, into anyone's hands, and, looking wistfully and languidly into his face, would reproachfully (his looks conveyed as much) seem to say, "Cruel man, don't you see I am dying; why don't you relieve my burning thirst?" The dogs, again, ceased to recognize my caresses. Their eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets as to be scarcely perceptible. They glided about in spectral silence; death was in their faces. The wagon was heavily laden, the soil exceedingly heavy, the sun in the daytime like an immense burning-glass, and the oppressiveness of the atmosphere was greatly increased by the tremendous fires, which, ravaging the country far and wide, made it like a huge fiery furnace.

Under such circumstances the oxen could never hold out for several days—the time which must, I calculated, elapse before I could reach Okaoa—without water! Well, then, with all these ominous facts and forebodings before me, would it be advisable to await the return of the absent men? A few moments of anxious self-communion determined me not to do so, but to retrace my steps without farther delay. This resolution was, of course, the death-blow to the expedition. Before starting on our backward course I fired a number of shots, which received no answer, to attract the notice of the absentees.

Appalling Spectacle.

I had yet a small supply of water in the wagon, having taken the precaution at starting to take the entire stock under my immediate charge. I now served out a few mouthfuls to each individual, left a small quantity, together with a few biscuits, on a bush for the absent men, should they find their way back, and then began the return journey at a brisk pace, but with a heavy heart.

Health and strength, time and the season, had been thus wasted and lost, heavy pecuniary sacrifices made, the life of men and valuable beasts jeopardized, bright prospects blighted, and all—all to so little purpose!



SOUTH AFRICAN KANGAROOS

My feelings on this memorable occasion may be more easily imagined than described.

We had proceeded but a comparatively short distance, and were just escaping out of a thorn-thicket when we were suddenly startled by a grand, but to us appalling sight.

The whole country before us was one huge lake of flames. Turning to one of the natives, I exclaimed, "Good God, our return is cut off!" I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns, all in a blaze!



WARRIOR WITH BATTLE-AXE.

Through the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over; but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward, and so on we pushed, trusting to some favorable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face.

As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the cracking of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterward turning abruptly into a burning savanna. By the time we had reached this point, the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and crackling, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames that had swept over it.

Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, while "he

numerous nests of the social grossbeaks in the ignited trees looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing, and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I dispatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed, and rested a little. We arrived at the ravine a little before midlight, but on attempting to kraal the oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leaped over the stout and tall thorn fences as if they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okaoa fountain, which they reached the following day having then been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water!

Before reaching the water the men in charge of the loose cattle had become so exhausted with long and incessant marching, suffering all the time from burning thirst, that one by one they had sunk down. The cattle, unherded, found their way to the fountain without much difficulty, but the wretched horse missed his, and kept wandering about until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. Some natives fortunately found the brute, and reporting the discovery to their chief, he good-naturedly brought the dying beast some drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. The animal, when found, had been seven days without water. I had no idea that a horse was capable of



CARVED IVORY TRUMPETS.

enduring fatigue and thirst to the extent experienced by this hack of mine.

The poor dogs were by this time in a fearful state. What was once a clear perspicuous eye now appeared like a mere lustrous speck under a shaggy brow. Blood flowed at times from their nostrils, and it was with difficulty they dragged along their worn and emaciated carcasses. Sometimes they tried to give vent to their great sufferings in *Usna* howls, half stifled in the utterance.



CHIEF WITH REMARKABLE
GOATEE.

Some of the men were nearly as much affected. One was more than once speechless from thirst, and it was quite pitiful to see him, like a man despairing of life, chew old coffee-tobacco and withered tea-leaves. For my own part, I am thankful to say I suffered on this trying occasion, in a bodily sense at least, less perhaps than the rest of my party.

The day after our arrival at the water-course the lost men suddenly and unexpectedly made their appearance, and, to my great surprise, I learned that they had accidentally stumbled upon the very water we had so long searched for in vain. In retracing their steps to the wagon to report the good news they had unfortunately lost their way, and, after a fruitless search, were obliged to bivouac on the waste. Like myself, they had repeatedly discharged guns, but as this was done long after dark, it is probable the wagon had by that time taken its departure, so that their signals were unheard and unanswered.

On the eighth day, late in the evening, I reached Okaoa in safety, without the loss of a single man or beast, all, however, being in a dreadful state of prostration, not only from fatigue and hardship, but from torn and lacerated feet. This, coupled with the impossibility of procuring trustworthy guides, with the evident dearth of water, the absence of game, and many other formidable hinderances, induced me to face homeward without any further delay than was necessary to recruit in a measure the strength and vigor of bipeds and quadrupeds.

By a careful computation, I found that the distance was 115 hours

actual travel, which is equivalent to 300 English miles in round numbers, while in our last two fruitless attempts to push northward we had travelled one hundred and twenty hours, that is, about three hundred and thirty English miles—a distance more than sufficient to have brought us to the Cunene—nay, there and back again—had we been able to hold our course directly for that river.

If I had been travelling in the North of Africa, for instance, crossing the Nubian Desert, I could have availed myself of an animal that under the privation arising from want of water better than horses or oxen. The camel is celebrated for its endurance. It seems to be constructed



CAMEL OF ARABIA.

for the purpose of carrying sufficient water to last it for a number of days. It can drink and then go a long time without any apparent inconvenience. The Arabs, who cross tropical deserts, also have a way of carrying water in skin bags, which, although not very palatable after a number of days' journey, is, nevertheless, better than none at all. The accompanying engraving shows a traveller in the desert leading his camel, and among the various articles with which the beast is loaded, we may be sure there is a supply of water.

Andersson mentions another remarkable animal, sometimes sought by the hunter: Wild boars were rather numerous along the Omuramba, and frequently afforded us excellent coursing. The speed of these animals is

against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast and were exposed about his person; and all these were charmed, and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells around his body.

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There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterward turning abruptly into a burning savanna. By the time we had reached this point, the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and creaking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames that had swept over it.

Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, while "he

numerous nests of the social grossbeaks in the ignited trees looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing, and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I dispatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed, and rested a little. We arrived at the ravine a little before midlight, but on attempting to kraal the oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leaped over the stout and tall thorn fences as if they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okaoa fountain, which they reached the following day, having then been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water!

Before reaching the water the men in charge of the loose cattle had become so exhausted with long and incessant marching, suffering all the time from burning thirst, that one by one they had sunk down. The cattle, unherded, found their way to the fountain without much difficulty, but the wretched horse missed his, and kept wandering about until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. Some natives fortunately found the brute, and reporting the discovery to their chief, he good-naturedly brought the dying beast some drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. The animal, when found, had been seven days without water. I had no idea that a horse was capable of



CARVED IVORY TRUMPETS.

enduring fatigue and thirst to the extent experienced by this hack of mine.

The poor dogs were by this time in a fearful state. What was once a clear perspicuous eye now appeared like a mere lustrous speck under a shaggy brow. Blood flowed at times from their nostrils, and it was with difficulty they dragged along their worn and emaciated carcasses. Sometimes they tried to give vent to their great sufferings in *Visna* howls, half stifled in the utterance.



CHIEF WITH REMARKABLE
GOATEE.

Some of the men were nearly as much affected. One was more than once speechless from thirst, and it was quite pitiful to see him, like a man despairing of life, chew old coffee-tobacco and withered tea-leaves. For my own part, I am thankful to say I suffered on this trying occasion, in a bodily sense at least, less perhaps than the rest of my party.

The day after our arrival at the water-course the lost men suddenly and unexpectedly made their appearance, and, to my great surprise, I learned that they had accidentally stumbled upon the very water we had so long searched for in vain. In retracing their steps to the wagon to report the good news they had unfortunately lost their way, and, after a fruitless search, were obliged to bivouac on the waste. Like myself, they had repeatedly discharged guns, but as this was done long after dark, it is probable the wagon had by that time taken its departure, so that their signals were unheard and unanswered.

On the eighth day, late in the evening, I reached Okaoa in safety, without the loss of a single man or beast, all, however, being in a dreadful state of prostration, not only from fatigue and hardship, but from torn and lacerated feet. This, coupled with the impossibility of procuring trustworthy guides, with the evident dearth of water, the absence of game, and many other formidable hinderances, induced me to face homeward without any further delay than was necessary to recruit in a measure the strength and vigor of bipeds and quadrupeds.

By a careful computation, I found that the distance was 115 hours

actual travel, which is equivalent to 300 English miles in round numbers, while in our last two fruitless attempts to push northward we had travelled one hundred and twenty hours, that is, about three hundred and thirty English miles—a distance more than sufficient to have brought us to the Cunene—nay, there and back again—had we been able to hold our course directly for that river.

If I had been travelling in the North of Africa, for instance, crossing the Nubian Desert, I could have availed myself of an animal that undergoes privation arising from want of water better than horses or oxen. The camel is celebrated for its endurance. It seems to be constructed



CAMEL OF ARABIA.

for the purpose of carrying sufficient water to last it for a number of days. It can drink and then go a long time without any apparent inconvenience. The Arabs, who cross tropical deserts, also have a way of carrying water in skin bags, which, although not very palatable after a number of days' journey, is, nevertheless, better than none at all. The accompanying engraving shows a traveller in the desert leading his camel, and among the various articles with which the beast is loaded, we may be sure there is a supply of water.

Andersson mentions another remarkable animal, sometimes sought by the hunter: Wild boars were rather numerous along the Omuramba, and frequently afforded us excellent coursing. The speed of these animals is

surprisingly great. On open ground, when fairly afoot, I found the dogs no match for them, and yet some of my curs were rather swift of foot. The dogs, nevertheless, dodged them at times successfully; at others



TRAVELLER AND CAMEL CROSSING THE DESERT.

they came willingly to bay. They fight desperately. I have seen wild boars individually keep off most effectually half a dozen fierce assailants. I have also seen them, when hotly pursued, attack and severely wound their pursuers. We killed occasionally two, and even three of them, in



HUNTING THE WILD BOAR IN AFRICA.

the course of a day. When young and fat they proved capital eating, and from their novelty were quite a treat.

Other game was almost daily secured, and my party gorged to their hearts' content on animal food. Indeed, we had plenty to spare. The animals we usually killed were a kind that can abstain long from drinking, for water is exceedingly scarce in this country—so much so that it was only with very great difficulty we could obtain a sufficiency for our cattle.

One night I encountered a troop of lions under circumstances which exhibited these royal beasts in a somewhat new light.

In the early part of the night I had observed several animals gliding noiselessly to the water, but considerably out of range. Not being able to make out what they were, I slipped quietly out, and approached the spot where they were drinking. I got, from the nature of the ground, pretty close to them unperceived, yet was still unable to name them. From the sound of lapping at the water, I concluded that I had hyenas before me, and as one of three animals was leaving the water-way I fired. The bullet took effect, and, uttering a growl, the beast disappeared. Whereupon, "Surely not lions!" I muttered to myself. The remaining two had in the mean time also ceased drinking, and were moving lazily away, when a low shrill whistle from me at once arrested their steps.

I leveled and pulled the trigger; in vain this time, the ball went too high—in short, right over the object aimed at. The animal did not, however, budge an inch, and I now clearly saw a lion. Rising to my feet, I shouted, in order to drive him off; but he remained stationary. I did not at all like his appearance, and hastened at once back to my ambush to reload. When again quite ready and on the look-out for him, he was gone; but almost immediately afterward two others resembling the first approached the water. Having drunk their fill, they were about to retrace their steps, when suddenly—my person being purposely exposed to view—they seemed to espy me, and eyeing me for a few seconds, one—the largest—made straight for my ambush.

An Exciting Duel.

This seemed strange; but, to make quite sure of his intentions, I stood up, and when the brute was within about forty yards of me, shouted. To my utter surprise, instead of moving off he came quickly on, till at a distance of twenty-five paces or thereabouts he suddenly squatted, evidently intending to spring on me. "Nay, old fellow," I muttered to myself, "if that's the ticket, I will be even with you;" and, dropping the double-



DESPERATE COMBAT WITH A LION.

barreled gun which I held in my hands at the moment, I seized the elephant rifle, leveled, took a very steady aim at his chest, and fired. The bullet sped true, and I thought I had killed him outright; but not so, for after rolling over two or three times, he scrambled up and decamped. However, I had no doubt in my own mind that the wound would prove fatal. On receiving the shot he gave a startling growl, and in making his escape was joined by his associate, who had, while the duel was pending, remained a passive spectator.

Death in the Jungle.

At break of day, taking up the trail of the wounded animal, I had only proceeded about two hundred yards when the dogs gave tongue at a small bush, where immediately afterward I saw a stately lion rise to his feet and limp forward two or three paces. But the exertion was too much for him; he halted, and, turning half round, looked fiercely at his assailants. Not being myself in a favorable position, I shouted to my men to fire.

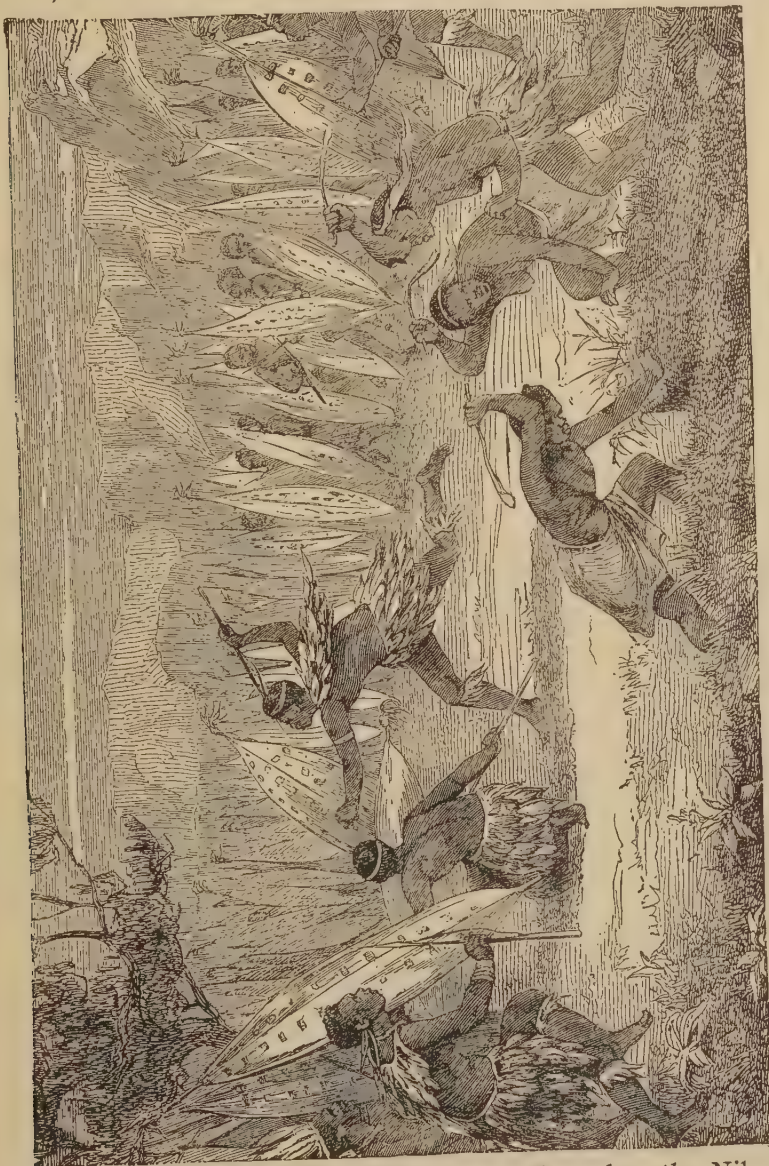
One responded to the call, and the lion dropped to rise no more. In an instant the dogs were clinging to his ears, throat, and head. The brute, still alive, grappled bravely with his assailants. The next moment half a dozen spears were quivering in his body, and a hundred more or so would soon have been similarly sheathed had I not promptly ridden up and stopped the natives, who were rushing in upon the prostrate foe like maniacs. I wished the dogs to finish him, and they did so; but three of the best were wounded in the scuffle, only one, however, at all seriously. The aim which had killed this lion had been most perfect. The bullet had entered exactly the centre of his chest, and, traversing the entire length of his body, had taken its egress through the right hind quarter. It was really, therefore, to me a matter of great surprise that the beast had survived the wound so long.

This was decidedly the most exciting hunting scene I have ever witnessed. Besides my own people, more than one hundred natives were in the field, vociferating frightfully, and waving and darting their ox-tail plumaged spears with a ferocity and earnestness that would have made a stranger think they were preparing for some dreadful battle.

Cameron's Expedition.

Another name on the illustrious roll of tropical heroes is that of Cameron. Cameron shares the distinction with Stanley of having crossed the Dark Continent from sea to sea. His expedition was a remarkable illustration of perseverance and heroic endurance. His route lay through Central Africa, and the reader has probably been made

aware of the fact that this is the most interesting portion of the Dark Continent, for the reason that it is the portion which has been explored the least, and also from the fact that it contains the sources of the Nile.



KAFFIR'S LIVELY WAR-DANCE

The problem of many centuries has been "Where does the Nile rise." This question has been asked by scientific societies, by individual explorers and by the world in general. It was very natural that Speke

and Grant, Stanley and Livingstone, and then Cameron should make this region the field of observation and exploit. Baker started from Cairo and came south through the White Nile Valley. His name is associated with the Soudan and the regions adjacent. It was left for Cameron to place his name beside that of Stanley by making an expedition from one ocean to the other. This he did, and accompanying this sketch of his achievements is an accurate map showing the region he traversed.

Cameron has rendered important service to physical science and geography. His discoveries have been of a very important character, and these have only confirmed the discoveries which were made before his expedition and since. In fact it is noticeable that the great African explorers who have traversed realms widely apart and then have been



REGION EXPLORED BY CAMERON.

brought together at some point of conjunction, have agreed almost perfectly concerning the physical characteristics of the continent. While jealousy has, of course, been excited on the part of their friends, and many absurd claims have been made, the men themselves have been comparatively free from this petty spirit.

Stanley was doubted, was called in question, and there were those who at first disbelieved that he had ever seen Livingstone, but when they came to obtain the evidence of his wonderful triumph, which could not be denied, they gracefully yielded and gave to him the unqualified praise he deserved. From this time on Stanley's fame was assured; no one doubted that he was the foremost hero of the age in tropical discovery.

